SMART SETT Stories from Life

July

25 Cents

eginning: THE WOMAN IN THE CASE

CLIVE

Magic Face Powder makes skin new, soft, sating!

"My DEAR, I've never SEEN your SKIN look so SOFT and SATiny! What DID you DO—have your FACE lifted? You say you only use KISSproof FACE POWDER? I've NEVER seen ANYthing LIKE it! It CERtainly makes you look years YOUNGer, my dear! Let me TRY some of that MAgic POWder im-MEDiately!"

Kissproof is a new type of face powder made from a secret formula imported from France. Rosalie knows it gives her skin a new, soft, satiny tone that she could never before obtain with any other face powder.

Kissproof stays on!

And unlike ordinary face powder, Kissproof doesn't wear off like a first love affair! It is aptly called the Extra Hour Face Powder—it clings hours longer than any face powder you have ever before used! We urge you to see what NEW SKIN this Extra Hour Face Powder will give YOU! Most French Powders of its type sell for \$5.00 a box, but Kissproof can be obtained at your favorite toilet goods counter for only \$1.00. Don't delay. Try Kissproof today! Insist on the genuine—be sure the box is plainly marked "Kissproof".

If you would like to try before buying,

Send for Kissproof Treasure Chest

As a Special Introductory Offer we will send you a darling Loose Powder Vanity of Kissproof Face Powder; a genuine Kissproof Lipstick in brass case; a Kissproof Compact Rouge complete with mirror and puff; a dainty package of Kissproof Paste Rouge; a bottle of Delica-Brow with camel's hair brush for applying; all for coupon below and only 30cl Not stingy samples, but a whole month's supply of each—the full size packages would cost over \$3.00! Ideal for week-ends or your hand bag.

Accept, for your beauty's sake, the test offered here. Send coupon now! Find out for yourself what genuine Kissproof Beauty Aids will do; what ordinary unnatural cosmetics will never do! Kissproof are youth's own beauty aids—made to enhance

WARNING!

Never accept any cosmetic as "Kiasproof" unless the name "Kiasproof" lip lainly marked on the package. For your own protection insist on the genuine. There are many spurious imitations but none are "Kiasproof". Genuine Kiasproof cometics are on sale at all modern toilet goods counters. Always ask for Kiasproof BY NAME.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER
[Mailed same day received] of, Inc., Dept. B 132
D12 Clybourn Avenue, Chicago, Ill. ce enclosed (stamps or coins) send me Kiasproof source Cheek as outlined above. Include free, 8x10
Interpretation of the control of the contr





natural youthful

Two sides to the question of feminine hygiene



In Most families this delicate subject is misunderstood by both the mother and the daughter, but misunderstood in two different ways. The daughter's views are likely to be vague about the whole matter. The mother, on the other hand, believes she knows the facts, but unfortunately she usually does not know the scientific facts as they are known today.

And it is the daughter who suffers! It is the daughter who is the victim of old-fashioned ideas about the most intimate concern of a woman's life!

No young woman need run these risks today

Women of refinement have long known of the advantages of feminine hygiene. Physicians and nurses have recommended it as a healthful measure. But there has always been the danger associated with it. There

has always been the horrible thought of *poisons* such as bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid preparations.

And this fear was natural enough. For the old poisonous antiseptics were the only ones that could actually kill germs. *Until the discovery of Zonite*, the great antiseptic which has abolished all such risks on the part of young women today.

Compare Zonite with the old poisonous antiseptics

Zonite is that remarkable form of antiseptic discovered during the World War and now put on sale in bottled form in practically every drug store in the United States, no matter how small your town may be.

Zonite will not injure nor harden the most delicate membranes. It will not leave areas of scar-tissue. It cannot cause accidental poisoning. And yet Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the body.

This free booklet gives all the facts frankly

There is not space here to go into this subject more deeply, but we have developed a compact booklet which contains full information on this important subject. It is a booklet for one woman to give to another—for a mother to hand to her daughter. It is really a duty to read it, for it brings this whole matter down to plain terms in a refined, modern, scientific way. Send for a booklet by today's mail. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION

let or book

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It cannot cause accidental poison- vith it. There ing. And yet Zonite is far more pow-	Please send me free copy of the Zonite book lets checked below i The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene Use of Antiseptics in the Hom
Zonile 7	Name (Please print name)
In bottles, 30,605, \$1	Address
The state of the s	(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toro

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This Month's BEST Serials

The Woman in the Case 12 You, My Beloved 30

A Breathless Story of Youthful Indiscretion The Perfect Love Story—By G. Sheila Donisthorpe

Unforbidden Fruit . . Life In a Girls' College, As Revealed by Warner Fabian . . . 48

This Month's BEST Stories

What Makes Men Fall in Love In Quest of a Virgin Heart . . . 20 A Girl's Own Story of a Good Boy George Jean Nathan Tells Georgette Carneal Sally Steps Out Love Bars the Garden Gate . 56 She Was 16-And She Wondered About Men A Story of Wise and Tender Father-Love Any Girl Can Win Any Man Her Yankee Prince By Peggy Joyce (As Told to Basil Woon) The Romance of a Little French Girl The Honor of Her Name . . . New Love For Old Can a Soldier Be Brave in the Game of Love? Girls! Flappers! How Could I Escape Them?

This Month's BEST Features

If I Had Only Married At 23 . By Norman Davey . . 60

AND JOHN HELD'S OWN PAGE, page 9; NEW BEAUTIES ARE EVER BLOOMING, pages 37-40; SECRETS ABOUT YOU, a poem by Cristel Hastings, page 68; BUT A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE, by Henry Fournier, page 69; FUN FROM THE FILMS, pages 70-72; THIS FUNNY WORLD, by Aleck Smart, page 75

Cover Design Painted by Henry Clive

Next Month



Get Set for a Laugh a Line 3116 M. TO HOLLYWOOD

The Rollicking Story of an Overland Trail

The contents of this magazine are covered by copyright and may not be republished without permission. Published monthly by the Magus Magazine Corporation at 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. James R. Quirk, President; Wm. C. Lenger, Vice-President; Katteryn Dougherty, Secretary; R. M. Murray, Tressurer, Copyright 1928, by Magus Magazine Corporation, 25 cents a copy; subscription price, United States and possessions, \$3.00 a year; Canada, \$3.56; Foreign, \$4.00. All subscriptions are payable in advance. We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Unless otherwise directed we begin all subscriptions with the current issue. When sending lu your renewal please give us four weeks' notice. When changing an address, give the old address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you. Entered as second-class matter, March 27, 1900, at the Post Office, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry



Everyone entering a drawing in this contest may have his or her art ability tested free! When your contest drawing is received, we will mail you our Art Ability Questionnaire. Fill this in and return it, and you will receive our critic's frank report of your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc.—and with it our book "YOUR FUTURE," showing work of Federal Students and telling you all about the Federal home-study course. This is free and places you under no obligation whatever.

This interesting analysis has been the start for many Federal students, who through proper training of their ability, are now commercial artists earning \$2000, \$4000, \$5000 and \$6000 yearly—some even more. The Federal School has won a reputation as "the School famous for successful students." Read the rules carefully and enter this contest—see what you can do.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
1684 Federal Schools Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Rules for Contestants:

This contest open only to amateurs. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

Note These Rules Carefully:

- 1. Make your drawing of girl and water exactly 5½ inches high, on paper 3½ inches wide by 6½ inches high. Draw only the girl and water, not the lettering.
- 2. Use only pencil or pen.
- 3. No drawings will be returned.
- 4. Write your name, address, age, and occupa-
- 5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by July 10th, 1928. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Faculty members of the Federal Schools, Inc. All contest nts will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to the address given in this ad.

What Are You Girls After?

YOU are young! The treasures of the world are yours for the choosing! What will you have? Are you after wealth? A good time? Happiness? A career? Love? Do you girls know what you want in exchange for the golden years just ahead?

Was This Girl After Happiness? See "You, My Beloved"

WHAT is a girl after when on a small ship in Eastern Seas she deliberately neglects her fiancé to flirt with an old sweetheart? Is she just amusing herself or is she subconsciously urging them to fight openly for her? What is she after when in a moment of real danger, during a terrible typhoon, she turns for protection to the friend of her school days rather than to her fiancé. Is she testing their love for her by their courage or is she instinctively answering the deepest cry of her own heart which knows better than her mind what she is after. You will thrill to the vibrant truth of

One Day in All the Years

in August SMART SET

WHAT is the modern girl after when she marries? Is she looking for permanent companionship, a home and a future or is she looking for endless freedom, limitless adventure and a life preserver, called divorce, if the voyage proves rough? Is the modern girl so sure of what she is after that she is harder to please than her grandmother was? Is she no longer interested in marriage? H. L. Mencken, the brilliant iconoclast, who is editor of American Mercury and who might be expected to scoff at marriage, amazingly enough upholds it. You can't afford to miss this authorized interview by Georgette Carneal with

H. L. MENCKEN

In Defense of Marriage

in August Smart Set

IF A girl, arriving at the age of indiscretion, changed her name from Bridget to Lucille would you begin to suspect what she was after? If that same young woman spent most of her time in a beauty parlor you'd be dumb not to guess what she was after, wouldn't you? If she and her beautiful blonde chum fell heir to temporary ownership of a Rolls-Royce and started for Hollywood you'd be sure you knew what she was after, wouldn't you? But wait—you won't know the half of it until you read the story of an Overland Frail.

3116 Miles to Hollywood

in August SMART SET



UELVA DARLING

A TYPICALLY modern girl answers: "You bet we know what we're after. We're after life and love! We're out to get our man! We know we've got energy and pep. We know that we actually are what all the rest of the world wishes it was. We're after our place in the sun! We want the right to throw out of our lives everything that doesn't bring happiness!" So says Velva Darling, a young journalist who refused to be a lawyer and became a writer because she knew what she was after. Because she is young, because she is one of you, she has the right to speak for you girls as Robert S. Carr speaks for boys. Don't miss the article

What We Girls Are After

By VELVA DARLING in August Smart Set

AT WHAT age do you girls want to marry? Do you believe with the Reverend Dr. William Norman Guthrie, pastor of St. Marks on the Bowerie, New York, that early marriages today have little chance of being either permanent or successful? Or do you agree with Ernest Leroy Baker, Professor of Psychology at Columbia University, that the Godgiven instinct to mate early is a safer guide to true happiness than the manmade law which says wait. Who shall decide when science and religion disagree? You'll be better able to decide for yourself after you've read the views of these two eminent authorities.

Rev. Dr. William Norman Guthrie and Prof. Ernest L. Baker

in August Smart Set

WhatWasChis Red-Head After? See "Nama'sBoy"

MEMBERSHIP in a country club was once the hall mark of exclusiveness! To belong to one nowadays is to advertise the fact that you are out after excitement and know where to find it! If you are looking for the jazziest jazz band, the naughtiest story, the peppiest company and the best bar inside the three mile limit—join a country club where everything is within the law. You don't believe it. Well, it's true as you will realize when you read what a member of several of these clubs, who conceals his identity in order that he may tell you the truth, reveals about what goes on

Behind Country Club Gates

in August SMART SET

WHAT was Constance after when she began playing around with another man while her husband was at business? Her marriage was not giving her what she wanted although the man she had married was successful—she had a lovely home, plenty of money—an indulgent and trusting husband—perhaps too trustful. Was she trying to kill that trust? Was she trying to make him jealous? Did she want to get herself talked about? What was she after anyway? If you're a woman you may guess the answer. If you're a man you'll have to wait until you read the story

No Man Understands

By

VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER in August Smart Set

HIS mother was boss—and she meant to be boss. She knew what was best for her boy even at eighteen—or at least she thought she did. But what was she after? A namby-pamby, sissy son, tied to his mother's apron strings, afraid to say his soul was his own! Afraid to do the things that even the beautiful redheaded girl dared to do! Was that what she wanted? Well he'd show them both what he dared to do—and he did as you'll see when you read

Mama's Boy

By ROBERT S. CARR in August SMART SET

There is one thing YOU will be after—and that is August Smart Set which will be on all newsstands July first

The New Shorthand!

Easier to learn than Stenography faster to use

"In November, a failure . . . In February, secretary to the President . . . that is my remarkable story.

RANKLY, I was a failure. I had to admit it. No matter how hard I tried for months and months, I could not master shorthand. I knew I was as intelligent as most and yet I simply couldn't learn those queen signs and symbols. I was earning very little and it looked as if I would stay right there forever.

"Then a friend, no older than I, was made ecretary to a big executive. And I heard what she was earning. I went to her and frankly asked her how she did it.

Amazingly Simple

"When she showed me, I was amazed. It was all so simple. She had taken up Speedwriting . . . had learned it almost overnight . . . and in less than no time she was an expert at an expert's salary.

"When she told me this, I really was disgusted with myself. For I had seen Speedwriting advertised many times, just as she had, yet I had never mailed a coupon for information.

"But I didn't make that mistake again. I wrote in a hurry. In two days I was studying my first lesson. After one evening I found I could actually use Speedwriting, and in a week I was writing from 90 to 100 words a minute.



"The President has just told me I am to be his secretary . . . and the salary I am to get. How thankful I am that I learned this wonderful new shorthand."

Only Three Months

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"That was only three months ago. everything is so different. Here I am, the girl who thought herself a failure, actually secretary to the President. He has just told me what my salary is to be. I can hardly believe

"It is too bad that I didn't learn Speed-writing in the first place! I hope others will not make the same mistake . . . or, if they have already studied the old, difficult systems of stenography, that they will learn Speedwriting now and get all the greater opportunity which it gives.'

Thousands Have Learned

All over the world, Speedwriters are astonishing experienced people by their speed, accuracy and the ease with which they have learned this new shorthand.

Used the World Over

To-day, Speedwriting has circled the globe. Thousands acclaim Miss Dearborn, the originator of Speedwriting, for what she has done to make it so easy to become an expert secretary.

The most remarkable results are obtained. Dictation is frequently taken by expert Speedwriters, directly upon the typewriter, at the incredible speed of over 200 words per

minute . . . faster than any one could ever dictate under ordinary conditions.

Useful to Every One

For those just about to enter upon a ousiness career, Speedwriting is invaluable—it actually fits you for regular office work in three short

months of home study.

In addition, this new shorthand is useful to everyone. Doctors, lawyers, executives, social workers and students can now master shorthand without attending a business school and in such a short time that it need not inter-

fere with their regular duties. Every man and woman, in every walk of life, would like to know shorthand. It saves so many minutes in the course of the day; it unmistakably preserves so many notes and conversations which, otherwise, would be lost.

But shorthand used to take too long to learn. There were too many pothooks and signs to remember. But, no longer. You can actually learn the principles of Speedwriting in one night. In three months you can become expert . . . and . . . you can learn it in your odd moments while travelling or at home.

Easy to Pay For, Too

No large investment is necessary. You pay while you are learning; in small amounts that

any one can easily afford. Furthermore, the entire cost of the 60 easy lessons is so little

that every one is amazed.

It is less than you would ordinarily have to pay for a shorthand course. For this small amount you are given personal coaching every lesson throughout the course; personal tutoring by teachers who have been especially trained by Miss Emma B. Dearborn, originator of Speedwriting. Every mistake you make is explained to you; every success you achieve is praised, and the reasons given.

Get Details at Once

Send no money; merely the coupon for a sample lesson and complete details. Just four small books and twelve quizzes to study at home under expert PERSONAL supervision.

It seems unbelievable that so much invaluable knowledge can be packed into so little space . . . it seems incredible that these little books which you study at home, on train or trolley, in your spare moments wherever you are, can actually be the means of putting you in line for making more money or winning you a better position. Yet, it is true! The Speedwriting booklet will convince you.

you. Don't let others get ahead of you. Send the coupon today (we ask particularly that you send no money, merely the coupon).

The DEARBORN SHORTHAND SYSTEM

> Miss Emma B. Dearborn originated Speedwriting after watching failures and disappointments through twenty years of teaching conventional shorthand systems.



ì	
	BRIEF ENGLISH SYSTEMS, Inc. Dept. G115, 200 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. In Canada: 1415 Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto, Ont. In England: Cecil Chambers, 76 Strand, London, WC2.
	Send me the free book explaining Speedwriting. I promise to give it a fair reading. My present work is: Secretarial Student Executive Professional.
	Name
	Address
ı	City State

The Most Remarkable Real Romance of A Motion Picture Star Ever Written

The Story of Careta Carbo

WAS broken . . . unhappy . . . I could not go on . . . and then I met John Gilbert . . . he was so terribly good . . . such vitality, spirit, eagerness . . . he was so nice that I felt better . . . love is the last and first of a woman's education." — From Greta Garbo's intimate life story.

DON'T MISS IT.



PHOTOPLAY

On All Newsstands

MONEY-MAKING PARTMENT

Big Money Daily. We offer large comhission paid every day, exclusive territory, free
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Business Christmas Greeting Cards, Stanoerry, Announcements, etc. The Process
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Paint agents wanted by old-established ompany. Binding guarantee given with paint. Iberal commission. Write O. L. Chase Paint Jos., 8t. Louis, Mo., Dept. 75.

Punchboard Salesmen. New fascinating ame. Excitement: legal all states; \$200 weekly lower by outfit by the same. Excitement legal all states; \$200 weekly lower by the same. Excitement legal all states; \$200 weekly lower by the lower lower by the lower lower lower lower land worker early by the lower week werywhere land wond we everywhere land wond we low store. States of the lower lower lower lower land worker early by storm. Men and workers early a day store from the lower lower lower land worker early lower land workers early a day store from the lower lower land workers early for full time workers early a

book free. Dollette Corp., 1018 Wabash, Chicago.

Teiloring Saleamen sell ail-wool madeto-measure Suita, Overcoata, \$24.50, one price.
Established line. Successful over 30 years
Great Western Talloring Co., Dept. 201, Chicago.

Represent factory—selling direct guaranteed perfect fitting auto seat covera, folding
outdoor furniture, \$8.50 automatic clothes
washer, beats competition. Largest commissions, \$400-\$125 weekly, Outh free. Supreme,
1243-8 Wabash, Chicago.

Agents \$240 month. Bonus besides. Sell
finest line silk hosiery. Beats store prices.
Guaranteed to wear 6 months or replaced,
Auto furnished. Write for samples. Wilknit
Hosiery Co., Dept. 1835, Greenfield, Ohlo.

Big Money Daily. We offer targe commission paid every day weight of the sample of the s



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World's leading manufacturer of Fire Extinguishers has positions open for saleamen in direct selling, capable of earning \$3,600 to \$6,000 yearly. Prospects everywhere—easy sales. We train you. Rapid promotions to producers. Fyr-Fyter Co., 1697 Fyr-Fyter Bidg., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents \$240 month. Sell finest line silk hosiery you ever saw. We furnish auto-free silk hosiery for your own use. Write today for samples and state size of hose worn. Betterknit Textile Co., Silk 1435, Greenfield, Obio.

reenied, Onio.

Wow, what a money-maker! Sell Nasc ade-to-measure pants, \$5.95 (2 pairs, \$11.00 mmission \$2.00). New line ready. Naso Co. ept. B, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LEARN WHILE YOU EARN

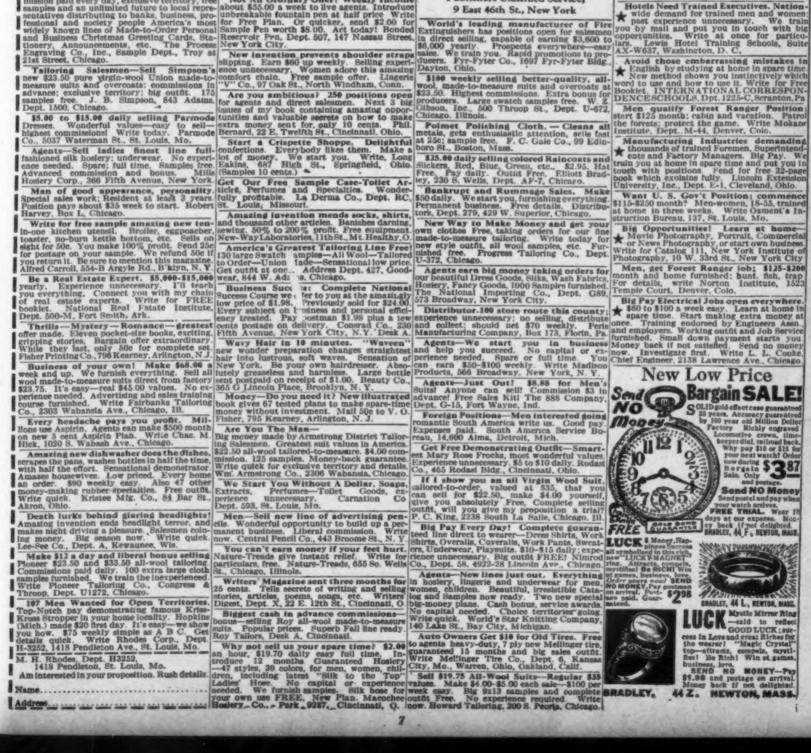
The National Home Study Council of Washington, D. C. has investigated the Home Study Schools whose ads, marked with a star (**) appear in this column. These schools are recommended on the following grounds:

Truthful promises, theroughness of courses, capable instructors, and reasonable instruction fees. These institutions are worthy of your confidence.

Dept. 1226-C, Scranton, Penna.

Test Your Art Ability Free. Send for Art Questionnaire which tests drawing ability, sense of color, etc. Commercial Art at home in spare Federal students making \$2,000-\$6,000; Give age, occupation. Federal Schools Building, Minneapolis, (Member National Home Study Co

Hotels Need Trained Executives. Nation
wide demand for trained men and women past experience unnecessary. We trained by mail and put you in touch with bopportunities. Write at once for particulars. Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suil AX-W637, Washington, D. C.







Talitosis may get

Employers prefer fastidious people . . . halitoxics not wanted

you discharged

MORE and more, employers insist on having about them people who are fastidious. Sooner or later, those with halitosis are "let out."

The true reason for discharge, however, is usually hidden under such phrases as "Inefficient," "You can do better elsewhere," "We need a more experienced person," etc. Realize these facts about halitosis. That,

Realize these facts about halitosis. That, due to modern habits, it is much more prevalent than is suspected. That it is a definite liability in friendships, affections and business. That you can have it

and not know it.

The one means of being sure that you are free from it is to rinse the mouth systematically with Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times when necessary, especially before meeting others. Keep a bottle

handy in home and office for this purpose.

List rine ends halitosis instantly. Being antisectic, it strikes at its commonest cause-ferm nutation in the oral cavity. Then, being a pc verful deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves.

If you have any doubt of Listerine's powerful deodorant properties, make this test: Rub a slice of onion on your hand. Then apply Listerine clear. Immediately, every trace of onion odor is gone.

With these facts before you, make up your

mind to keep yourself on the safe, polite and popular side by using Listerine. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

> Have you tried the new Listerine Shaving Cream?

READ THE FACTS 1/3 had halitosis.

68 hair dressers state that about every third woman, many of them from the wealthy classes, is halitoxic. Who should know better than they?

LISTERINE

The safe antisentic

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterwards. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

JOHN HELD'S Own Page of Wit and Humor



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The Boston Tea-Party—if It Happened on July 4, 1928

9



JRVIN S. COBB

Prince of Story-Tellers

JRVIN S. COBB'S FUNNIEST STORY THIS MONTH

Jwo Laughs from Ed Wynn

JF YOU love good stories, as I do, and if on the same day you hear two good stories, both of them new, or anyway new to you—why you count that a field day.

As I did.

At the club I ran into Ed Wynn, the actor. The theater-going world knows Ed Wynn as one of the deftest and surest humorists that has cavorted behind footlights in this day and generation. Those who know him in private life know him for a kindly generous soul who, without trying, can be almost as funny without any make-up on as he is when he has the make-up on—and that, let me tell you, is a rarer gift among professional comedians than you might suppose. Once he puts on his street clothes, the average professional comedian becomes a most serious-minded individual. It is as though the job of making people laugh to order weighted him down, as indeed, usually it does. When he wipes off the grease-paint he wipes off with it the comic mood. They say that Grimaldi, the greatest of all the clowns, suffered from acute melancholia. And in our own time another great clown killed himself while in a fit of depression.

BUT by contrast to the run of his tribe, my friend Ed Wynn is different. On or off, as the troupers put it, he carries a blithe spirit. I never saw him betray sadness except once. That was nearly twenty years ago when he was a comparatively obscure performer on the "two-a-day," and I wrote for him as a starring vehicle, a vaudeville playlet, which was presumed to be highly humorous, and he played it—and the poor little thing laid right down there on the stage and died. But I have always contended that this was through no fault of his. I still think it must have been the acoustics; in the theater where we tried the sketch out, the acoustics were notoriously bad.

As I was saying, I ran into him in a club of which we both are members. He drew me aside. "Listen," he began, "I've got two [Continued on page 86]



Both are Ed Wynn.
Irvin Cobb says
he can be almost as
funny without make-up
as he is on the stage,
and here are two choice
stories to prove it



The
Finger
of
Suspicion
Pointed
to This
Lovely Girl



Woman

HIS account of my experiences, experiences by the way which came very near to wrecking several lives, proves that the moral of my story is, "avoid even the appearance of evil."

I realize you can take that two ways. A lot of people are more concerned with avoiding the appearance of evil than the evil itself. They are people whose chief concern in life is to avoid being found out. But what I mean is, to keep from doing thoughtless, stupid things which may make others think us guilty when we are really not.

I first realized this, I think, on the day Bert Allen—I shall

I first realized this, I think, on the day Bert Allen—I shall call him that, although it is not his real name—went to

I kept thinking, as the evening went on, that Bert was going to propose to me. Every girl knows that feeling, I guess, a sort of instinct warning her that something is about

XANCY
WESTON

Who begins here her story of love, mystery and intrigue that will hold you in suspense for three months



The
Shadow
of
Guilt
Fell Upon
This
Charming Head

In the Case

to happen. That evening I had some such presentiment. We were sitting on an iron bench, Bert and I, in a little pergola at my sister Sallie Carter's house. It was spring, and the moonlight sifted through the leaves of the wisteria vine over our heads and made bright patterns in silver on the flagstones. We had been talking about Bert's trip abroad, and how long he expected to be away, discussing commonplace details such as passports and luggage. We were waiting, I suppose, for the right moment to arrive when my sister came out of the house with Jim Brent.

Their idea in interrupting us was to suggest that we all go for a drive. At least that was what Sallie said. Maybe Jim Brent had his own reasons for breaking in on us. I was put out, of course. Any girl, expecting a proposal, would be. And even though I do not say that I was ready to accept Bert, that night, I certainly did want him to ask me anyway.

SALLIE CARTER

Who had a secret of her own, stood ready to sacrifice her love to save the reputation of her sister, Nancy



He was even more annoyed than I was, especially when Jim, in his usual flowery way, took my hand and kissed it. I saw Bert frown and remembered how jealous he had always been of Iim.

and her face was white

We didn't encourage the idea of a drive and presently Sallie and Jim went away, but the spell had been broken.

Of course, I may have been mistaken in feeling as I did. Bert may not have intended to propose at all. But just the same I could not help remembering that Jim had whispered some foolishness about how much he had enjoyed our little party at his studio that afternoon, and as he spoke I had felt Bert's shoulder stiffen against my arm.

I might have mentioned that Jim and I hadn't been alone on this party. Sallie had been at the studio too but I had been there without her on other occasions, and saw no reason for making any explanations or apologies. Bert was inclined to be somewhat old-fashioned in his ideas, but at that I had never thought him mid-Victorian enough to insist on chaperons.

TO, IT wasn't that so much as Jim's air of proprietorship toward me, his suggestion of something intimate and romantic between us, that always irritated Bert. If he had known Jim Brent better he would have realized that it was just his way. He assumed that manner with most women because they spoiled him. Whether or not he was in love with me then, I do not know. Certainly he had never said so, in words. In fact, he was quite as attentive to Sallie as he was to me

Well, as I have said, Bert had always been jealous of Jim, much as he liked him. So, instead of asking me to marry him that night, he left early, saying he had a lot of packing to do, and was off for New York early the next morning.

He wrote me a letter from the steamer with a sentence in it which caused me a great deal of thought. It was a peculiar sentence in a way. I'don't know whether it was a quotation or not.

First he said he hoped I wouldn't forget him, although with so many attractive men about, he was afraid I might. Then he said, "We are all of us afraid of those we most love, for they are the ones who have the most power to burt us."

A peculiar thing, I thought, for a man to put in a note of farewell on the eve of his sailing for Europe. Did he mean that he loved me and was afraid I was going to do something I shouldn't?

Well, that was that, I said to myself after I read the letter over for the third time. Then I tossed it into my desk drawer. There were some other letters in there from Bert but not many. He wasn't the sort to write letters. And there was a whole stack of notes from

Jim, humorous, whimsical, daring little notes, full of romantic suggestions that might mean a great deal, or nothing, depending on how you took them. The sort of letters that a man like Jim Brent would write.

All this happened over two months before the day when tragedy swept into our lives like a flame, scorching and searing us all. The sort of tragedy that makes you wonder if fate doesn't sit up nights trying to figure out combinations by which to wreck you.

There are five persons chiefly concerned in my

story. I am not going to give them real names but two of them are women and three, men. We all lived in a large city on the Atlantic Coast.

The women were my sister, Sallie, and myself, Nancy Weston. We came from one of those small country towns where there are a couple of good picture houses and one almost good hotel and nothing else of any particular importance.

SALLIE was five years older than I and much better looking. At least I always thought so. Some people called her a trifle stout, but to me she always seemed perfect. She had big soft brown eyes, heavy dark-brown hair and a milk and rose complexion. Sallie was a beauty and that is why. when she went to the city to study nursing, she married during her second year in training. Her husband was Hollis Carter, a wealthy and successful lawyer much older than Sallie. She had been thoroughly earnest in her ambition to become a trained nurse, but when Hollis told her he needed some one to take care of him and his home, she gave up the idea of a hospital career and I don't blame her. Of course, she might have been happier with a younger man, one more nearly her own age. Mr. Carter was well over forty—but he had a great deal of money and was most generous with it and built Sallie a dream of a house.

Everyone thought that she had done very well for herself. Mr. Carter's chief regret seemed to be that they did not have any children. I don't know whether Sallie regretted it or not. Their big house must have seemed a bit lonely, at times, although Sallie was continually giving parties and keeping the place full of guests.

It was this feeling of loneliness, I think, and the knowledge that I was not particularly happy at home, that induced her to ask me to stay with them. Mother was dead and father had married again. My stepmother tried to be nice but she had two small children of her own to think of and I, being

grown-up, began to feel like a rank outsider.
Sallie had another motive, too, in inviting me to stay with

Sallie had another motive, too, in inviting me to stay with Hollis and herself. She thought I would have a better chance to meet some one I might want to marry. At home all the really worth while boys went away to college or got positions in the city as soon as they were old enough, and except for occasional visits, never came back again to their native town.

I have tried to describe how Sallie looked and I suppose I must do the same thing about myself. It isn't easy. I am five years younger than my sister, although our heights are about the same. Sallie weighed then a hundred and thirty and I was perhaps ten pounds lighter. My eyes, like hers, are brownish but with a lot of green in them and my hair is almost black. I always had more color than Sallie too. Jim Brent, who has a way of describing people in a word, once said that I looked like Sallie when she had lost her temper. He meant it as a compliment, I suppose, and explained that I seemed to him to have more fire than my sister, more pep.

WHEN I come to speak of the three men in our little group, I find Hollis Carter the easiest to describe. He was a heavy, gray-haired man, a little bald. He hadn't much imagination but he was successful in his profession. He was awkward with women, rather inclined to set too much store by his own opinions and ideas.

I never thought that Sallie was very deeply in love with him. In fact, I never thought of Hollis Carter as the sort of man that any woman could be deeply, and romantically in love with. I'm not sure he was in love with Sallie as I

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like to think of love but I know he admired her greatly and was very jealous of her.

Jim Brent was his precise opposite. Slender, graceful, romantic, with a quick, humorous smile. He was the sort of man that women always fall in love with but seldom marry. Yet, unlike many men who are physically attractive to women, he was also well liked by men. Even Hollis Carter liked him, dissimilar as they were, and he was never tired of having him at the house.

I could not understand the attraction between them. Hollis was devoted to his profession and took no great interest in anything else. Jim Brent was an artist, a portrait painter, and took an interest in everything from pre-war Scotch to Airedale terriers. A little over average height, with pleasant dark eyes, mustache, and a firm handsome chin, he always made me think of one of those romantic Southerners we read about in books: dashing, hard-drinking young dandies, fond of women, horses, and pistols, and equally at home with all three.

THERE were people who claimed that Jim Brent was not interested in men like Hollis Carter, that he flattered them and their wives just so that he could paint their portraits at rather extravagant prices. I did not believe that, for Jim was no hypocrite. He may have gone about with people of means because it was the sensible thing for a young fellow in his position to do, but I am quite sure that he did not care enough about money to bother much whether he got any orders or not. And in the case of Hollis Carter, I am quite sure that what brought him to the house so often was not the fact that he wanted Sallie to have her portrait painted, but his personal

liking for her, and for me.

And since I have told you about Jim, there remains only Bert Allen to make a picture of. Bert claimed to be in love with me, and assisted by Jim Brent, very nearly broke my heart.

Bert was a dear, of course, and when a woman says that about a man you may be quite sure she likes him a lot. Cer-

I left the men and followed Sallie to the telephone. She looked up at me and whispered, "I want to see you tonight, Nancy, before you go to bed. Come to my room." I told her I would. She seemed to be very much upset

tainly I liked Bert. If he had proposed to me that night before he sailed, and I had accepted him, the things I am going to write about would never have

happened.

I had not known Bert very long. He was a New Yorker, a graduate of a New England college, and had come to the city where we lived to take a postgraduate course at a fa-He was mous university. a doctor by profession but had no idea of practicing in the usual sense. not need to, for he had inherited a great deal of money from his parents. This gave him the opportunity he wanted for research work. His specialty was mental diseases. Psychiatry, I believe they call it, although I'm not sure. Anyway, he was particularly interested in crime and its psychology, and had worked out some theories about the mental processes of criminals that he was putting into a book.

You might suppose from that, that Bert was unin-teresting. He wasn't a hit. Of course, he took his work seriously. Any man who intends to get ahead and make a name for himself must do that, but on a party he was very lively, a splendid dancer, full of fun, ready for anything. He was the same age as Jim Brent, twenty-five.
The night Mr. Carter first brought him to the house I told Sallie that I thought him one of the best-looking men I had ever seen. He was a lot more interesting than the young college fellows I had been going about with. Sallie used to call them the coonskin coat

Bert was tall, an athlete in build and very distinguished looking. I suppose you would call him a blond. His hair, which was light brown, looked

reddish in the sun and his eyes were a very warm gray, with a lot of color and fire in them, especially when he was excited. Jim Brent, whose mother came from New Orleans and was of Spanish-French descent, said Bert was a frost-bitten Nordic, but there wasn't anything slow about him really. I guess Jim discovered that later on, when all the trouble started, involving all of us in tragedy.



Jim persuaded me to pose for him draped in a scarf. When I had taken the tion to me than if I had been a clay figure. When the sketch was finished he the "next night" was

Strangely enough, it began the very day that Bert Allen got back from abroad. He had been gone two months and I had been having the time of my life, while he was away, with Jim Brent.

It isn't going to be easy to describe just what happened that terrible morning. I had been out until fairly late the night before and had breakfast in bed. Sallie ate breakfast in her



right position he worked furiously paying no more attenasked me to come the next night and I said I would. But the night of the murder

room, too, and I had stopped at her door a moment to say hello on my way downstairs.

It was one of those early September days when the summer seems determined to come back. I had put on a thin sports suit because there had been some talk the afternoon before of Sallie and Jim and myself going over to the Country Club for a swim and lunch.

I was the first person down and there was no one about except Sallie's negro butler and house servant, who was waxing the living room floor. I forgot to say that my brother-in-law, Hollis Carter, had been out of town for a couple of days on some legal business and had not yet come back.

When Harvey, the butler, saw me he stopped his work and took some letters from the table.
"Just came, Miss," he said. "Second delivery."

The earlier mail, my part of it, at least, had been brought to my room.

I looked at the letters.

"Here's one from Mr. Allen," I remarked.
"Mr. Allen called last night, Miss," Harvey said.
"Here? Called here?" I exclaimed. "Are you sure, Harvey?" The letter from him had been written in Paris.

"Of course, Miss," he said. "About nine o'clock. He said he had just come in from New York. When I told him you were out, he asked for Mrs. Carter and when he heard she was out, too, he said he would look in this morning."

JUST then I heard a newsboy shouting an extra in the street. We have an afternoon paper in our town that begins to come out shortly after break-fast. Some transatlantic flyers had started the day before. There were reports that they had been lost. I gave Harvey some money and sent him out for the paper.

As he closed the front door, Sallie came downstairs wearing a negligée. I thought she looked

very tired and worn.

"Bert Allen is back," I said. "Harvey tells me he called last night. Isn't that exciting?'

"I wonder how he liked finding you were out with somebody else," Sallie said. "Why not?" I laughed. "He never asked me to

marry him." "Maybe he will, now that he's back. I think Bert would be a good match for you, Nancy. two seemed to hit it off very well last winter. And, luckily, he has plenty of money, which is

something you can't do without these days. Where did Harvey go?"

"I sent him for a paper. There's an extra out."
"Another bank robbery, I suppose," Sallie remarked. She took her mail from the table. "I had a note from Hollis this morning. He'll be back today in time for lunch." It seemed to me that It seemed to me that

she was not very enthusiastic.
"How was the concert?" I asked. Sallie had said the night before that some friends were going to hear a celebrated pianist and that she might go

with them.

"Terrible. I can't stand these German virtuosos. They make too much noise. It's a wonder Bert Allen hasn't telephoned."

I glanced at my watch. It was half-past ten.
"He will, pretty soon," I said. Eleven was the hour which Bert usually called me.

"Do you think he will ask you to marry him?"

Sallie said.
"I don't know," I answered. "When he went away, he was jealous. Maybe he still is.'

"Jealous of whom?" Sallie gave me a queer look. 'Jim Brent, of course. He didn't like it that I went to a's studio. I could have told him you were along most Jim's studio.

times, but I didn't." "Wasn't I always along?" Sallie [Continued on page 110] Two of the Greatest Thinkers of the Day Talk to You



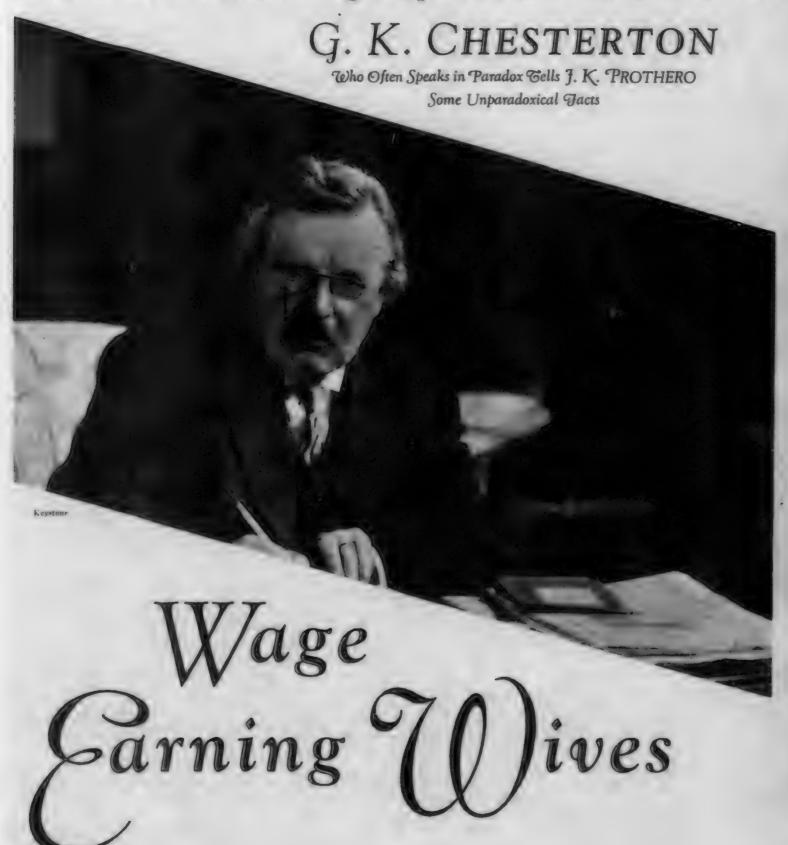
ANYONE who knows the principles of logic, knows that when certain indications occur it is easy to follow them to a conclusion, based upon reason, not speculation. So let us look at the logical eventualities suggested by the types of women we see about us today, although the actual development of the evolution in action now, may not finally demonstrate in our time, nor in our children's time.

Using logical methods of deduction, we come to a probability that woman is not only developing in brain power and in stability of character, but is throwing off a strange byproduct of femininity, which would almost become analogous to the working bees in the hive. It looks as though each generation might produce what would really amount to a

company of neuters—neither male nor female—with no physical desires for reproduction, but with a mental energy and activity which would be of great benefit to the human race. The question arises, should these exceptional intelligences be despised? On the contrary, they should be honored and given the places that they are fitted for in the immortal scheme of things.

They may be the result of Nature's working to regulate population, for no matter how brilliantly intelligent these neuters may be, they hand nothing tangible on except their teachings, their contributions to science, progress and thought. Thus, may they not be necessary? This is interesting to study. It is quite possible that [Continued on page 76]

On the Most Interesting Topic in the World Nomen



HAVE been asked to give my views on the woman who works in an office and is also a wife. I should like to say that I do not by any means regard myself as a musty Victorian in my outlook on women and the home. I am in favor of making the home a jolly place, a place where one can play games and enjoy oneself. There should be romance in the home and all the things that women look for should be brought to them there: the recognition of their tremendous services, opportunities for culture, free expression of opinion. I have never regarded the home as a place where women should be shut in, and variety and color shut out. There is certainly a great deal to be said against the theory that women should only be seen and heard on the domestic hearth.

Women resented this tendency towards segregation and it was inevitable that a change should be made. At the same time, I feel that this change has begun at the wrong end. What I mean is that instead of opening all the windows of the home and letting in the sunshine and the wind of adventure, with a free current of interests, there is a disposition to ignore the home so that nowadays we find women walking out of it and shutting the door on all the things for which it stands. I do not want to see woman chained to the domestic hearth or kept there against her will but I do not think that she can find greater freedom in the exchange of her own hearth for some one else's typewriter.

What is happening at the moment [Continued on page 94]

In Quest of a Virgin

A Modern Girl's Own Story of

OTHER called to me just as I was going out riding with Biff. she said, "there's a "Tovce." Richard Pelham coming for a week's visit. Your father

"Well?" I said. "What about it? What have dad's business friends to do with my young

"Richard Pelham is young," mother said, "and your father invited him for your sake." Mother looked at Biff, who

was scowling. Mother didn't care for Biff. She walked away looking as slim and graceful as any girl of twenty.

"Who is this Pelham?" Biff asked suspiciously.

"The Pelhams are a family dad owes a lot to," I said. "They used to be very rich bankers but they failed in the great panic, before I was born. Dad started in their office. I've heard of them often enough.'

"I suppose this bird, Richard, is look-

ing for a job."

'I can't give him one," I said. "I shall turn him over to Janet. Any new man attracts her; he's probably terrible. Most of dad's friends are the limit.'

As we rode down the long driveway to the main road, a big, old-fashioned looking limousine driven by a gray-haired chauffeur passed us. Biff looked at the car but I caught just a glimpse of the man in the back seat. He was rather pale, had straight, regular features and looked too serious for our crowd. Our eyes met for a moment as we passed and I decided that he was most attractive. I couldn't imagine whom it could be. Richard Pelham could hardly ride up in a costly limousine like this.

But it was Richard Pelham after all. He was as tall as Biff but, except for that, there was nothing

similar in them

I could see Biff hated him on sight as Biff always did anyone who was openly attracted by me. It wasn't vanity on my part to see Richard had eyes for nobody else, because I often resented Biff's attitude to other boys; we were not engaged although he had asked me a hundred times. I talked a lot to Richard. He was something new. In our set we hadn't his charming manners and his deference to elders. He had told me almost all there was to know about himself when Biff couldn't stand it any longer. He strolled up sneering.



I could see Richard cared as little for Biff as

Biff did for him. "If one iudged your intellect by your conversation at dinner," he said. "I don't think you would understand. I'd have to use words of three syllables very often and that would be taking an unfair advantage of you.'

Biff is one of those blond men who flush easily. He turned imson. "Evidently you don't know who I am," he retorted. Of course Biff meant that Richard didn't know that he was strong and a fighter and had eliminated a great many boys



who had wanted to be nice to me. But his question meant nothing to Richard Pelham except to accentuate the polite sneer on his face

"Fortunately I have forgotten your name," he said. "Please don't remind me of it."

"I'll have a little talk with you later," Biff growled. He was not used to this sort of retort. He strolled away.

"You shouldn't antagonize Biff," I said. I felt rather sorry for Richard. He wasn't athletic and Biff would find some way to insult him and hold him up to ridicule before the other boys. I remembered how Biff had insulted and thrashed Bobby Graham, Ray Perry and others. "Biff is so awkward,"

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ed. vas)VS "Are you engaged to him?" Richard asked.
"Certainly not," I said. "I'm not engaged to anyone and I don't intend to be yet. What made you look at Biff so

by such vulgar names when you were dancing so beautifully. I've seen scarcely any dancing. I didn't think it could be so divine."

I LOOKED at him curiously. I wasn't in the habit of being called "Miss Granger" by boys like Richard, and my solo dancing wasn't especially good. Janet Powell was far better. Richard was looking at me dreamily. He was murmuring something.

You remind me of those wonderful words:

'When you do dance, I wish you A wave of the sea, that you might do Nothing but that.'

That's what I was thinking when that indescribable sap called you 'The Wriggly Giggly Girl'."

My first instinct was to laugh at his poetry because we all us jeered at anything sentimental and Victorian like of us jeered at anything sentimental and Victorian like verse, but I couldn't help liking it. I made him say it again. He had the most adorable voice. I asked him if quoting

Shakespeare was his line, and the blessed boy didn't know what a line was. He had hardly known any girls in his old home

Just then Janet Powell came up. She was always crazy about tall, good-looking men and her line was amusing. It rather shocked Richard when she said she was on the quest of a virgin heart and had he

ever loved anyone madly?
"I really hadn't thought much about it," he said.
"Look Joyce!" Janet cried.

"He blushes. This is the birth of primal love. Life has no more to offer me. Adonis," she said, "I am twenty-two and have never yet loved. I have no money and I cannot cook or sew, but what is domesticity when love comes?"

Just then Andrew Court came to claim her for a dance. He was forty, very rich, and wouldn't ask awkward questions about Janet's past. It wasn't a bad past but she had not always been discreet. She in-



troduced Richard as Adonis Pelham. Court looked at him suspiciously. Richard was really too good-looking and Andrew hadn't a redeeming feature but his bank account. I could see Richard was glad Janet had gone.

"How extraordinarily people talk!" he said. reat uncles would never believe it. They'd be inapressibly shocked. The women seem to have no reserve and the men no manners. I did not include you," he said when I made an exclamation.



will tell you your car is at the door.

"He has insulted me," Biff stormed, "and I won't stand for it. The darned sissy can't even drive a car and he thinks swimming might give him a cold." Biff looked at me suspiciously. "You told me he hadn't any money. His clothes are good al-though they are cut on old men's lines and that limousine set some

one back eight thousand berries."

I explained to Biff that although the '93 panic had wiped the Pelhams out there had been plenty of time for them to come back. Dad, grateful for his start with the Pelham bank, had taken hold, and dad was a financial genius. Richard was the sole heir and was worth millions more than Biff, and Biff himself was wealthy. The only two living relatives Richard had, were some great uncles who had a gigantic house in St. Lawrence County.

"I don't like him," Biff grunted.

"He'll [Continued on page 100]

'You are above and beyond these people I have met here." Evidently he had placed me on a pinnacle, which isn't done now as it was when my grandmother led cotillions. But I rather liked it when the man who put me on a pedestal was so handsome.

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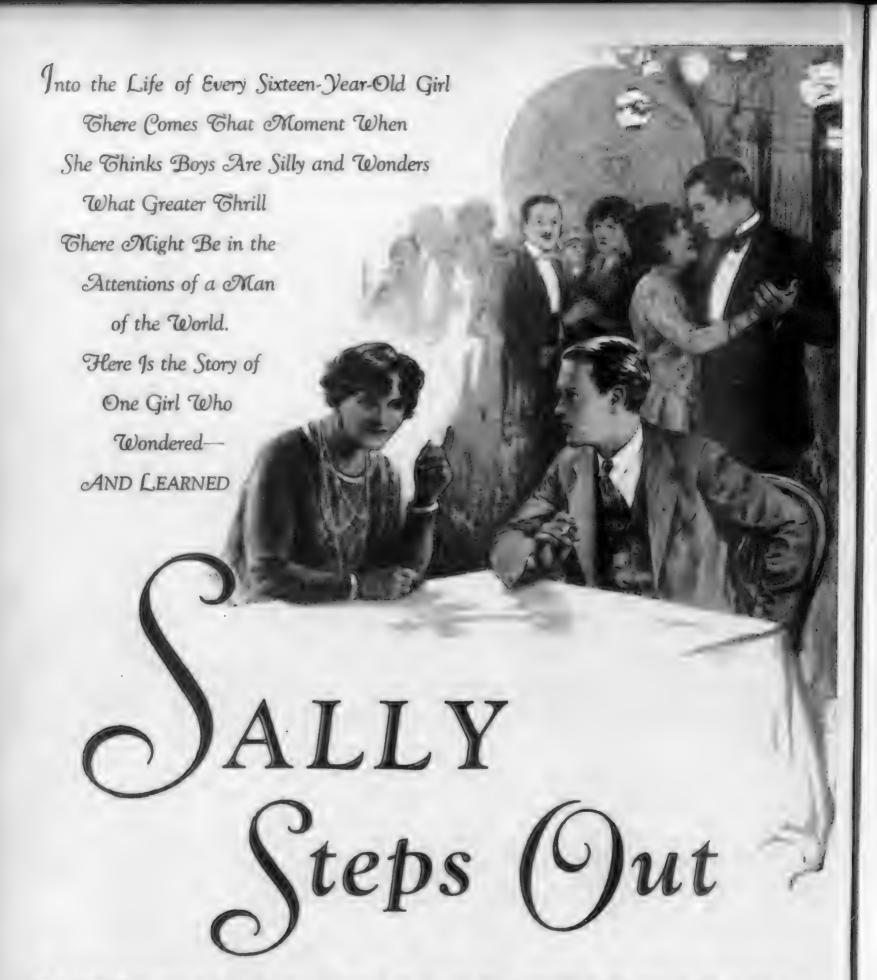
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on.

At this time Biff was glaring angrily so I thought I'd better dance with him. I wasn't going to have Richard insulted on

his first evening.
"Listen, Biff," I began, "Mr Pelham is dad's guest and if you try any of your silly, childish tricks on him, dad

Evidently you don't know who I am," Biff cried in a rage. "Fortunately I've forgotten your name," Richard said easily. "Please don't remind me of it"



T WASN'T so much the Algebra lesson that was making Sally restless; Algebra was more inclined to lull her to sleep. And surely it couldn't have been that she was shaky and worn from dancing till two o'clock that morning, for Sally, like most of the sub-debs of her set, was a lithe little dynamo to whom late hours and lost sleep seemed to mean nothing.

No, her restlessness sprang from a deeper source. It was a vague new dissatisfaction with the most important feature of her life, boys in general, particularly Eddie.

She had felt indulgent toward Eddie ever since she had discovered him to be a mere sevente n years of age instead

of the worldly nineteen he laid claim to, but of late, and especially since he had been kicked out of Latin for pinning an "Out of Order" sign on the teacher's back, she had begun to realize how extremely young and childish he was.

Not only Eddie, she went on petulantly, but all the high school boys. How they snickered and swaggered and boasted, like a crowd of eight-year-olds playing Injun! She glanced around the classroom, her disgust rapidly deepening.

Two chairs to the right in the row ahead of her, a blase young gentleman was engaged in catching flies. He trapped them tenderly, with deft sweeping gestures, and with infinite care picked off their wings. The mutilated insects were then



pencil point. Engrossed in the show were two more hardened sophisticates who, that very night perhaps, would manfully gulp weak drugstore gin and drive their decrepit collegiate Fords with a great show of recklessness. All three boys giggled when one suicidal fly dodged the pencil-point and flung himself overboard to disappear into the chief entomologist's trouser-cuff.

Sally sniffed disdainfully. What babies! Was it possible that within a year or two they would be rushed by fraternities

With Drawings from Life By C. R. CHICKERING

at Yale or Princeton? She shook her head despairingly and felt old.

When the electric gong sang its welcome metallic song she sprang up and jostled out of the classroom with the rest. Along the shining, tiled hall of the great modern high school she pattered, a vital little figure in a chic blue suit

in a chic blue suit with a golden-brown collar that matched her hair. Sally had a crisp face with an indignant nose, and sparks of petulancy for eyes.

The petulancy glowed to scorn as she critically appraised the boys among the crowds who surged past her. She wrinkled her well-powdered nose at them, her dis-satisfaction beginning to take on definite shape. High school boys were too small fry. She wanted men!

At this intriguing thought her face blossomed into a sur-prised and delighted laugh. "Men!" she repeated sound-

She recalled hearing some of the older, harder girls speak knowingly of "heavy daddies" as they powdered their noses before the mirror in the rest room, dropping such spicy morsels of conversation as, "He may be bald-headed, but can he dance!" and, "He says his wife doesn't understand him."

Sally, having youth's natural repugnance for age, had never dated anything older than an infrequent upper classman from the city university. But suddenly, flaring full as she was with the self-dramatizing impetuosity of adolescence, she alchemized that repugnance into something touched with the bright gold of young idealism and romance.

It was now the last period

was warm and she rebelled at the prospect of forty-four minutes of squirming boredom in a hard-seated desk.

She slipped through the crowded doorway of the study room and faced the teacher appealingly. It seemed that she was most tragically behind in her laboratory work in chemistry, and if only she could be permitted to go down to the lab and work this period-

The teacher who kept the study room that period was a man and fat and forty-five and he smiled a little more than paternally as he wrote out a leave-permit slip for her.

She thanked him and fled to her locker in the hall. slammed her books contemptuously inside and crushed her pert hat aslant her head. Gleefully she tore the leave-permit

there by a buffeting

slip to fragments, and started out of the building for home.
As she rounded the stair landing, a hand suddenly gripped her shoulder from behind and a voice growled:

"Well, young lady, what class are you cutting?"

Without turning Sally started, gasped, wilted. She visualized with sinking heart some grim monitor standing sternly behind her truant back, or perhaps even Old Hardshell himself, principal and arch-demon of the high school. But that didn't sound like Old Hardshell's voice.

SHE sensed subdued chuckling from behind. Her brown eyes tightened and she compressed her lips. She whirled with an abruptness that flipped her bobbed skirt.

"Eddie!"

"Ha, ha! Caught in the act!" A boy about her own age stood grinning at her. He was a big, clean-looking youngster with white teeth and slick black hair and the happy sort of large pink face you see on the football squad more often than in the scholarship group.

"Poor 'ittle Sally!" he laughed. "Diddum think the boogey

man haddum?"

Sally glared at him. "Might have known it was Eddie up to his childish tricks!" she told herself angrily. He had frightened her a little too much for her to see any humor in

the situation. She knifed him with a look of scorn, and snapped: "You must think you're funny!"

"Funny as sandpapering a scalded baby!" he assured her cheerfully. "Let's go up to the Avalon tonight and dance."

"Huh!" She drew herself up and posed away from him, arms akimbo. "Catch me dating you again, infant!"

Incredulous hurt flashed into Eddie's frank eyes. 'What's the matter, Sally?"

"Oh, you're such a kid, Eddie," she condescended. 'You simply haven't got any savoir-faire?"

"No." he admitted, "but I know a bootlegger who can get some. Why won't you go to the Avalon with me?"

"You're too young to understand if I told you!" she said and she was gone down the stairs around the next landing.

Eddie stood looking squint-eyed after her. He was flushed red at the sting of such a snippy and totally unexpected rebuff from the girl he placed above all others. And his pride was wounded as well as his affections, for your modern high school sheik is sensitive as a fresh-blown violet on matters pertaining to his age or sophistication.

Gradually Eddie's strong, likable young face hardened and filled with smouldering resentment. "Such a kid," he mused bitterly. "Well, wouldn't that gripe you! I'll just bet that hot stuff has already got a date up at the Avalon tonight. So I'm two-timed, am I? Maybe!" He whirled on his heels and tramped belatedly up the steps towards his civics class, his whole demeanor that of a grievously insulted young man who is "gonna show somebody somethin'."

As Sally flickered through the tall, temple-white pillars of the high school's façade into the sunshine of the spring afternoon, she experienced that deceptive double sense of having suffered a loss and won a victory. For not until she had snubbed him seemingly irreparably did she realize how much this grinning, prank-playing Eddie meant to her. For whole weeks on end he had been her "steady," which, in speedy high school circles, constitutes what might be called an informal engagement.

She sniffed once, in a way which showed that she really cared; sniffed again in a different way, signifying that she didn't care the least bit, and smiled down an uncomfortable sense of girlish inadequacy. "'Ittle Sally' was out after men now, she assured herself cockily, courtly gentlemen who could chat of Europe, and whose mustaches didn't look like something that needed to be wiped off.

She stepped from the curb at a street intersection, lost in her thoughts.

AN AUTO horn shricked so close behind her that she squealed and made a most ungraceful leap out of harm's way. In her alarm she dropped her hand-bag. The left front tire of the auto bisected it as neatly as any geometry prof ever bisected a chalk-drawn circle before an uninterested class. Brakes squawked and the auto stopped, while Sally stood gasping on the curb looking at the man in the automobile.



A long masculine figure uncoiled himself from under the wheel, got out and walked back to pick up Sally's hand-bag. It was a flat thing of sturdy leather and unharmed. Brushing the dust from it, he approached her.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I didn't see you till you were right in front of me, and I tried my best to miss your hand-bag."

From her vantage point on the curb Sally looked steadily at him. He was in the transitory thirties, a tall, lean, English-sort-of-looking person with a sophisticated small mustache, the type of man who looks distinguished in a dinner jacket



and foolish in plus fours. His eyes were little and pale blue and they watered while he smiled.

'Adorable!" thought Sally.

She resumed her gasping where she had left off. "You might have killed me! Oh, that was such a scare! Just look at me shaking!" She held out a slender hand and trembled it.

He glanced at it but not at the trembling and suggested, "If you're all shaken up don't you think you'd better let me take you home?"

Sally pursed her red lips at him doubtfully, while inside

she struggled to restrain a crow of delight. "I think you'd better," he insisted.

Weakly she allowed herself to be led to the car and be deposited in the front seat. As they drove away she glanced sideways at him, her eyes starlike with marvelling and elation. A real live gentleman, even to the unmistakable mustache!

She smiled up engagingly. "I suppose if you'd run over me you'd have driven on, wouldn't you?" she began brightly.

"Really?" said the gentleman. He looked down at her with that sort of half-bored, half-amused little smile which is a veritable red flag to conceited young wo-

Sally's brown eyes snapped and narrowed craftily; her smile became teasing. She inspected his features with a pretense of dawning recollection. "Why, say!" she burst out, as though suddenly recognizing a long-lost brother, "weren't you the leading man in King's Stock Company when they used to play at the Wabash?"

Even before she finished the sentence she saw, with a victorious tingle, that she had not only broken the ice but had stirred

up the water.

The English-sort-of-looking person's pale blue eyes sparkled wetly and a delighted smile up-rooted his sophisticated small mustache. "No, I never was with King's," he said, "but I played one season with the Eliza-That's where bethan Actors. Were you must have seen me.

you ever in Des Moines, or Cedar Rapids, or Burlington? We played all over Iowa."

"Uh-huh," said Sally. "You dance awfully well, don't you? You look like a dancer. I just love to dance, too. Are you playing somewhere now, or do you have your evenings to yourself?"
"No," he said lightly,

with the air of one who dismisses a trivial annoyance, "I happen to be at liberty just now. By the way, did you hear Berkway, did you hear berk-mier's lecture at the Auditorium on 'The Ad-vantages of England's Leisure Class'? Y'know, engagements in the legitimate drama for an actor of my type are frightfully scarce just now. As I was telling Dave Belasco

this morning, it's almost impossible to get anything Ten minutes later they drew up and stopped before Sally's house, but she made no move toward getting out. She was desperate, for although they had discussed quite thoroughly the injustices of the American stage as directed against one Ronald DuBois-which was the gentleman's name, it seemednothing at all had been said about a cozy little supper, or a ride out through the country so they could talk, or even her telephone number. Such a ghastly thing had never happened before in all the not-so-very many times she had allowed herself to be gracefully picked up. "Surely it couldn't mean that she was slipping?" she asked herself apprehensively. She glanced at the sleek round face of Mr. Ronald DuBois. H toyed with the gear-knob as if he [Continued on page 87]

PEGGY JOYCE Who Ought to Know

Tells You Through BASIL WOON That

Any Girl Can Win Any Man

Any woman really desirous of making a man fall in love with her can do it, if she tries hard enough. Love on her part isn't necessary providing she can offer the man the right mixture of flattery and simulated worship.

I am not ashamed of my interest in men nor of their interest in me. Man is woman's natural study and although she has finally achieved a large degree of emancipation she is no less at heart dependent upon man than in the days of Moses.

As a result of my study of this natural subject, I know that while men may think what they want in a woman is love, what they really want is to be made comfortable in their self-assumption of superiority above everything else

A woman wanting a man to propose to her must use her brains every minute, but she must never let the man suspect that her words and actions are planned beforehand. The one thing a man will not forgive in a woman is brains.

When you know a man is beginning to be interested in you, and wish to encourage him, which should not be done without a careful weighing of his character and habits, your first step should be to study him.

Without letting the man suspect what you are about, you must analyze him down to the smallest detail. His preferences are above all important, although whether you mean to cater to them lies with the character of the man himself. Some men like to be argued about their personal habits; such criticism cuts others on the raw edge.

Comfort comes first with a man, never forget that, so do not try to cure him of his bad habits. If he has many bad habits you won't be interested in him anyway, and if he has a few little indulgences, they can be better handled after you have married him than before.

Many a romance has been broken off for no bigger reason than that the girl tried to stop her beloved fiance from smoking too many cigarettes or cigars!
With prior knowledge that bad habits are much more likely

to become worse than to be cured, study a man closely for his tendencies. It may be that you cannot bear cigar smoke and that the man you like insists on smoking very strong cigars. If after you have hinted to him that you don't like it he still persists in smoking cigars in your presence you may as well give him up and turn your attention elsewhere. A little thing like that is just the sort of point likely to cause eternal bickering in the future. Lots of marriages have been wrecked for less.

If the man is of the outdoor, sportsman type and you are not, do not let this worry you

not, do not let this worry you unless he carries things to excess. Let him have his golf and hunting if he wishes, just so he does not insist on your liking them too. After marriage you may have occasion to bless his golf; it will keep him out of the way and give you the time alone every wife should have.

In every case try to imagine his habits alongside your own, and do not make the capital mistake of hiding your own faults for him to discover later. Companionate marriage would never be necessary if two people in love would only be honest with each other.

I knew a girl whose fiance abhorred classical music while she detested the popular kind. When she played Chopin on her piano he pretended to go into ecstasies over it and when he chose the jazziest records for the phonograph, she simulated pleasure although she longed to shut her

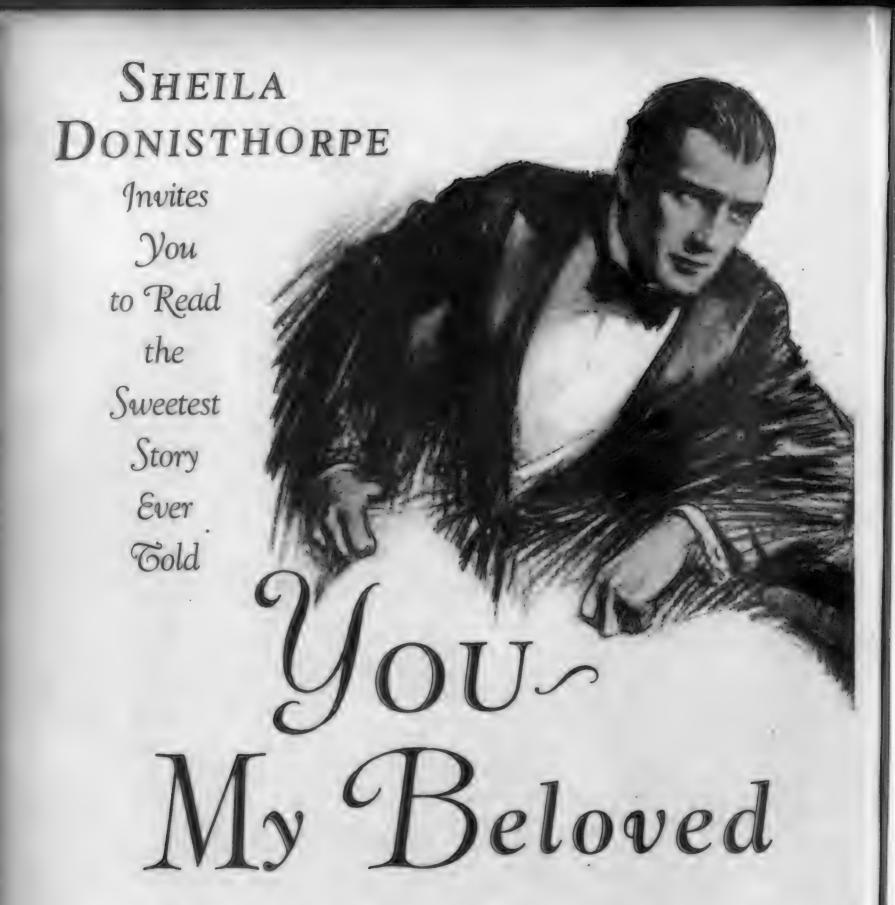
They married, each thinking the other of similar tastes, and before they returned from their honeymoon they'd had their first quarrel over music. It ended with my friend going home to her mother and now they're divorced. They didn't, of course, give [Continued on page 90]



"I am not ashamed of my interest in men nor of their interest in me. Man is woman's natural study and at heart she is dependent on him"



Perhaps you will find in this picture an answer to the question, Why do men marry Peggy Joyce?



What I Gold Last Month:

REMEMBER it so well, that introduction on the tennis REMEMBER it so well, that introduction of the courts, when I looked at you and said to myself, "Rather nice man, this Richard Brading!" Your eyes seemed to say, Not a bad-looking woman!"

Then we went to your flat and you sang for me. When you looked into my eyes as I left, I knew that life had many

things in store for me, but not peace.

That was the beginning. For a time after that I saw you often. How well I remember those wonderful evenings in-your flat after the theater, when you would sing to me or we would talk of books, and the awful fear I had of going home and finding my aunt waiting to ask me where I'd been.

At each meeting with you the air grew thick with things unsaid. Finally my love was so strong I could stand it no longer. I went off to the sea for a week to forget. But the day I returned home two letters came for me from you.

Back in London, I could scarcely wait until you phoned. That night you told me about your concert that was to be given in June, and you folded me in your arms.

magic of that moment.

It was shortly after this when the Wargrave episode occurred. I had been rowing with some friends and my hand was hurt by another boat crashing into ours.

While I convalesced your note burned a hole under my pillow and through my heart:

"When can I come and see you? Isn't this too sickening to happen just when we had found each other? Sweetheart, I've been in love with you for such a long time-What more could any fairy princess want? The stars?

The moon? I had them all.

Then the memorable day came at last, the twenty-first of June, the great day of your concert. My friend Jill and I



sat in the front row. How you sang! You were no longer Richard Brading, a conventional figure of a man standing on the platform.

During the storm of applause which followed, Jill exclaimed, "You poor lamb, you're in for a bad time. A man who can sing like that—Nona, is it going to be worth while?"

I was jealous after your concert. Anyone who could sing like you, would be sought after. I should not break my heart for you. I began to avoid you and it was the following winter that I developed a taste for fashion drawing. Still I

could not put you out of my mind, try as hard as I might.

One February afternoon I was having tea when you phoned.

I had thought you were in Oxford. You begged me to come over. I went and that night—somehow I was sure of your love for me. At last!

Look here," you said suddenly. "I'm engaged to be married." . . . What a

strange sickness of the soul came over me
... How odd, that I didn't die

love for me. At last!
When I got home I looked into the glass. How could such radiance be hidden? All the beauty in the world was mine.

Now Gurn Go Ghe Next Page And Read How My Romance Progressed:

At Last~ The Perfect Love Story of a Girl

OR the next six months I lived in a delirium of paradise. Halcyon days, when we seemed to be treading on en-chanted ground, slipped away all too quickly. Drunk with the sweet intimacy of your constant companionship, I saw life through a veritable kaleidoscope of crimsons and purples. Nothing so sane or placid as peace ever touched me. I was borne along in a great tumult of joy, transported to a new world, where my dreams were bent on erecting a fit setting, a worthy environment to this love of ours which consumed the whole of my being and governed all my actions, riding as master with never-slacking rein.

As all highly strung and supersensitive beings do, I tortured myself by reliving our last interview. Had you been bored? Was I palling on you? Were you beginning to tire?

I would tear myself into tatters on these occasions. Though ignorant of it at the time, those few months altered the whole outlook of my life. In that furnace of events my entire character was remolded with you as potter, heedlessly bending and twisting as fancy nerved your careless fingers.

You knew instinctively every move in the love game and set for me such a supreme standard that all my life I have never been able to accept anything which fell short of this

perfection.

That chamelconlike elusiveness of your nature always awoke in me some rage of desire, some small root of greed which made me long for more than you would give, that eastern craving for the "more beyond," always leaving me a little unsatisfied. This, of course, only increased my ardor, and if you had really loved me as I felt I wanted you to, I should certainly have cared for you less.

I, too, was learning well the small hypocrisies of sex, the cruellest and most difficult to me being this eternal withholding. I learned to stand gentle, quiet, unshaken before the untamed forces of your many moods, moods which at one time showed you all primitive man, torn and buffeted with love, and at another, a frowning, brooding enemy, distrusting all mankind and insisting you were an utter failure. moods were seldom revealed so that we never quarrelled or bickered. Nothing small, ugly or sordid ever marred our wonderful times together.

I was proud in the knowledge that you had had no love affairs, proud that you had kept all that golden store sacred, and that I was the one woman in all the world on whom

you had showered it.

OU were away from London a good deal in the spring. Your occasional snatchy letters told me nothing beyond the fact that you were singing constantly and the country looked heavenly. Those letters bore no kind of significance beyond the fact that they came from you. I would complain.

He writes nothing that the entire world might not see; doesn't even start with anything but my name; he might be

the fishmonger addressing me."

"Idiot," Jill teased, "what d'you expect him to call you, Brown Velvet Pansy' or 'Desert Maiden with the Shining Eyes'? You wring him dry; don't you understand men can't

always be hectic?'

"I do, I do," I cried, "and when we're together everything is all right. But men seem able to cut adrift so easily, to swing away from their emotions, fold them up with their shirts and label them 'till wanted.' Hours spent together which we women make a memory of and wear as a necklace of jewels, men seem to wipe clean out of existence. They never permit their yesterdays to remind them of their todays."

In May you spoke to me of Olive Desmond, a girl you had recently met. My question of, "D'you like her?" you dismissed airily with, "Pretty fair. We're just pals. She?" keen on riding, a thoroughly country, open-air sort of person.

I had visions of exposed gums, a weather-beaten skin and an unpowdered nose, and breathed more freely.

"Oh, I don't know, healthy and fit looking."

Well, that didn't matter; so was our butcher's wife.

"Not fond of music?"

"FOND of horses," you laughed. "Hunts a good deal.
Any more questions before the court rises or does that

"Perfectly," I replied, "as long as she keeps to foxes!"

For in July you became engaged to her.

I said to my heart, it had to be. We knew, you and I, that it had to be.

It was in your room that I first heard of it. You had been away for weeks, staying, of course, with her people. Over the phone you had said, "Come in at nine," and there was a new note of hardness in

You greeted me with, "I've got a bit of news for you," and stood fidgeting with some music at the piano. Your eyes wouldn't look at me. You seemed worried, anxious, and granitelike. I felt you bracing for a scene. Then I knew. My heart turned over and lay there dying. took up a book that was on the table, illustrations of Arthur Rackham's beautiful, sinister trees; in a torture of pain blent with misery, I drove a smile to my lips.

"Well," I said, "let's have your bit of news." It was all I could do to say that.

I shut my eyes; you are allowed a bandage when you're being shot at against a wall and I was waiting for the report of a gun.



most of the time"

Who Dedicates Her Soul to the Man of Her Dreams



Still you fidgeted over there by the piano, frowned, then turned over some music. "Lord! man, get it over," I prayed. Aloud, I said, "I don't believe anybody gets such mysterious blues and greens and grays as Rackham; just look at these trees."

Suddenly, you turned. "Look here, I'm engaged to be married."

So this was pain. What a strange sickness of the soul went with it. How odd too, because one didn't die when one had been shot, one just went on being hurt, bleeding.

I WENT over to you. My obedient eyes smiling, voice steady, as I said:

"But this is wonderful news. To the Hunting Lady?"

You nodded. "How did you guess?"
"Queer, isn't it," I smiled, "how one does guess?"

I slipped my hand into yours and very gently brushed your cheek with my lips.

"That's just to wish you all the happiness in the world; she

wouldn't mind my doing that, would she?"

I felt your mental sigh of relief. There had been no scene. You were grateful to me for that.

For the first time that evening, your voice sounded peaceful, natural and warm.

You looked at me with the look that pulled down all the beauty in the world and said, "You're rather a lovely person."

I couldn't bear it. I glanced at the clock. Could pain be so slow? Only half-past nine and it seemed years since I first came. "Can I have a cigarette?" I settled in my usual place. "Thanks. Now you must tell me all about it."

Your voice seemed to come from a long way off. I was seeing as I always did, the gracious setting of this gray room, the sweet peace of it, the grace of its shadowy corners, the line of every chair, beauty because you were there; I loved it so. Well, that was all over now. Hot tears sprang to my eyes, surged, brimmed over.

"It happened just a month ago," I heard myself repeating, "and you're going back tomorrow. Is the wedding to be soon?"

"Not for a year; then God knows what we're going to live on!"

"But she won't mind that."

"Says she won't."

"Is she very, very lovable?"
"How lovable?" you queried.

"Well, what do you love of her most? Mind? Body?" Dear heaven, let it be mind, because then there's just a chance—

"I don't think I know."

"OH, BUT you must. When you're with her, do you want to hold her close till you crush her with your strength and she becomes some warm part of you? Is that how you love her?"

I could feel your mind reverting back, badly jarred. "She's not that kind of woman; no Delilah-ish ways like some bad little person I know!"

Oh, thank God, then there is a chance.

"What kind of woman is she?" I asked then.





"Sane, healthy, balanced, rather fine type of English woman." Oh, Richard, Richard, hope in my heart with every word you tered. Perhaps I need not fear this woman after all. "And you love being with her all the time?" uttered.

"Yes, she's jolly companionable."

"What d'you do together up there in the country?"

"Walk, ride, fish."

"And your music and tennis?"

"Oh, well, I haven't had much tennis and there's no one to play my accompaniments.'

But you adore tennis?"

"Yes, but she's keen, terribly keen on riding and doesn't play tennis.

"I see.
"No." Does she know about me?"

"Will you let me see a photo of her?"

CLOSED my eyes. I was so afraid of seeing beauty here. You showed me the face of a woman who might be any age between twenty-five and thirty-five. The profile was strong, typically Anglo-Saxon with pleasant regular features. The bair, sweeping straight off the brow into a heavy tight knot at the The carriage of the head was good; back, suggested severity. the expression proclaimed practicability.

I passed you back the photo.
"It's a nice face," I said. It was. It reached out for high and noble things. Yet already destiny had set the seal of renunciation on that firm mouth.

She wore a cross and something about her seemed to say she

might have to bear one.

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You shoved it into your pocket and lit your pipe.

"Will it make any difference?" I asked. "I mean, shall I be able to come and see you sometimes just the same?"

"My dear, of course, when I'm here, which won't be often now. I shall be up with her people till August, and then I go to John's place in Scotland."

But not now!" I said.

"Of course. John expects me every August. I couldn't give up that month for anybody.'

Oh, Richard, already talking of "giving up," and you had been engaged to this Olive woman of yours for just one month!

What need to say that hope was very high in my heart as I left you that night.

Waiting seemed to be my job.

Three months dragged by. No sight or sound of you. Weary work, this waiting. Your flat bore an empty, desolate look. I

wandered through it aimlessly, touching the piano, playing over your songs, visioning you standing there beside me. Ghosts, there seemed to be now. The gray walls were no longer friendly but austere almost in their cold loneliness. And yet dreams would come to me there; memories reeked from every corner and it was good to be able to curl up on the sofa, to think, to cry a little, to wonder.

It was difficult to go about and try and take an interest in the daily round: tennis, theaters, parties, all the life had gone out of them. July, slipping away. I saw the summer dying without having felt

its flame.

One afternoon, peeping cautiously into the drawing-room which breathed, "All hope abandon ye who enter here," I found Aunt Harriet and three savage, elderly cronies playing bridge, all of them looking as if they were ready to fly at each other's throats.
"Surely you could know she hadn't another

spade," somebody snapped.

Hastily, I withdrew. My aunt's voice trailed down the passage.

"Nona, I want you. Come and say, 'How do you do,' and I should like to know where you've

been all the afternoon.' "To the opening of the new branch of the Y. W. C. A.," I

SHE received this with a "we'll talk about that afterwards" expression and I knew a pleasant half hour awaited me. Aloud, she said, "I want you to meet Mrs. Davidson; she's got such a nicely behaved girl about your age; I should like you

"How delightful!" I stretched my mouth into a painful grin. Already Viola Davidson had become perfectly loathsome to me. The specially recommended always start with a handicap.

Shortly after this I met you quite by chance. You had come up for a few hours to collect some things before going to Scotland. We collided on the doorstep.

'Oh, Richard!" I gasped.

"Hello! What are you doing in town this hot weather?"

I explained I was leaving for Devon the following week. "Come and help me pack," you threw over your shoulder.

Inside the flat, you held me at arm's length. "H'm," you grunted, "do you good to get away."

"I'm all right." If only my heart hadn't beat like a drum.

"And you, you're looking most awfully fit," I faltered. I was always shy like this with you, after a long separation.

"Happy, Richard?" I tried to drag my thirsty eyes from your

"Frightfully. I say, look at all these letters. Where in the dickens is that pair of trees? I could have sworn I left some brown shoes on them."

Really happy, Richard?"

Of course. Going up to old John's place tomorrow; we'll get some decent shooting there—hang on to those books, there's an angel—I want to get some music"The Huntress not going?"

You whipped round as if you'd been shot.

Good lord, no!"

HAD I asked you if you'd murdered your mother, your reply could not have been more dynamic. I felt positively apologetic, but it had seemed a natural kind of question. You

threw a few more things in a suitcase.
"Well, I'm off." The lean brownness of you, so soon to be lost to me. "See you again after August." You shot a sharp look at me, took a step forward, hesitated, flung a coat over your

arm, scowled and leaped out to your waiting taxi.

I felt suddenly very tired and yet within me burned a blind, unreasoning joy. Your, "Good lord no," had been pregnant with meaning. Unmistakably you conveyed to me that these three summer months which should have been blissfully happy had not absorbed you wholly. You seemed glad, almost re-lieved to be getting away. Unconsciously I had hoped for, ex-pected some sign of this, but not so soon.

I had dug sufficiently deep into the roots of your character to realize from the first that this was not the woman who could ultimately hold you, yet a three months' reign was surely too soon for her sway to be tottering. [Continued on page 115]

You'll Never

Believe Me! Gype of Girl Who Finds Romance In Her Own Imagination

HENEVER one of my acquaintances starts a story with "You'll never believe me" I always nod my head and say trustfully and eagerly, "Yes, yes, go on." I know that the things he or she, and I have found that it's about an even break as to the sexes, has to tell may be interesting but I am equally as sure that the narrator won't stick very closely to the facts in the case.

Especially is this true if the speaker is not a professional writer. Professional writers are apt to get rid of their impossible stories in print. They day-dream on paper instead of keeping their day-dreams purely ephemeral affairs. The person who is not articulate as a writer has to get rid of these dreams somehow. We all have them. They become the stories that begin, "You'll never believe me—"

In relating a thing, we can't help but touch it up with our personality, with our own view-point. Why shouldn't we? Colorless narratives would be uninteresting at best, excepting on certain occasions, as historical documents. It is only when we add our own view-point, the color of our personality, that the stories we tell are interesting. But, at that, there is such a thing as telling a thing as truthfully as we can and there is, too, the fact that many of us deviate more than a bit.

Please don't misunderstand me. I am not accusing all of my friends and acquaintances, nor even mere strangers, of turning fact into fiction. I don't think all men tell imaginary stories, nor women, either. As far as sex goes, I don't think

that it enters into the matter of truth-telling. I do think that we all like to exaggerate a bit, because we are all, in a way, frustrated, even the most seemingly successful of us. We think that we fail in many ways even when we achieve what the world knows as success, and we feel, in a way, lonely and even misunderstood. For that reason we like to tell stories that reflect us as we

wish we were, as we would like to be and, indeed, as we often picture ourselves as being when we are alone. Hence our stories, our colorful anecdotes, our white lies, our dreams told as truths. They are our justifications!

THERE is Elaine. Elaine is a charming girl. Beautiful, too. Somehow, though, in the composition of Elaine there has been left out that mysterious thing known as sex attraction, or in these modern days called more intimately "it." I don't know why, I am sure. Just a physical or a mental quirk somewhere in Elaine's make-up. She is a good pal. She is good company. She is neither a frump nor a prig. All the men I know admit that she is a most charming dancer. No man protests when he is asked to escort her places. She is no dumb Dora. She is up on the usual topics of the day. She reads good books, keeps up with the newspapers. But, in spite of her creamy complexion and attractive eyes and hair, Elaine isn't the girl whom a man would choose to take into his arms nor, more permanently, into his home as the gentler half of "Mr. and Mrs." Far plainer girls than Elaine are contained. Mrs." Far plainer girls than Elaine are capturing perfectly good eligible young men around her every day in the year.

So, under the circumstances, it is quite easy to understand Elaine's stories. They always start with "You'll never believe me" and go on to tell how some strange man in the theater or at the opera or in a restaurant tried to flirt with her and followed up the flirtation with sudden and almost mad declarations of love. Sometimes the stories run like this

"The queerest feeling came over me when I looked at him! I knew he was going to speak. He came up to me and said, I have been following you for days. You will forgive me, I know. I don't know any other way to get acquainted'.'

NOTHING ever comes of Elaine's strange adventures. We have never seen any of the men about whom she talks and whom, according to her stories, she rejects without further investigation. I don't mean that Elaine invents all of these stories. Perhaps she doesn't. There may be a modicum of truth in them, but certainly I simply can't believe that a girl whom all of her men friends declare to be lacking in "S.A." should be the one girl in the whole crowd to be picked out by strangers for sudden and almost unbelievable declarations of affection. It isn't done! But because Elaine is a darling we accept her stories as we accept Elaine. And in our hearts we know why she tells them. She does wish so dreadfully that they were true!

It isn't as easy to accept Rilla's stories for they are always about men whom we actually know. No unknown strangers

for Rilla! Rilla picks out neat little married men and tells us how they have tried to press their attentions upon her. She will point to some man who is evidently enamored of another girl and insist that he is in fiendish pursuit of her. It isn't as easy to forgive Rilla, either, because Rilla has a certain amount of "S. A." of her own. I think that probably the actual trouble

Rilla's own young men either are fewer in number or not of the caliber that Rilla would prefer. Or perhaps she feels that they aren't as ardent as other girls' admirers. Hence, her imaginings. But Rilla, too, is a darling and for this reason she hasn't been knocked senseless up to this writing, although that is the punishment one girl wanted to give her when her own special young man was chosen for one of Rilla's stories.

Delia's trouble is that she is always falling in love. "You'll never believe me," she'll start out, "but I've really fallen in love this time! The minute I saw Ronald something happened to me. He simply bowled me over! He's the helpless type and my heart went out to him. In a way I-well, I guess I'm sort of the helpless type, too. I can mother him and be protected at the same time." Poor Delia! She'll fall out of love and in again in another month or two. She's as soft and helpless as a granite quarry and just as incapable though, through no actual fault of her own, of any deep or lasting affection. And that's why she likes to imagine that she is. The psychological quirk that makes Delia incapable of real affection probably is the very thing that makes her long for a long and enduring love. [Continued on page 82]

By CHYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Author of "Show Business," Who Knows Women as Well as She Knows Life

New Beauties Are Ever Blooming



Edwin Bower Hesser

here will next year's famous beauties come from? What were today's beauties doing only a little while before the spotlight of popularity was turned on them? Well, Jeanette Loff was the beautiful blonde who played the piano in the home town movies until Cecil DeeMille realized her screen possibilities and made her one of his feature players

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Ada-May was the little girl who used to be called on to entertain at church sociables before Ziegfeld chose her to be one of his glorified American beauties and finally gave her a star part in Rio Rita

Hal Phyfe



Remember Dolores
Brinkman, the little girl who was the star pupil of your Saturday afternoon dancing class? Would you be surprised to find that she is still a star—in M-G-M's feature pictures?

O. O. McINTYRE'S Best True Story This Month



Sketches by ROBERT ORR An Old-Fashioned Girl

5HIS is the story of what is known in this swiftly moving generation as an old-fashioned girl. I like to think of the oldfashioned girl at the end of the story swinging on the garden gate waiting for her lover. But life does not always run true to form.

And this is not a very pretty story but the editor, who is my friend, is serious about the contents of his magazine and insists upon me, and I suppose others, too, depicting life as I find it. So here goes.

She was pretty, talented as a pianist, an earnest

conversationalist and knew much about literature. She was the sister of a friend of mine who labored with me on a western newspaper.

During the time I knew her very intimately she had never had a beau and seemed destined to become one of those lavender and old lace ladies, associated in our thought with family albums, smelling-salts and ankle dresses.

I worried a great deal about her for I knew her fine qualities and her future seemed rather drab. Young men of promise [Continued on page 93]

With Drawings from Life By UERA CLERE

ONOR," my father used to say, "is like gold, where you find it.

Ours has been a family of army men and women since Revolutionary days. I was taught that the honor of a soldier was next to obedience in point of importance. Civilians might trespass this code, but a soldier, never. My father also used to say that honor was an almost forgotten quality except among fighting men, and that the one thing that made us different from civilians and justified our existence was our unimpeachable honor. I don't agree with his sentiments in that respect, and it is with an occurrence that would seem to refute them that this story is concerned.

Julia Loring's dinner, ven for Commander given Hatfield of the gunboat Petrel, lately returned from duty in the Philippines, was a small affair with some dozen

Lorings and myself. With the excep-tion of Roger Austin, a young architect, everyone was connected with the army or the

navy, in some way.

Because of my father's friendship for Brigadier-General Loring, I have always tried to be charitable toward him, but I must confess that his marriage to Julia, his young and beautiful ward, had shocked me. Loring had just passed his sixtieth birthday, a hale and hearty old warrior, no doubt, but no fit mate for a girl of twenty-two. Understand, there was nothing of the bird-in-the-gilded-cage in the General's attitude toward his young wife. He saw to it that she had plenty of youthful company. At their dinners he always permitted her to choose a partner of her own age, and four out of five times this partner was Roger Austin.

ORING had never shown the slightest sign of jealousy. Julia had a much freer rein than any other married woman of our mutual acquaintance, and as she was a woman of honor, the daughter and the wife of a soldier, she had never done a thing to cause the slightest breath of scandal. Nevertheless we all knew that Roger Austin was "the other man." if such a personage existed in the quiet and well-ordered life of the Lorings.

My sympathies were with the two young people. I knew that the General trusted his wife implicitly, but as I looked at his lined face, I thought that I saw, every once in a while.

The Honor of guests, all intimate friends of the expression in his eyes as if he questioned his wisdom in permitting Austin to come to his house so often. The night of Commander Hatfield's dinner I noted that Julia was unusually quiet, and that her gown was simpler than any had seen her wear. She wore no jewels and I remember that it struck me as odd since she possessed some rather fine pieces due to her husband's generosity I could not dismiss the idea that something was afoot in the Loring household. The General's spurts of loquaciousness

were not due to liquor, since he was abstemious to the point

of absurdity for a man of his generation. He seemed to

be trying to cover up some mental perturbation by small

from a native in Mindanao. He was explaining its history to

I was listening to Commander Hatfield, who was showing Mrs. Beresford, his partner, a gold coin which he had bought

ser Vame

Can a Soldier Who Has Proved His Bravery In the Game of War Be Just as Brave In the Game of Love?

Mrs. Beresford and she was turning it over in her hand with the characteristically feminine interest of a well-bred woman when she is being shown an object of which she has no knowledge whatever.

I remember hearing her ask:

'What is it worth in American money, Commander?" Mrs. Beresford was a practical soul. Living upon the pension granted the widow of a lieutenantcolonel had made her so.

where she had dropped it as if afraid to hold such a valuable

"What have you there, Hatfield?" General Loring asked. "An old coin which I picked up in Mindanao.

Hatfield passed it across the table to Roger Austin who handed it to the General behind Julia's back.

Loring adjusted his glasses and examined it.

"It is worth six thousand dollars, you say?" he asked. Hatfield nodded. Roger Austin leaned forward and glanced at it over Julia's shoulder. As the sleeve of his coat touched her bare arm, I saw her sway toward him as if drawn by some power over which she had no control.

"I always supposed that the civilization of the Filipinos was of recent date," Austin remarked. "I thought that no coins were

struck by them until the advent of the Spanish." "The Moros of Mindanao are not Filipinos in the true

sense of the word," Hatfield explained. "No one seems to know exactly whence they came, nor when, but it is a well-known fact that they brought with them an advanced civilization.

"There is no record in Mindanao of any coinage corresponding with this piece. It was probably brought over by the Moros from their place of origin and struck off at a date which I have been told by eminent numismatists, is lost in antiquity. This coin is said to be the only one in existence. It is so old that it has defied classification by experts."

The coin went about the table from hand to hand until it came to me. I

examined it closely. It was about the size of an American half-dollar and in excellent state of preservation. To my inexperienced eyes it looked more like a medallion than a coin. Its edge was not milled but raised like a circular picture frame. On one side was embossed what looked like a coat of arms, but it was unlike any coat of arms I had ever seen. It was simply a single column, the

base of which was enveloped by a representation of leaping flames, and surmounted by a corrugated ear or knob not unlike the winding knob of a stem-winding watch. I turned the coin over in my hand. The reverse side was merely a series of embossed circles, one within the other like a shooting target, the bull's eye of which was very small.

Hatfield noted my interest in the antique coin and said:

Hatfield smiled. "Six thousand dollars," he said, "at least so I'm told by numismatists." "Gracious!" Mrs. Beresford Jou noticed that Julia did not wear her diamonds tonight?

exclaimed, "and you carry it about loose in your vest pocket!" Most of us at the table were on retired pay. With the exception of General Loring not one of us was drawing as much as six thousand a year from Uncle Sam. Mrs. Beresford herself was trying to make ends meet on three thousand.

When she told me she had taken

them to the bank, I was sure she

was not telling the truth"

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Her exclamation caused the attention of everyone to be drawn to the small golden object now in Hatfield's palm,

"According to the natives from whom I bought it, the coin has a curious quality. It is supposed to impart to the person possessing it the knowledge of the strength of his enemies and the loyalty of his friends. It was a good bit of sales talk on the part of the native, but I'm afraid it was entirely wasted on me. I bought it because the price was

"If one knew the strength of his enemies, most of us would be shoveling coal

instead of drawing retired pay," I remarked, "and I remarked, "and certainly I should be afraid to submit the loyalty of my friends to a searchlight," I added

The General was leaning back in his seat with concentrated look on his lined face. His bushy eyebrows were two interrogation points as he looked at Hatfield, almost directly opposite.

"Silly superstition!" he id. "Don't you think said.

so, Major?"
"Of course," I replied. I passed the coin on and it went about the table until it returned to Roger Austin on Julia's left. Austin gave it to her, and she, after examining it for a moment, laid it on the table in front of her under the rim of her plate, when she saw that Commander Hatfield, her guest of honor was deep in a discussion with Mrs. Beres-

Presently Hatfield leaned across the table and held out his hand to Julia for the coin. She made a motion as if to pick it up and give it to him. Her hand paused in mid-

"Why it's - " She turned to her husband. "Have you got it, dear?" she asked

"No," he replied, "You laid it on the table I thought."

"I did!" she said as she turned to Austin. "Did you take it, Roger?" "Me? No. I gave it

to you," the young architect replied.

"Of course," she said, 'and I put it on the table in front of my plate. I thought perhaps you had picked it up again. Where could it have gone!" said Julia. Hatfield's hand was still politely extended

"Gone!" he repeated, "Oh, some one else must have it." Julia glanced about the table.

"Has anyone got Commander Hatfield's coin?" she asked No one answered

"Surely some one has it!" Julia repeated. Her face had gone white

Loring had risen.

"It must have dropped on the floor," he said "Perhaps

you picked it up with your napkin, my dear."
"I'm positive that I couldn't have done so." Julia said "My napkin has been in my lap all evening, and if the coin had fallen to the floor we should have heard it.

The General pushed his chair back, dropped to his knees

and looked under the table. He was a rather ridiculous figure on his haunches, and he was aware of it. When he straightened up his face was red but not altogether from the exertion. His eyes, too, were unusually bright, I thought

Hatfield was smiling at him across the table. "Don't you worry, General," the gunboat commander said, "it'll turn up."

"The loss of a six-thousand dollar coin cannot be ignored,"

Loring said.

"Oh, pshaw, it'll turn up," Hatfield said. "Besides I have only the numismatist's word that it is worth six thousand dollars. some one offered me half of that sum I'd break my neck to take it before he had a chance to change his mind.

"Nevertheless it must be found," the General said. "I cannot have a guest of mine lose so valuable a thing in my house. It seems to me that in all fairness to ourselves each person must submit to a search.'

"No, not that!" said Hatfield.

Ignoring Hatfield's protest, the General turned to me.

"MAJOR FINLAYSON," he said, "will you be kind enough to act as the official searcher of the men?" When I signified my willingness, he turned to the rest of the company:

"As my guests you all understand that it is to clear eleven innocent people of suspicion that I insist upon this search. I know that those eleven realize that as host it is my duty

to clear their names.'

I was relieved at the perfect amiability with which the General's suggestion was received. Loring acknowledged their goodnatured agreement with a stiff bow and then

motioned to me.

'Major," he said, "I suggest that you begin with me and Mr. Austin. We were nearest to the coin when it disappeared, and we will in turn search you before you go on to the next gentleman. Mrs. Beresford, when the men have been searched, will you—" he paused, "if necessary," he added as if by an after thought, "take the ladies into the adjoining room and search them?

"Girls," said Mrs. Beresford with a nervous laugh, "you may expect no mercy from me."

Like most of us she seemed anxious to pass off the search as the whim of an old man, who must be humored.

Julia spoke up. Her face was white as death.

"Is this necessary?" she asked in a small, faint voice.

"Certainly, my dear," her husband replied. His eyes seemed to avoid hers

Hatfield was loud in his protestations. The

Roger Aus. tin rose and pushed back his chair. "I stole the coin," he said, "and dropped it on the floor when I found I could not escape." Then he left the room





corrugations in his forehead deepened with his vehemence.

'As the guest of honor at the General's table I refuse to permit him to desecrate his roof. The coin will turn up. It was stupid of me to bring it."

Loring did not answer him, but turned to me and said, "Will you please proceed, Major?"

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I left my seat and complied with his request, because there was nothing else to do. The rest looked on with some amusement if not actual merriment as I took from the General's pockets the objects which I found therein and laid them upon the table in plain view. The coin was, of course, not among them.

"You might as well search me, General, before I go any further," I suggested. free us of any suspicion of collusion," I added.

He did so.

"Mr. Austin, next, please," I said to the young architect.

Julia's partner made a movement as if to arise and then sank back in his seat and sat staring at the articles which I had taken from General Loring's pockets and which Loring had not yet gathered up from the table.

"I refuse to submit to being

searched," the young man said in a low, but clear voice. In the moment of breathless silence that followed, I saw Julia's hand as it clutched the edge of the table and dropped into her lap as if from relief.

I must have taken a step backward in surprise at the unexpectedness of Austin's attitude, for General Loring said:
"Please proceed, Major."

Austin turned halfway about in his chair and faced me with hlazing eyes.

"I shall resist any attempt at force," he said.

"Will you be good enough, then, to return the coin to Commander Hatfield, Mr. Austin!" General Loring said.

'I haven't got the Commander's coin," the young man

'Your reasons, sir, for refusing to submit to a search?" the

replied. General demanded. -Are good and sufficient!" Roger Austin answered to this. t was I who took the coin," said the General. "It was a test for Austin. I knew he could not permit himself to be searched"



"We should like to have them," I said.

All were watching Austin. I glanced about the circle of faces each set in its own mask of emotion.

I must have shown my reluctance at the disagreeable task which Loring had forced upon me, for the General motioned for me to return to my seat.

I was about to do so when there was a sharp clink of metal striking the floor under the table, followed by the sound of a rolling coin. It emerged from under my own vacant chair, rolled across the floor in a half-circle and fetched up against the wainscoating behind Mrs. Heresford's seat.

In the few seconds of deathlike quiet that followed I took occasion to note that five of the eleven people were sitting with their hands on their laps. General Loring, Austin, Mrs. Beresford, Julia and Mr. Sanger; the remaining six, excluding myself who was standing up, had their hands in plain view

above the table. Stepping forward I picked up the coin and handed it to Commander Hatfield.

Mrs. Beresford was the first to break the silence.

"Just fancy how nearly one of us was suspected of being a thief," she said. "It must have become entangled in someone's napkin or dress and fallen to the floor.'

Hatfield, seizing eagerly upon this suggestion as an explanation for the unusual occurrence we had just witnessed, nodded.

"I think that we all owe Mr. Austin an apology," he said. He leaned across the table. "Please accept mine, sir."

In view of the fact that the [Continued on page 81]

America's Most Famous Bachelor And Noted



woman will marry for comfort, for money, or for spite—for a score of reasons other than those prompted by the heart—and be happy. But a man cannot. He loses his self-respect, and finally his vanity. And a man without vanity is a man defeated

Sketched from Life By Armstrong Sperry

Critic, GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, Tells You



Wen Fall In Love

"WHAT makes a man fall in love? Just one thing. I've said it before; I've written it in books, and I still stand by it. It's glamour.

"Glamour is something that exists and yet does not exist, that makes one certain woman unforgettable when dozens of her sisters fade out and disappear.

"It is difficult to tell just what glamour is, for it exists only in so far as the woman approaches a man's delusion about her. It is, in fact, the firefly of his own delusion.

"It's much easier to say what glamour is not.

"Glamour is not necessarily the so-called 'IT,' but often the idea of so-called 'IT' proceeds from this delusion of

"Nor is it necessarily a natural endowment, although some of the more celebrated women of the world, women like Eleanora Duse and Isadora Duncan, were undoubtedly born with it. It can be developed.

"Many of the most glamourous women in the world today started as obscure little girls in small dingy towns. But there was that about them that made them stick in the minds of men, a hook to hang the imagination upon. Sometimes it proceeded from within, but often it was external. "What is it? Well, it's a kind of ectoplasm—and this ectoplasm, as we all know perfectly well, is a fake."

The spring of 1928 has done nothing to soften what George Jean Nathan, noted dramatic critic and man of letters, has "learned about women." The years in which he has written of the theater, and the great burlesquerie of American life, have served only to fortify his opinions. Mr. Nathan considers the ladies chiefly from the point of view of their success in emotional adventure and he continues to find woman's antics in the love game one of her best pieces of histrionism.

"The change in the economic position of woman has done nothing to change her relation to man," he insists. "All the great changes in women exist largely in the imagination of persuasive writers. Human nature hasn't changed in any other respect. Why should it change in regard to the sexes?

Glamour, that's what makes a man fall in love. Glamour, an ectoplasm, a fake! But why men marry—that's another story, says Mr. Nathan. To illustrate [Continued on page 84]

C) Inforbidden

Do Girls

In College

Really Do Such Chings?

At Sperry You Will Meet:

HE girls of "20" Trumbull House and their chums. Their summer vacations, according to the stories they exchanged, had been one round of gay parties and new beaux. To the Suite 20 trio and their friends a college term was not much different in that respect from a vacation. There was:

STARR MOWBRAY, a young lady of affairs, flirting her way through college and through life.

VERITY CLARKE, a freshman with dramatic aspirations, who covered herself with glory when she stole a man from Nixie, the Trumbull House vamp, then left him flat. To Verity that was nothing, for she knew that Fate would throw across her path again the hero of a thrilling Pullman-car adventure. Beside that mysterious stranger, the "man in lower 7," even the fascinating boatman Verity met while barnstorming with the Dramatic Club, lacked interest.

SYLVIA HARTNETT, whose fire-and-ice personality most men found irresistible, the leading spirit of Trumbull House. She did her daring best to break down the barriers that separated teacher and pupil. One night she was rescued by young Professor Gifford after a road-house raid, but he had made no further move towards friendliness. Stealing back from the hitch-hike with Sara in the wee small hours Sylvia saw a light in a study window. With a thermos bottle full of hot coffee as an excuse she went back to the house of Patterson Gifford. After that midnight visit Sylvia was sufficiently sure of his interest in her to believe she could get by in his classes without much study. Acting on that belief she handed in a paper that she knew was terrible and hoped for a good mark. However she had yet to reckon with the tyrannical side of—

PROFESSOR PATTERSON GIFFORD, the campus idol! From the way he bawled her out in class after that paper was handed in how could she have been expected to guess the number of times he had watched for her from his study window? Sylvia applied for a transfer from his course. She felt that Giff had "let her down" and she was furious until he sent for her and proved that it was she who "let him down" when she assumed that he would let his personal interest in her influence his sense of fair play. Thoroughly on her mettle Sylvia determined to spend the week-end at home in New York making up that report just to show Giff what she could do. She planned to go alone but at the last minute—

SARA LA LOND, who had won all the scholastic and athletic honors, but made few close friends until she went hitch-hiking with Sylvia Hartnett, begged Sylvia to invite her to go too Knowing that Sara's real reason for wanting to go to New York was that she had a date with Mark Rainger, whom they had met on the hike, Sylvia was delighted to help. Sara needed friends and Sylvia knew that the girl was terribly worried over the loss of a letter she had received from Mark. Perhaps the week-end trip would do her good.

Iylvia met Starr's eyes unflinchingly. Her half-smile was tender, confident. "I'm terribly in love with Giff," she said, "and terribly happy"





70) hen Sylvia was called upon in class to give her opinion of Shelley's "To a Skylark," "I think the poem is just plain sloppy and slipshod. The stuff is all wet and the rhymes

peramental driving, Sylvia hoped that the pair had got a good start. But when she reached the campus next morning, she found that Sara had not yet arrived. At ten o'clock she turned up flushed and excited, coughing a little but insisting that she had not caught cold

AT MIDNIGHT an intermittent tapping at the door of Twenty roused Sylvia. Prudence Chase stood there in bath-robe and slippers. Without being a snooper Prudence had a faculty for knowing what was going on, and a gift for handling troublesome situations which made her the most trusted and respected and not the least feared of the self-government

"La Lond's ill," she said.

Sylvia in genuine alarm grabbed her dressing-gown and crossed the hall with Prudence. Together they made their way to Sara's room

Sara lay in her bed, her face reddened and splotchy. Her lips moved in an incessant whisper. She only muttered when Sylvia spoke to her.

"Oughtn't we to get her to the infirmary?" asked the girl

Prudence shook her head. "She's talking."

The sick girl's voice took on coherence. "Oh, Mark! Help me find it. Of course it was your letter. Whose else would it be? I've told you there was nobody else. I've looked everywhere. It must have blown out the door. Part of mine, too. Why did you write me that way? It's my fault for being careless. Of course you have a right to write as you feel. But they'll find it and read it and I'll be kicked Or if I'm not they'll disqualify me for the scholarship. No. your name wasn't on it. You won't be kicked. That's funny, isn't it? That ought to give you a laugh. Don't you care, dear. It really was my fault for not burning it. I'm not



she rose calmly and said, "I think it's rotten." There was a blank silence and the girl went on, are punk." The professor broke in, "Your views, I fear, are too advanced for this simple company"

blaming you, dear. You mustn't blame yourself, either, or be sorry. There's nothing to be sorry about, unless I lose the Alumnae, and maybe I wouldn't have got it anyway. No, I can't borrow money from you, Mark. I can't borrow from anyone. I've got to win that scholarship or leave-that's all, and I don't want to leave, oh, I don't.'

PRUDENCE at the window said, "How can we take her to the infirmary and have them hear that?" What'll we do? She looks awful."

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"I thought you could get Dr. Rathbun while I stay with

her," the practical Prudence suggested.

Even this much would be imperilling the official's position; Sylvia recalled with remorse some of her too-sweeping strictures on the "god-hoppers" in which category she had listed all student officials. The voice from the bed began to whimper. It became childish and pleading and Sylvia spoke sharply

to her. She tried to bring Sara out of her delirium. "Sara! Wake up! You mustn't."
"Is that you, Syl?"
"Yes, dear. Lie quiet. I'm going for the doctor." She hurried out and was back in twenty minutes with the young

Dr. Rathbun was known to be reliably secretive. The

patient greeted him upon his entrance.

"Mark! How did you get here? It's no use your coming, dear. I am not going to marry you. I don't want to marry anyone, not even you."

The physician quieted her and, after examination pronounced it a severe case of tonsillitis with high fever. would have to go to the infirmary in the morning. Sylvia sent Prudence Chase to bed and sat out the night with the sick girl while Sara continued to rave about Mark and money and the needed scholarship.

Four days later. Sara, back in her room, was smoking unpermitted cigarettes with her friend

You gave yourself away the other night when you were light in the bean, old girl

"Did I?" Sara was undisturbed.

"About money. How much do you need to get through"

"More than I'm likely to pick up in the road

'We had a conference on it in Twenty. D'you mind?'

"Yes. What if I do?

"I'm to blame then. I couldn't see any harm. Starr and Vec and I figured out that between us we could raise the wind a couple of hundred

The scholar shook her dark, sleek head "I won't take it Anyway it wouldn't get me through

What would?

"Not less than five or six hundred

"Then I think you ought to take it from Mark" "Would you take it from Giff?" retorted the other

"No," said Sylvia, and then she asked

"Are you in love with Mark?" "I suppose so. In a way. When I'm with "And that's why you won't let him help you?" When I'm with him I am'

I CAN'T bear the thought of money coming into it 'If you were married to him you'd take it.

"That's the reason why I won't marry him; one reason."

"He's asked you, hasn't he?"

"Yes

"I think you're an awful fool, La Lond."

"Maybe I am. But I can't endure the thought of becoming part of some one else's life. I want to study and travel and know things and find out what it's all about. Life's something of a mess for a girl like me,

"I'd take Mark Rainger's money and finish my course, persisted her friend. "You are in love with him. And you're a perfect fool if you don't marry him."

'And get kicked for sure?'

"Secretly, till after you graduate, you imbecile. heen done before. Remember Sequoia Martin in '25?" The prospective valedictorian shook her head.

I'll go on as I am. For a time, anyway." A wry smile twisted her features. "When I was giving an imitation of the 'Ravings of John McCullough' did I touch on my happy childhood days?

Yes.

"You must have got an earful."

"I tried not to listen." Sara went to her locked trunk and produced a large envelope which she handed to the other. "The eye is

less shockable than the car." she observed. "Take that home and try it on yours, sometime.'

"What is it?"
"It is." retu returned her friend with a grin of sorts, "a document of extreme sociological importance. There's stuff in there that ought to be studied by every family with a girl in it and every teacher in every school."

"Is it about your own experiences?" asked Sylvia fascinated by Sara's action.

"Yes. It's all included in that little packet. My life's history."

"Giff knows something, doesn't he?"

Sara's eyes burned upon her friend. "Has he told you?" "Don't be a sap! Of course not. But I know that he came from your town and he asked me to-well, to kind of stand by you when you were having a bad time of it.'

'Giff's not a bad sort. He deserves more than he's ever

got from this place."

'Do you think I ought to leave coll?" asked Sylvia abruptly. "Why? On account of Giff, you mean?" was Sara's question.

"Yes. It bothers me a great deal at times," Sylvia said "You're the one to answer that-and Giff." English Five was Sylvia Hartnett's special aversion.

considered that there was something phony about it and about its presiding genius, Professor Violet Shenstone, a gushy and opinionated spinster of fifty whose ardor for the poetry of Shelley rose so far above-her other vapid enthusiasms that imaginative scandal-mongers among the undergraduates had been decidedly informal. Reaching her ears, this delighted her secretly but greatly. She was understood to be preparing





parison, any one of ten poems designated in advance, which meant, of course, that they were to echo the instructress's ardors and chaste ecstasies if they aspired to good

Sylvia desired the marks, but she was no devotee of Shelley at best, and she now discovered in herself a positive dislike for what she had once heard Patterson Gifford refer to as Shelley's "laborious saccharinities." The more she dug into the ten selections, the more she appreciated Giff's acid phrase and the more rancorous became her own resent-

ment toward the dead songster and his faculty adorer. She had a pat foreboding that she would draw "To a Skylark." "And if Old Shinbone dishes out the usual hooey about expressing our opinions frankly and fully," she told her roommates, "and I get the bloomin' Skylark for mine, I'm going to pull the tail feathers out of the darn' bird!"

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BORED class gathered rather late and listened perfunc-A torily to Miss Shenstone's oft-repeated exhortation to frankness, originality, and freedom of expression. Then rose, girl after girl, and sing-songed their quotations, offering safe and sane comparisons with Keats and Coleridge, after the approved manner of mark-hunters. The hour was half over when the professor suavely called for Miss Hartnett's analysis of what she termed, "our poet's highest flight of genius. Your own authentic analysis and opinion, if you please, Miss Hartnett, not a mere rehash of the pronouncements of others."

Well, Fate had handed it to her; let Fate be responsible! Sylvia drew a long breath and said:
"I think it's rotten."

There was a blank, terrified, incredulously delighted silence, accentuated by a single titter instantly suppressed. The sour virginality of Miss Shenstone's countenance

gradually turned a yellowish white.

"Rotten?" she repeated faintly. Then, explosively, "Rotten! And," with deadly quietude, "may one ask the basis of this ripe judgment?" Sylvia's color rose. "It may not be ripe, but

it's honest. I think the poem is just plain sloppy and slipshod. The stuff is all wet and the rhymes are punk."

Miss Shenstone's chair creaked under the impact of her spare shoulder-blades as she threw herself back like an offended cat.

"This is interesting, indeed. The class would, I am sure, be enlightened by hearing my own poor opinion, the fruit of a mere thirty years of study, authoritatively controverted. Proceed."

Baiting Miss Sylvia Hartnett was never a safe procedure where she felt herself within her rights; she had the Puritan pride of opinion.

"Do you want me to read it?" she asked ominously.

"If you please. No." The pedagogue reversed herself. "If it is to be read we will insure a sympathetic rendition. Miss Reynolds."

Esther Reynolds, the best elocutionist in the class and always on the side of the angels, got eagerly to her feet and with an appropriately ecstatic smile began:

> "Hail to thee, blithe spirit, Bird thou never wert. That from heaven, or near it Pourest thy full heart-In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

"Urt," amended Sylvia.

"Huh?" queried the reciter, startled.
"If it's wert, it ought to be urt," explained the critic andly. "Also hurt, not heart."

BUT it can't be urt and hurt. It doesn't make any sense that way," protested the interpreter. "That's Shelley's lookout, not mine," said Sylvia.

Miss Shenstone was afterward alleged to have said in a failing voice, "This is too outrageous," but the protest was

lost in Miss Hartnett's follow-up.

"Anyway, the sense is just as sloppy as the sound. 'Unpre-meditated art!' I suppose all the rest of the skylarks were sitting around in the grass premeditating their art and only Shelley's got up and did his stuff unpremeditated. It's like that poem the Sweet Singer of Michigan wrote about 'The Unostentatious Potato.' I'll bet she got her inspiration from Shellev.

"Are you quite finished?" came the icy inquiry from the

But Sylvia had the bit in her teeth. "No, I'm not. Look at the rest of the poem. There's hardly a stanza that hasn't got a sour rhyme or two in it. Read 'em and weep! Evenheaven, flight—daylight, sphere—there, cloud—overflowed, wrought—not, leaves—gives, grass—was, know—now, and so on. Pity somebody didn't give Percy a rhyming dictionary for Christmas. If you ask me, I don't believe that stuff would get by today in the Sperry Spotlight."

Miss Shenstone looked gray and hollow about the jaws. "I trust that 'Hartnett On Shelley' is about concluded," she

"You asked for a free expression of opinion," urged the rebel, "and I'm giving it to you. Shut up, yourself, Roxy Ann." This to Rosanne Merrick who was tugging frantically at Sylvia's dress and imploring her [Cor ued on page 96]



Do You Let

DR. LOUIS E. BISCH

kind?

Does it seem strange to you that I should raise the question whether men have a right to a safety valve?

Do not men simply assume they have such a right? And do not most of them exercise that right?

There is no denying that such is the opinion current among you women.

And it would not surprise me if all of you agree with the pronouncement made by a woman to whom I spoke on the subject. "What difference does it make whether they have a right or not?" she stated. "I never heard of one who let that

bother him any.' Is it really true that all men exercise a safety valve?

Is it actually a fact that men never question it? The safety valve one thinks of immediately is sex license.

That is, I believe you women are more likely to think of that first But are there no others open to a man? Is philandering

the only avenue by which a man may rid himself of his "overplus" energy?

Are you not willing to assume that a man may find a safety valve in his club instead of in the company of a

lady who is not his wife? Don't you think it possible that many men can and do find an emotional outlet in an innocent game of poker? Cannot, perhaps, billiards or pool take the place of immorality?

Are men really as bad as you women tend to picture them?

are individuals There who can boast of a larger male acquaintance than I can. I doubt, however, whether anyone gets to know men as intimately as the specialist in nervous diseases.

Men, as a rule, are frank and honest about their sex struggles, that is, to other men they are. But no man ever confesses everything about his inner and deepest emotional desires to you SWORDS

That places you at a disadvantage so far as thorough understanding of men is concerned.

Men, you see, are afraid you women will misunder stand them. That is what

AVE men a right to a safety valve? And if so to what makes them reticent and guarded to you about themselves If they tell about amorous conquests you accuse them of boasting

If they deny stepping out, you believe they are lying.

If you happen to be thoroughly familiar with all their habits and whereabouts so that you can check up to your own complete satisfaction, and the result of such an espionage proves your man to be faithful and true-well, oddly enough, you jump to the conclusion that something must be the matter with the man.

The fact of the matter is that you women present a peculiar contradictory attitude toward the man you love.

You want him to be attractive to others—and you don't You don't want to love a man whom no other woman could

love, and still you want other women to play a "hands off"

Your ideal is a strong, virile male animal over whom all your friends go wild but who, at one and the same time, is so attracted by you and so much in love with you that it is easy for him to resist the rest.

But do you not yourself, my fair reader, try in every way possible to break down such an ideal?

You want to appear enticing in the eyes of other men besides the one you have

chosen, do you not? You want other women to leave your man alone

but you don't mind upsetting their own men a bit. Is that not true?

What can the average man do anyway to withstand this well-nigh irresistible lure with which you ensnare and hold him?

Suppose he determines to play the game squarely. Or suppose, even from choice, that the man would rather play golf or tennis than play around loose.

Do you help him or do you hinder him?

Is it not a fact that all you women make yourselves as pleasing charming as possible? and

Do you not spend hours and hours in dressing. prinking and painting?

You wear your skirts to the knees, even above them At dances you expose your neck, chest and back as much as the law will allow You dye your hair, rouge your cheeks, pluck your



Jou women have a contradictory attitude toward the man you love. If he proves to be faithful and true and fond of his home you think there must be something the matter with him

Your Husband Wights? Should Should

Every Wise Wife and Bride-to-Be Should Heed the Advice of This Noted Psychologist

eyebrows and cleverly manipulate the lip-stick to produce that ravishing Cupid's bow of which you are so proud.

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Is it any wonder that men are affected? Can there really be cause for surprise if they fall before this studied and determined onslaught upon the strongholds of their

Men, by far and large, are not the sex brutes one hears them accused of being. As a physician I maintain this stoutly. And I know because my work is such as to elicit just that information.

Here is a complaint lodged by a married

re you women not willing to A admit that some men find a safety valve in their club? Don't you think it possible that many men find an emotional outlet in an innocent game of poker?

be interpreted as even indiscreet.

"But what good does that do me?" he went on. "My wife is forever suspecting me, accusing me, making sar-castic remarks, hinting. She simply will not believe that I have been true to her. She says women are out to attract men. She goes so far as to say that most women devote their lives to it. Why should I think I am so strong and sure, she says. And the more I protest the worse she gets."

Compare this confession with that of a single man. He happens to be of a studious turn of mind and he spends his evenings at the library. Incidentally his ambition to succeed amounts to a special kind of safety valve

"If it isn't my sisters it's my mother-always nagging, forever nagging about other women," he told me.

"'Why don't you stay home once in a while?' is the usual way my sisters begin. 'That girl you're so crazy

about is sure going to hook you fast one of these days. And you're the boob who says he doesn't like women.

"'Yes,' echoes mother. 'You might at least take your sisters out once in a while. That woman you go with every night can't be any good the way she keeps you from your

"'But there is no girl, I tell you,' I fairly shout at them. 'How often must I repeat that I'm interested in the psychology of advertising and go to the library to read about it. I want to get ahead in my job. I have no money for girls right now, nor time. I haven't so much as called on a girl for months.

'And you want us to believe that?' the whole family chimes in chorus."

Here are two cases, two men who resent being accused of going out with women. And there are hundreds and hundreds more such!

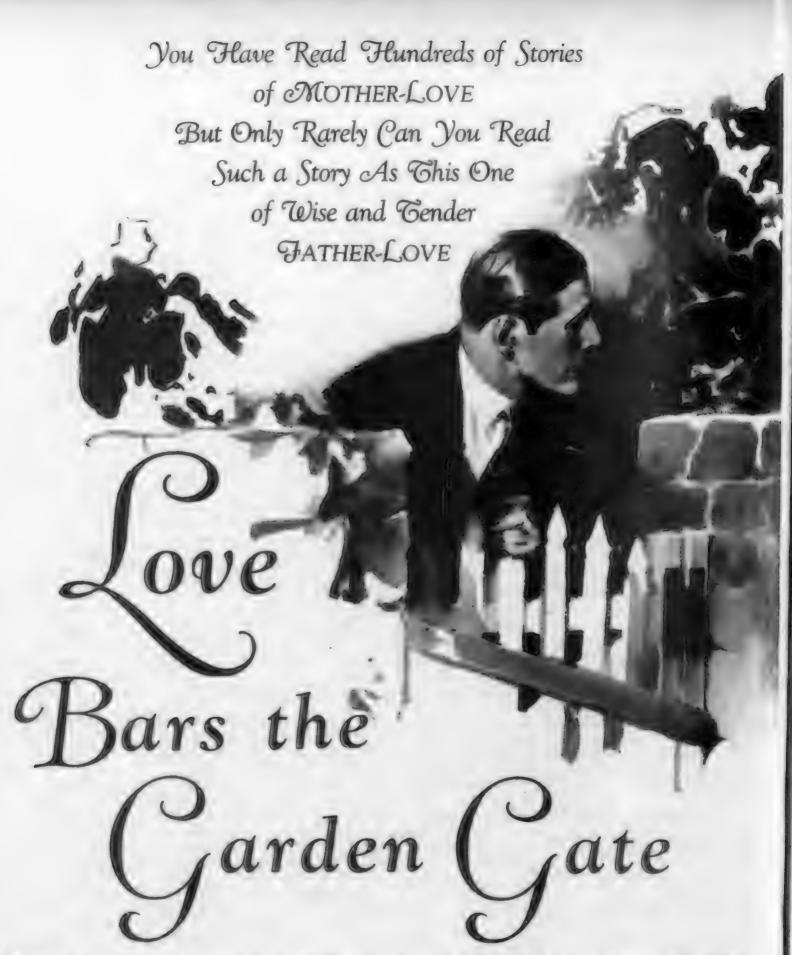
I dare say it sounds strange to you but it is absolutely undeniable that there are men who actually are disturbed over what others, particularly their beloved ones, think of their sex lives.

Many a man gets out of a pipe or a cigar a satisfaction that no "wild party" could ever give him. And men often take a drink, [Continued on page 80]

M-G M

en are not devoid of emotion. They need the soothing understanding and sympathy of you women more than you women need it of a man

man against his wife which he himself told me recently. "Heaven knows I have been tempted," he said. "What man is not these days? But I swear to you, Doctor, I have faithfully observed the marriage vows I took ten years ago and never once have I done anything that could justifiably



HEN Judge Carey was a boy his father had fastened bars across the gate at the foot of the Carey garden indicating the stoppage of all intercourse between his household and the people who lived on the other side, a family named Dodier. Nobody knew just what had occasioned the break. There were rumors, but nobody knew. The rumors took on variations and died in confusion, but the gate remained barred.

Judge Philip E. Carey was a widower, with an only daughter, named Sue. She was a beauty. Her hair was dark and she wore it in a becoming bob. The fashionable short skirts were as becoming to her type as the bob.

So many young men were mad about Sue that the town

wondered how she would make a choice. Most people favored Dick Champney, a young law graduate in the Judge's office. The Judge seemed to think a lot of Dick, but Dick was a quiet type, not too quiet to please Sue, but too quiet, perhaps to catch her.

On this point Judge Carey had done some thinking of his own. He was not wholly unprepared when Sue one evening after dinner came to sit on the arm of his chair, and say, "Daddy!" in a tone that reached for his heart

"Daddy!" in a tone that reached for his heart.
"Daddy," she said, "I'm going to be married."

Then she amplified in a terrific silence, "I have decided—I want—it's Jules Dodier."

The Judge turned slowly in his chair to face his daughter



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With Drawings from Life By LESLIE L. BENSON

"You tyke!" he said. "You're stringing me!" "No, dear," she said.

"I mean it."

The Judge hoisted himself to his feet. looked once again at his shining - eyed daughter and walked silently to a window. It happened to be a window opening on the Carey garden. Upon the sweet intimacy of the Careys, father and daughter, an hour had fallen when the least word needed careful weighing before

But by and by the Judge turned

"Honey," he said, "could you tell me why?"
A sweet flush warmed Sue's wood-nymph

"Daddy, I'm in love."

"I suppose so. I mean, could you point out

the young man's attractions?'

"Now, Judge Carey, don't put on airs. You can't make out that you don't know Jules

"I have seen him about town. I hear he is

doing well in business.'

"Daddy, he's the handsomest man this town ever saw! He's so big and so deferential! He has beautiful manners. He thrills e. He says he adores me!"
"And," said the Judge, "there was between

you the garden gate!"
"Daddy, dear!" Sue said. "Of course. To be courted from the other side of a barrier! Such a temptation! The absurdity of that gate!"

But the Judge remained rather solemn and

Sue's dimple retired.

"You find that nailed gate absurd, daugh-

"Oh, perfectly! So do you! It's three feet wide! Surely you don't think that could keep

out a young man in love?'

"When my father placed those bars there, said the Judge, "it was not with the idea that nobody could climb over or go around, but that nobody of the two families involved would want to. He must have had sound reasons to make a division which he hoped would reach into the future.'

Sue went to her father and put her hand on his arm. She stood for a time next to him



held her face between his hands and spoke directly to her shadowy eyes

"Honey, all that matters is your You are quite sure you happiness.

love this fellow?"

"Quite, Daddy. What you have told me is terrible and sad and pitiful, but it makes no difference, except that our love is that much

more romantic."
"My girl," the Judge said, "my girl! Tomorrow morning, then, the bars shall be dropped. them off with my own hands."

Sue was first incredulous, then She declared that her ecstatic. pride and her pleasure in her father

were boundless. The Judge beamed.
"I have one last request, how-"To have been ever," he said. wooed and won by this enemy of your father's house without my hearing one whilf of gossip, the courtship must have been rather clandestine, eh? My request now is for an immediate and broadcast announce-

ment of the betrothal. Do you see?"
"Daddy, you prince! Of course. We'll give a party, spring the news on people all at once. Won't this old town hum?" "Some of it. Well, deliver the blow as

you want.

The Judge told Sue to be off to plan her stunt and settled back in his Morris chair with a book. Sue, at the doorway suddenly turned back and hugged him fiercely

"Daddy," she said, "I'll never love any-

body just as I love you."
"Go on!" said the Judge. "It's my private opinion that you're a sentimental idiot and an unscrupulous flirt. Get out!"

BUT when she had left, instead of reading, he listened carefully until he heard her light steps on the upper treads of the long stairway in the central hall and then he rose and crossed the room to his desk. He took a heavy brass key from

his pocket, inserted it in the lock of the broad upper panel and let down a desk leaf. Behind this leaf was revealed an intricacy of small drawers with almost invisible openings.

The Judge opened one of the drawers and touched something inside. A crack opened below

just wide enough to admit one of his thick fingers, with which he urged the newly revealed drawer

the rest of the way

It contained a flat thin biscuit box, which held a rifle bullet, a black bordered formal notice of the funeral of Thomas Carey, eldest son of Thomas and Susan Carey, dead at the age of twenty-five, a photograph of Tom, and a letter, written on folded note-paper ruled in faint brownish lines.

"Dearest," said the letter, "please don't go hunting with Jules tomorrow. He came out to the house last night and behaved dreadfully.

told him to leave or I would call my father. He swore he would kill you the first chance he had. Please don't go with him. I won't think you are a coward if you refuse his invita-tion. I love you. I couldn't live if anything happened to you and I am afraid of Jules. When his anger is aroused, he shows that he isn't a gentleman. Don't, I beg of you, have any faith in his honor. Yours devotedly, Sophie."

The Judge put away his evidence and went to stand at a window of his library. From where he stood he could see a white nailed gate glimmering at the end of a flagstone path



His sternness of expression clung for a spell, but changed suddenly to the alertness of progressive thought. It ended in a

In the morning early he had the bars off the gate. He ceived Sue's dewy appreciation at the breakfast table. The received Sue's dewy appreciation at the breakfast table. announcement party, she told him, would be a buffet supper Sunday night, tomorrow. Jules had to be in Kansas City all the coming week on business. She'd have a busy time getting ready in two days, the food to order, and the guests to invite by telephone. Would her father [Continued on page 106

If I Had Only Married At

PON an ancient Greek tomb is engraved this epitaph: "Here lie I at sixty. I never married. Would that my father had never married also." Of all the many epigrams and epitaphs that have come down to us out of antiquity, I think this epitaph of an unhappy bachelor is one of the most moving and profound.

Perhaps I feel it to be so because I, myself, am a bachelor, because I, also, have never married, because, although I am not yet sixty years old, still I am nearly forty. Old enough surely to know better, to have done better; old enough, at least, to have tasted of the bitterness of regret. For although I have not yet come to such a pass as the Grecian gentleman, who wished that he had never been born, yet I have come very earnestly to wish that I had married these many years past.

But, you will say, nearly forty is not sixty. If at my age one is no longer young, yet one is scarcely old; one has not yet even entered into the forties of middle age. And if to be unmarried is a fault, it is a fault easily enough remedied. There is still time. It may even have been better, so the prudent will argue, to have waited this long. For marriage is a lottery in which are drawn many blanks. Moreover, if not quite irrevocable, at least it is an undertaking of so grave a nature, that should it prove unhappy, the regret

at least it is an undertaking of so grave a nature, that should it prove unhappy, the regret felt must be deeper and more bitter than any felt by the unmarried, who have taken no definite step, who have crossed no Rubicon, who may still, if so minded,

marry when and how they wish.

The argument seems sound enough, but is it altogether as sound as it seems? Has the unmarried in the gateway of middle age taken no definite step, crossed no dividing river, burned no boats? Can the difficult passage of years be retraced so easily? Can the writing in the pages of the book of time be erased so cleanly? Can, in truth, the bachelor on the edge of forty marry how and when he will?

Indeed, he cannot. For the man of hearly forty is not the man of twenty-three. He may be a better man; he may well be a worse man. At any rate, he is a different man. He may have seen more, have done more. He may be more, but unless he is gifted with a simplicity of heart and an equality of temper rarely to be found in man, he will demand more and he will give less. Whatever may have been his chances against marrying happily at twenty-three, they are doubled, nay, quadrupled at nearly forty. For no marriage can be a happy one unless both the man and woman are happy in it, and the woman who marries a bachelor of forty will be asked to give more and take less and still be happy.

But it is not my purpose to write a broadside in behalf of early marriage, though I have the matter much at heart. For an ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory, and all I would do here is to talk a little at random about myself. To tell you why it is I have not married, why it is I wish I were married, why it is I am not at this very moment seeking the parson to tell him to put up the bans.

So I shall ask your patience for a moment to look at a number of pictures. The

To say that he is satisfied with these experiments, would be no true saying. He still dreams of the child he played with, of the woman he walked with beside the Western Sea. Surely it would have been better if he had married his old-time playmate a dozen years ago. For this freedom can he purchased at too great a price



23

He amused the world with his gay books, "The Pilgrim of a Smile," "Good Hunting" and "The Guinea Girl"



Now That He Is Nearing 40

NORMAN DAVEY

Distinguished Writer
and Observer of Life
Tells You What He Has
MISSED IN LIFE

OF. A. Swaine Ltd.

first one is—a picture out of a prehistoric past, and if twenty-five years with five years of war in them, does not make a past prehistoric, I don't know what does. I want you to see two children in a pony cart, a ramshackle affair, a mere tub on two wheels with a fat, overfed and very lazy pony between the shafts. Picture such a pony and cart in a rutted lane with high banks on either side grown thick with ferns and flowers. The air is heavy with earth smells and wood smells and flower smells; it is murmurous with bees; gay with butterflies hovering over the flower-heads and blue and green dragon-flies dashing at a great speed up and down the lane. Within this wheeled tub are a boy in shorts and a flannel shirt and an elf of a girl in a cotton frock, none too clean, whose hair is a tangled mop of corn-yellow, holding the reins, chirruping to the lazy pony in an effort to make it mend its pace. Slowly the pony cart crawls uphill along the lane; the fat pony going ever more slowly as the hill grows steeper in spite of all the Elf's entreaties, shaking of the reins and click-clickings, for the pony cart carried no whip, nor indeed, would the Elf ever have used one. She was then as she ever was, the gentlest creature, I think, God ever made.

BUT at last, for even a pony as fat and lazy as this one will get somewhere in time, the pony cart with the two children in it creeps up out of the deep lane on to the high moor, where the lane itself ends and the wheel ruts fade out into moss and ling. And here the pony is slipped from the shafts and tethered to a gate post in reach of sweet grass.

while the Elf, with her halo of hair fired to a golden flame in the westering sun, leads her playfellow out to the cliff's edge and down over this precipice of rock to a narrow stretch of sand as bright as star-dust where this boy and girl stand together at the water's edge, gazing out over a sea, changing from silver into gold, front gold into red copper, and again, from copper into steel, until the sun is drowned

Let ten years pass by and again look at this same boy, once the Elf's playfellow, but grown up into the beginnings of a man. But this time alone and at home in his father's house among the Surrey Hills. Let us look into his mind and see with what strange things a young man's mind may be filled.

With, for instance, the theory of the structure of matter with atoms and ions and the manner in which such behave With the making of compounds so complicated that their very names will stretch across a page. For this boy's father was a scientist who lived but for his science, and the boy was an only child who had been particularly brought up.

only child who had been particularly brought up.

I want you to see this boy, in this old, roomy and comfortable house, surrounded by its wide garden among the low hills. One room was set apart for him to play in. It was filled with his toys, with his beakers and retorts, with his microscope and his balance, with long shelves of bottles neatly labelled with symbols and strange names. A very serious young man, then, without knowledge of life and the worth of things, with dreams of becoming another Faraday or another Mendeleeff, but no [Continued on page 102]

When I lift my eyes to the American my heart it stop beating. The man so near me is the one I love. I look at the lips, at the face and gladness and terror come over me like a wave. What can I say to this man who has come to me like a dream?

YOU maybe not have the patience to read this from a French girl who write your language so badly. But my heart it is like your daring, free heart, you American girls from that country of wonderful dreams come true. So I know my heart it will speak to yours!

When "les Americains," they are in my France I am only eight years old, so I not learn to speak much. But after they are gone my brother, Pierre, he not want to forget the American language, so he speak it with me. He tell me it is not the English. He say the speech of "les Americains" it is so much more free.

And then when "mon frere." Pierre, he die in an automobile accident on the Riviera two years ago, when I am eighteen, I take up writing the letters in English that Pierre write each month to his American friend, Frank Coburn. And from America Frank he write long letters in French to Pierre. This way they make sure not to forget the language of each other.

I have never meet Frank. But it is like I know him, for I have the "photographie" of him and Pierre together. The big brave

American, he save my brother at the front. And day when it happened they are always friends.

I never see him. But just the same my heart it is lost to him. And because I love my Yankee Prince in secret I write him the letters as if I am Pierre!

You see I not let him know my brother, he is dead. For he would not write to a French girl he not know. So I write the letters with my heart beating like a drum. And I make the words a little rough, just like one man he write to another.

It is easy to write the letters like I am my brother Pierre. For Pierre he was a "journalist," what you call a newspaper writer, "n'est ce pas"? And he use a writing machine. And all I need to write with the pen it is Pierre's name at the end of my letters

You think I am bad, bold girl to lie like this?—But then, you see, it is my only chance to keep for a friend a little longer the man I love so much. Even if he shall never know that there is a dark-eyed French girl whose heart it is breaking for love of him.

THAT first letter I write it is very little. You see my heart it is aching for my big brother who is dead. And too I am guilty and my hands they tremble.

Frank he live in Montana, which is very far away from me. He has a big farm he calls a ranch. And in his letters to Pierre he tell of riding a horse for a whole day, and not yet riding far enough to go out of his farm into that of his neighbor. And I think he lie big, but Pierre he tell me that is the way in America. And so I have to believe.

I know Frank he is brave and what you call rough and daring,



I could never be afraid of my American far away in Montana. Frank, there beside Pierre, he is tall and smiling. And his eyes they seem to follow mine in the big, grandiose room, and they make a thrill like a caress run over me. I not know how to explain.

THE first letter Frank write to my letter, it frighten me a little. He say, "Pierre, what's the matter? Are you backing out on me? That last letter of yours was a mere scratch." Then he remembers himself and write on in French. It is funny French. But then, my letter it must be even more funny to him!

And as I write the letters to him and get his I fall in love more and more with Frank. And the months they pass. And then he write the letter where he speak of the beautiful girl he meet. He say she is from New York and a society girl. And he say he feel like a roughneck, that is the word he use, and I cannot find him in the dictionary. But he write French after that word and I see he mean he not good enough for her.

I know in my heart there can be no girl, even if she is a beau-

A man he don't speak of such thing to another, but I know he

tiful "Americaine" one half good enough for him!

I feel sad over that letter. He not say he love "l'Americaine."

A Tenderly Told Love Story of

A LITTLE FRENCH GIRL AND

ser Vankee Prince



think her beautiful. He say she come to a ranch near his; he call it a "dude ranch," where they amuse society people. I don't understand what he mean. I always think that farms, they are to raise the animals and the crops.

I not answer that letter. I think it is best to try to forget the nice, handsome "Americain" I come to love more and more. For tell me what chance I have to make him love me some day when he has near him such beautiful girls with skins like the rose and hair like the sun and eyes, oh, so very blue?

ror and it make my

not eyes blue like the sky. Mine are dark, oh, so dark! There seem to live a light in them when I turn them this way and that. They are a little like the petals of a black pansy. But, "Helas!" They are not laughing and always remembered like the blue eyes

My hair, too, it is dark. And it is heavy and close on my head like a boy's hair. Not all curls, like a man likes to touch. Nanette, my old nurse, she say my hair it is beautiful, but she is old and she not know what men they like

My skin it is white; it is like the petal of the lily and not like



Here is the man I love—and he belongs to another for always. I must put that love out of my heart. I must not let him guess the emotion that grips me

the rose. My lips they are beautiful. But I must be ugly beside the blonde "Americaine" Frank loves.

I not write him that month. My heart it is too sad. And then I receive the letter from Frank in which there is the photograph of a smiling, beautiful girl. And in the letter he tell me in a few days he is going to marry this girl, Lilly!

My heart it break. I have lost Frank. I must go out of his life forever as it is only sorrow to keep on writing to him like I am Pierre. I cannot do it.

And so I write just the few words. I am Pierre, his friend, to him in the letter. I write I am going for the newspaper, "Le Petit Journal," to Algeria to write articles. So in this way I will be gone and traveling and cannot write him.

It break my heart to do that, but it is best. I want to remember him as Frank the man I will never forget, not as the busband of another.

Since Pierre he die, the notary who take care of business matters for me he tell me I should sell the house. It is so much too bug for just aw.

BUT I love this house on the Boulevard Malesherbes with my garden behind the high walls right in the heart of Paris. It is such a wonderful place, and if I went elsewhere I would feel like one lost. It is all that is left me of my family, this house. And I love the garden in which, walking alone, I in dream of Frank Coburn.

Six months pass and I not write, or hear from Frank. I think erhaps some day I will forget him for I try very hard.

And then "les Americains" they come to my France! "Les legionnaires!" The American soldiers who help us in that terrible war have come back to us, like friends whose faces we had thought never to see again!

And as I watch them pass by from behind the grille of my garden, the tears of emotion they run down my cheeks. And like all of us French people I call out to them.

"VIVE les Americains! Vive l'Amerique!" And a sob it break in my throat.

Then I remember I can talk like them. And I am very bold and I open the big iron grille. And I stand there as they pass singing and with drums beating and I stretch out my arms to them.

"Welcome, you Yankee boys! You were once my brother Pierre's friends and I love you!"

Those that pass they stop a little. Their eyes come to me. They smile. Such nice smiles! They wave their hands to me. And quick like that I feel shy, and I draw back to close the door quick, quick.

Maybe you think I am bold to do that. But it is something in my heart that make me do that. You see, "les Americains," they are a little like reckless gods to the heart of us girls of France!

Nanette she is horrified. She say I am like a little savage from Africa forgetting all my nice manners. But what do I care for manners when my heart it get so big it will burst like a toy balloon if I don't do something to make it stop?

Chat short hour with Frank Coburn, it is all a golden dream. And we are friends. But I must look away so that he cannot see the light that is in my eyes



But "les legionnaires," they remind me of Frank. of my own American I love!

It open the wound in my heart I try so hard to heal. And I will never, never forget him. As I go to the table under my grandfather's portrait I write a long, long letter with Pierre's name at the end, and I send that letter to America.

That evening I dress up to go to the soirée at the Dorillacs where I am expected. Marie Dorillac is a distant cousin and she give this dinner for me and a few others. For she say that I am of marriage age now that I am twenty and so she make me meet nice, eligible men.

But after I am all ready I cannot go. I just cannot. For if they speak of the "legionnaires" I will break down. I phone her that I am ill and cannot come. Then I go to the garden to cool my forehead that feel like fire.

It is as I sit on the stone bench under the eucalyptus tree beside the fountain that I hear a step outside the iron grille. I jump. Where I am behind the high, high walls that close out the world from this garden in the heart of Paris, the moonlight from above it fall over me. It shine on my white arms and on my throat. And it is like liquid silver on the exquisite evening gown I had Madame Jaron make especially for this night.

BUT through the grille the electric light of the Boulevard it pour in with a bright glow. And as I look there I see one of the American "legionnaires" standing there straight and tall. My heart it is like a bird that is frightened. Yet it is not that I am frightened. The blood in me it was running fast, faster.

Like wild horses in the wind! Was he coming to my house:

He ring at the grille, but before Nanette she can come I am gone there where the light it pour strong and golden. "L'Americain," his back it is to the light. The moon alone is pale on his face bent down to look at me. I hear a little cry of surprise on his lips as I appear there in my silver dress that is about me like a vaporous cloud.

AND I feel shy, but I know he must be one of Pierre's friends that he made at the front. I open the big iron grille wide "You are a friend of Pierre?" I say, and my voice it is not steady. "You are one of Pierre's 'amis Americains'? Entrez! Come in! I am Pierre's sister."

His hat it is in his hand. If he speak I do not hear. He is beside me and the heavy grilles they close between us and the world outside. And then I lift my eyes to "l'Americain" beside me. It is then my heart it stop beating.

The man so close that his face it is just above mine; it is Frank Coburn! "L'Americain" I love!

I look at the eyes smiling down into mine. I look at the lips I know so well. And gladness, then terror it come over me like a wave!

What is it I can say to this man come to me like out of a dream? I long for him, and now that he is here I want to run from him and hide. What can I say of Pierre? I cannot tell him Pierre he is dead and it is me who write the bold letters to him.

"I came to see Pierre, mademoiselle," [Continued on page 91]

rirls! Women! J Flappers! How Could I Get Away from Chem? Something in My Blood Made Me Adore Women. For Was I Not Ferrari, the Great Artist? Chere Was One Most Beautiful of All. 1 Was Ready to Give Up Everything for Her. And Chen-

MARRIED Alice long before I touched success. She helped me to fame and a man has to remember Still, gratitude does not mean very much. Some philosopher, I forget who it was, has written that gratitude is only a keen anticipation of favors to come. You can't build a married life on gratitude!

I am Andrea Ferrari, and Alice, who loves me, says that this fact, like charity, must cover a multitude of sins. I am Andrea Ferrari, and that says it all.

I was born in Italy, but I came to this country before I was three, and although I have been back in my sunny Italy many times—indeed, I studied music in Milan—I am American. My agents keep that fact quiet.

My earlier years were spent fighting my way up on the lower East Side. An old uncle of mine gave me a violin when I was six years old, and from the moment my fingers touched it, baby as I was, I knew that I could draw from it a marvelous something denied to most people.

Let me skip all that. A rich woman took me up when I was fourteen and it was through her that I studied. Then she got bored and dropped me for another fad, so that the struggle began all over again.

I had played my first concert, and was only just known by the critics, when I met Alice, who was a year older than I.

I loved her at first sight, loved her as only I, Andrea Ferrari, can love, because love is like music. It takes a great artist to be able to create it and to appreciate it.

We were married almost at once and we faced poverty together. When any struggling young musician comes to me with a tale of poverty, I am sympathetic or I am hard, according to my mood, but I always say one thing to him:

"Poverty? Don't talk to me of poverty. I know more of poverty than any man alive. I could write eight volumes on the subject. Poverty! Why, my wife and I, used to be specialists in poverty.'

But those gay, poor days are long since gone. Today, I am forty-four and Alice, forty-five, and we are rich. I get a great many dollars an hour for giving a lesson. My concerts bring me large rewards apart from by-products such as phonograph

So last spring, Alice and I were living in an expensive studio apartment not very far from Fifth Avenue, and everyone who knew me thought to himself, "Andrea Ferrari, the lucky dog!"



O'rom my studio came the sound of some one playing jazz. In a rage I rushed into the room and found Ruth playing my Stradivarius! snatched the priceless instrument from her and shouted, "Out of my house, and out of my life!"

They forgot that I am always Andrea Ferrari, and to be that is a curse in itself.

Women! Girls! Flappers!

I cannot help it that in my blood runs a certain something that makes me adore beauty. Beauty in any form, beauty in music, which is first! Beauty in women, in sculpture, in a sunset! What am I but a worshipper of beauty?

Alice looks younger than she is. Alice is still beautiful in a



ago, but Alice happens to love me, and she has forgiven a great deal.

A great many of my pu-pils were young girls. They came for their lessons and most of them merely irritated me. I would lose my temper with them, and had my name been a lesser onc. I should have lost any quantity of pupils. But because I am Andrea Ferrari, they would take anything and like it. Of course, if I were a little too temperamental, then Alice would come se-renely into the studio and soothe matters.

One morning I was having breakfast. Alice, who among other things, acts as my secretary, smiled across the table at me.

"You have four lessons this morning," she an-"Half an hour nounced. each, and at twelve there will be a new pupil."
"How I hate new pupils!"

I grumbled.
"This is a Ruth Davis," Alice went on. "You haven't heard her yet, but I did, and I think she's almost far enough advanced.

"How they bore me!" I dismissed the subject and turned to talk to Alphonse

Alphonse and I had a long conversation about a banana, and as usual, he got his way. The only time that I actually refused to give a pupil another lesson was when I caught her teasing Alphonse, and no one can do that but me.

Alphonse comes from South America, and he doesn't like New York, and says so frequently. I have heard other men

mature and classic way, with her gold hair that I have never allowed her to bob, and her violet-blue eyes. But the sad fact remains that Alice is forty-five and I am forty-four.

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The modern women can scream as much as they like of equality but they cannot get away from old Lady Nature, who has decreed that a woman shall age more rapidly than a

Of course, the average wife would have divorced me years

talk about their dogs but Alphonse is nearer to me than any dog. I have had many pets in my life, and when an admirer gave me a monkey, I drew back from him with a feeling of disgust. Then Alphonse gave me a look, a look of understanding. and from that moment on, Alphonse and I thoroughly understood each other. He is as temperamental as I am, and his idea of humor is primitive. How he loves to spring suddenly from the balcony in my studio on to the neck of some pupil!

"I wish you'd leave that monkey alone and listen to me,"

Alice complained.

"Alphonse isn't a monkey," I defended him. "He is much

more highly evolved than a saxophone player!

"I wanted to tell you about your new pupil," Alice continued. 'This Ruth Davis. She is quite young, but she is married and divorced. I think she is very nervous, and if you scream at her, as you probably might the first time, she will just run away and you will never see her again."

WISH I never had to see another pupil again," I told my wife. "Alice!" I pleaded. "Let's run away from it all! Let's take the next boat, as I hate this cold weather, and let's see spring in Capri. My temperament can't stand this grind."

"If you would curb your extravagances, darling," Alice said, "we could do that, but the bank balance is very low. I never mind that you should have anything you want, but if you will send masses of orchids to young girls. and if you must have a new car just because you like the look of the paintwork, then the only thing to do is to stay and make more money. And don't forget there is a little thing called a contract that stands between you and Capri. Remember your concert on the fifth of next month.'

"I wish I could be a free man instead of a slave!" I complained.

A little later, after breakfast, Alice was massaging my scalp. She uses a tonic which may have a little coloring matter in it, but it is really for the tonic properties that I buy it. I cannot stand any hint of age, however far distant, and this stuff has miraculously chased a gray hair or two away, but you will understand that it is not a dye, or invthing like that.

And then came a telephone message for Alice. Her mother, who lives near Bridgeport, was quite sick and Alice

had to rush to her.

"I will take care of it all," I told Alice. "Let me fix everything."

I telephoned to the garage and ordered the car, since Alice would drive instead of going by train. I helped her pack a suitcase, although she protested that she and the maid could do

it easily alone. I did everything, and it was unfortunate when it appeared that I had called the wrong garage by mistake, when no car arrived. But Alice got our chauffeur on the wire and presently she was all ready to go.

"You won't have to worry about anything, darling," Alice told "Mrs. Doyle thoroughly understands what to order for food, and I do hope you can manage to remember when a pupil has had half an hour.

"You would think that Alphonse and I didn't know how to take care of each other!" I remarked as I kissed her. "Run tway and I shall be all right."

'You had better telephone to me if you fall in love with inyone," she laughed and as soon as she had gone I made a note to remind myself to telephone her and tell her I had fallen in love with her! Alice always appreciates it if I do something graceful like that.

It was a very tiresome morning, and I was more than usually upset nervously by some of my stupid pupils.

"In you there is a good cook wasted!" I velled at one girl and tore my hair. "Whatever made you think there was any

music in you? Why do you come here and pay me God knows what? Forget the violin and pick up a frying pan.

The poor fool wept. Then I needed Alice. What can you do with a woman who weeps? I hate tears, and I have no sympathy with them.

I DROVE her out of the studio: She was the pupil before the new one. I went into the waiting-room and no one was

Andrea Ferrari, was being kept waiting!

Well, I made up my mind that I wouldn't see this Ruth Davis or whatever she called herself! I sat down at my piano to work on the little thing I was composing. Alphonse perched above me on the music-rack. I had forgotten everything and everybody, when Alphonse began to warn me with his chatter.

I looked up, suddenly called back to earth.

"Am I very late?" a voice asked.

I flew into a temper. I am the calmest of men, but no one can keep me waiting. I say that I flew into a temper, and began, 'How dare you presume-

And then I stopped!

I never saw anyone prettier. She wasn't very big, and she had

black hair and intensely blue eyes. Her face irresistibly reminded me of a flower and she looked about fifteen years old.

'I am Mrs. Davis-Ruth Davis." she said, not the least upset by the fact that I was inclined to be a little "Signor Ferrari, do you generally behave like that with a new pupil?

I couldn't go on and I couldn't

possibly be angry with her.

"Oh, you are a little late," I said, "but in your case, it doesn't mat-

"Would it matter in anyone else's

case, Signor?'

This impertinent, beautiful, dazzling little creature was laughing at e! At me! At Andrea Ferrari!
"Oh, what a darling!" she ex-

claimed and she began to make love to Alphonse.

As a rule, Alphonse does not like strangers, but he seemed to like her. and even climbed on her shoulder, which is a mark of high favor with

him if he does it gently. "Look, he feels your charm!" I told her. "Alphonse and I are exactly alike; we like but few people."

"And you were going to be angry with me because I was twenty minutes late!" she pouted and sat down and took a cigarette from her case. "Light, please."

As a rule I never wait on my

pupils, but this girl fascinated me from the very first.

'You don't look old enough to be married," I said, as I held a match for her cigarette.

"I'm twenty-two," she informed me. "You don't look so old yourself, only about eight years more, I suppose.'

"I don't feel more than thirty," I assured her. "But 'Who's Who' will tell you that I am a good deal more.'

"Well, you don't look it," she said.

I gave her her first lesson and she was worse than anything I have ever heard. Alice must have been insane to think that I could take her.

"You can't play, and I can't teach you," I told her. "Don't look like that at me; you are hopeless. The prettiest girl in the world can never make me lie when it comes to music.

"I think you're horrid!" she stormed. "Lots of people think I'm wonderful."

"I am not 'lots of people'," I said. "I am only Ferrari."
"You are terribly conceited!" she retorted.

"Sit down, and listen!" I commanded.

Then, without an accompanist, I [Continued on page 98]

the winds have whispered little things That stir the heart of me. They come at dawn; they come at

dusk: Down hills and from the sea.

tell me little secrets, too, About you and your eyes! They say the stars that shine in them. Were stolen from the skies!

they have confided this to me; Your lips were once a rose! I know their haunting sweetness, so They may be right. Who knows?

And, oh, they sing about your arms A song of tenderness... And then it is I know the world Lies in your warm caress.

But a Woman's Work Is Never Done

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A Busy Day in the Life of a Steno with a Heavy Date

By Henry Tournier, famous French humorous artist



This year's crop of Hollywood bathing beauties no longer believes in the "straight and narrow" and they have figures to prove it



Hal Roach Comedies



What are you doing in my room?
LITTLE STRANGER: Grying to get out!
Can't a girl make a mistake without a
man casting reflections on her?

John Mack Brown and Madge Bellamy, \\ illiam Fox



Sally O'Neil shouldn't powder her nose in public but Felix is gentleman enough not to look



71.O-VI



BIG SISTER. Why is a joke like a swimming pool?
WISE BABY: It would have to be deep to be over my head









DOTTY: O00000! Please
don't blow me up!
GIANT WISE CRACKER: Not
a Chinaman's chance. I'm
just a big noise
Decoding Separation Derothy Sebastian





Customs Inspector—"Got anything very valuable in this trunk? . . . "
The Traveler—"I should say so . . . a whole carton of Chesterfields!"



THEY'RE MILD
and yet THEY SATISFY

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AS STEN BY ALTCK. SMART

Do You Believe in Signs?

Is the world in tune with you and June When the days are warm and blue? Is your heart so free it laughs in glee If another smiles at you

Are the nights so glad they drive you mad With a fever in your blood? If this is true, good night to you! You're in love and you've got it good.

Talk about some fast acting-you should see

-Stevens Stone Mill

a Hawaiian dancer with her grass skirt on fire

Any Bootlegger's Slogan

Flaming youth must be served.

Have You Tried the Voice

With a Smile

right kind of a husband if she has to stay in a dinky little town and play nurse-maid to the

Dear Aleck Smart: How can a girl find the

Bovish Hair Cuts Are Passé

Flappers who shingle their hair to look like boys are on their way out. And once again something beside base-

ball pitchers will show their curves. So, if you get rid of enough angles, girls, you'll go a long way toward killing off the tri-angle.



Burr . . . Just to show how mercenary

Now poets get it y (nice to that last line and be tre the last word of ver line rhymes with bride. For the best line Smart Six will pay \$5 and \$1 for each the next five best. Aleck Smart is judge and the mest closes June 30, 1928.

Everything

The more you humor them the better they like it.—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern . . . I looked up her record to see if she had any parents. She had none. I learned that she had no guardian. I even found that she had no supporters. Wow! What a girl!—Lehigh women are we might mention that they even purse their lips when they are about to kiss.-Cincinnati Cynic.

A December Bach' who had tried Many times to find him a bride Was married to May And now rises to say-

Women have a keen sense of humor.

Just One Line Needed

PRIZE CONTEST

Keep It Up, Folks. We Love It

Talk about laughs! Why, your page, "This Funny World," is a scream. So here's three cheers for Smart Set.— Gertrude Becker, Jersey City, N. J. . I enjoy your page very much and the rest of Smart Set, too.—Mrs. L. J. Johnson, McRae, Mont. . . . We like Smart Set fine and don't see how we could get along without it.-Mrs. Freeman Nutt, Curryville, Mo. . . . Three cheers for Aleck Smart and our good old Smart Set.-Alice Wise, Meredith, N. H. . . .

Limerick Prize Winners

Poets blossom out in the spring, tra, la. And you certainly swamped for Aleck with your swell last lines to the May limerick which told of a flapper who married a plumber. Only by working overtime did we catch up with you and run down the \$5 prize line by Mary Lou Jones, Pontiac, Ill. Here it is: "Then the flapper who made that wise crack." By great effort we went on and sorted out the following five \$1 prize winners: Gladys Dillon, Fullerton, Ky.; Myrtle Fray, Reno, Nev.; E. W. Swanson, Kasota, Minn.; Howard Cross, Oelwein, Iowa and Mrs. L. A. Yeatman, Bluefield, W. Va. Now start right in and hunt for the missing line to complete the limerick on this page. Go to it, all of you. We don't care how hard you make the process. make us work.

And The Band Played On

This boy was just plumb lazy and when the bright girl friend asked him a question he shook his head, being too weary to speak. "Why don't you answer?" the girl demanded. "I did. I shook my head," he drawled. "Well," she retorted, "with the band playing you didn't expect me to hear it rattle, did you?"

We Don't Want to Brag

This is the only page we're interested in and you folks all have the good sense to like this page best. Naturally then, if anything really good gets into the magazine besides our stuff, we feel as though we ought to tip you off to it. Did we ever give you a wrong hunch in the past? All right; then you know you can trust Aleck. When you've finished with us, not before, go right back and read "The Woman in the Case." Thrills and mystery and

love! You'll probably hate the Editor for running so exciting a story as that in instalments. It'll get you, folks, it'll get you. Then if you're young, or like those who are young, take a chance on "Sally Steps Out" and "Love Bars the Garden Gate." There are a lot of other things you'll want to read but you'll find them soon enough.

* * * They Don't Always

The folks in the country are brutal and true; They know and they tell everything that you do. The folks in the city may get wise to you, But they keep their mouths shut—and they hope you do, 100.

M. N. X.

Our langwitch is getting simpler and simpler. Aleck was sitting at the counter of that kind of eating place the other day when he heard this conversation between the waiter and a man who wanted a meal—and got it. It sounded like this to Aleck. Read it aloud to the B. F. and you'll get it:

Customer: F. U. N. E. X.? Waiter: S., V. F. X. Customer: F. U. N. E. M.? S., V. F. M. Waster: Customer: M. N. X.

How Many Engagements Make a Summer?

Take Aleck's advice, girls, and don't be impulsive. A good plan is to keep a list of your summer engagements and announce them all at once in the fall when you're sure they're all ended.



village telephone exchange?—Alice B.—Dear Alice: She can't. What we mean, Alice, is that no girl ever yet found the right kind of a husband anywhere. Are we right? That chorus, Alice, was the married women saying, "Yes!"

A Sunproof Complexion

You can enjoy all the delightful outdoor sports and still be confident that your appearance will not be blemished by the sun or wind. Gouraud's Oriental Cream renders an entrancing film of pearly beauty which affords positive protection to the complexion.

Just think! An unusually attractive appearance that will not "rub off", streak, spot or show signs of perspiration can be secured instantly. No messy "rubbing in" or tedious treatments necessary.

The highly antiseptic and astringent action Gouraud's Oriental Cream exerts makes its use particularly helpful in treating blemishes, skin troubles, freckles, wrinkles, tan, flabbiness, redness, muddy skins and similar conditions. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

Send 10c. for Trial Size M. 37.8

FERD. T.	HOPKIN	S & SO	1.
430 Lafavette Street	_	New	York City
= - & shade desired:	White []	Flesh []	Rachel II
No.			

Note:

(10) ...

Women Without Men

[Continued from page 18]

Nature's quota of mothers is filled for the time, and that brains for the improvement of the mental side of civilized races are required to be produced in greater numbers than they used to be. And so, is it not possible that an all-seeing Providence permits the development of the mental in certain females to overmaster the development of the obvious original cause for the creation of the female

Thus, with the developement of education, of speculative thought, and of science, it is likely that more and more females who are born will evolve along abstract lines, with minds to benefit the human race, interested only in questions of advantage to the species at large, and not interested in individuals; and thus, they will help to make their actual producing comrades more fitted for their job, less harassed by irrelevant interests and cares, and freer to follow their urge for motherhood

All didactic opinions and arbitrary discussions based upon ideas of other generations are now simply ridiculous. The angle which all thinking modern people should consider is a common-sense one.

To rise and go onward without thought of concrete reward is the really noble thing to do. But to get back to our muttons!—which, in this case, is the embryonic development of a possible neuter sex, let us examine the characteristics of many women we all know. They are shedding the old attributes of womanhood: they truly and

really are less interested in man.

The modern neuter development, from earliest infancy, shows more interest in abstract subjects, totally unconnected with sex than any previous generation showed. So my argument is: Why not foster these superintelligences and encourage their expansion in every way, so that they may be of use to humanity?

In the highest aspect these exceptional women aid science, help education, take burdens from men's shoulders in executive work and contribute brilliantly to the betterment of life in general. In their lowest manifestation they become the demonstrators of perverted sex instincts. In both aspects they only help or hinder in one generation, for they finish when breath leaves the body; they cannot reproduce.

But never forget that humanity is going onward; it is advancing toward perfection faster than ever before. Millions more creatures are becoming educated, better able to think and map out their lives, better able to understand the laws of cause and effect. And all I want to do by writing this long article is to arouse serious thought upon the uses of the neuter, who, whether we like it or not, is evolving in our midst.

I WOULD suggest that in public schools, if exceptional female brains are remarked, coupled with none of the usual indications of interest in the other sex, these brains should be aided and pushed forward in all branches of science and abstract knowledge.

For, only consider—if the women who are practically neuters were left to do their jobs in peace, acknowledged as neuters, then the sweetheart and mother types would gain also distinct recognition. Both types would be left in peace to fulfill their vocations.

How much more sensible to recognize types in the earliest youth, and have them educated accordingly, so that they can use all their urges for the benefit of the race at large. To the intelligent mothers of the coming generation, I would say—if you observe that your girl children show abstract and so-called "neuter" instincts, give them

free rein for the development of their minds. If pronouncedly mother instincts show, interest them in dolls and so on, educate them to be good and intelligent mothers. If they show "sweetheart" instincts, arouse their self-respect and polish their brains, so that they may at least be the inspiration to the male for his glory, and not sink to be the mere gratifier of his animal proclivities. For each type has a divine purpose and it is not for us to judge them, or decide which is the best.

Who can attend any great gathering of women's clubs or any female movement center, without being struck by the capable and often rugged faces among them, showing very little feminine softness in outline or expression, but with strong jaws and determined mouths. Then, if you hear them speak, many are so intelligent and have ceased to make a pother of useless phrases which used to be the female failing. They are obviously splendid members of the community in any town, ready and willing to do the hard, thankless jobs for the benefit of humanity.

Why should they not be recognized and honored as the working bees, just as necessary to the race, and just as good as the mothers? Their avocations are different, that is all. Neither better nor worse, only different. People will judge things by standards which are obsolete, which had value before the era of telegraphs and telephones, radios, automobiles and aeroplanes, when population was not so large, when the standard of living was less luxurious.

Naturally, what women meant to a race then, was an entirely different thing from what they mean now. Half their home duties are performed now by mechanical contrivances. Their subconscious minds know that they can communicate with their friends instantly and make rapid transits in person. They no longer have to accept man as a superior being and obey him just because he is male and because they are female bits taken from his rib; they only obey and respect certain men when their characters are worthy of respect by either sex. Therefore, how silly to imagine that the whole mass of females will go on just as they were. with no other goal but marriage and motherhood. There are quite enough with these urges for motherhood to carry on the species in sufficient numbers in any case, without forcing the whole sex to contribute.

There are all sorts of thowers and trees and animals, why should there be only one type of woman? Thus, I would like those who read these words to think about them and ask themselves these questions:

"When I see women with men's brains and men's ability to be executives am I prejudiced just because they are women? Do I, in the bottom of my heart, think that all women should be mothers? What logical reasons can I bring forward to prove that there cannot be, and should not be a quota of neuters evolving, because of circumstances and the necessities of nature? Have I any sensible reasons to express regarding the idea that with everything changing, women and their avocations must remain stationary?"

What I would implore my readers to cultivate is an open, unbiased mind. I could write yards about prejudice. The very word is hateful, meaning, "to form a didactic opinion" before the true facts are presented or you are really in a position to judge with fairness. Think every side out before you give any opinion at all.

What has tooth paste to do with stockings?

QUITE A LITTLE
You can, for instance, get an extra pair or two with that \$3.00 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste. Its cost (25c a large tube) is about half

You can, for instance, set an extra pair or two with that \$3.00 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste. Its cost (25c alarge tube) is about half of that of the ordinary dentifrice. And millions, both men and women, having proved that it cleans teeth whiter, are glad to take advantage of this economy.



Gleaming, Tartar-Free Teeth

With a Minimum of Brushing

THERE are many excellent dentifrices on the market selling at a trifle above or below 50c—but is it necessary to pay that much? Why not a first class dentifrice at 25c—scientifically correct for all types of teeth?

Believing this to be a sound price, we created Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c for a large tube. It is the result of more than fifty years' study of tooth and mouth troubles.

Now it is sweeping the country. Everywhere it is supplanting older and costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more.

Due to the presence of an amazing new and gentle polishing agent, it keeps teeth gleaming white with almost no brushing. Included in it are certain ingredients we have found most ideal in keeping the mouth and gums fresh and healthy.

Try Listerine Tooth Paste for a month. See how it makes teeth gleam. Note how good your mouth feels after using it. Compare it with any paste you have ever used and judge it by results alone. And then reflect that these results are costing you about half of what you would ordinarily pay. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Large tube 25

TOOTH PASTE

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\$170 Cash Prizes

For Smart Set Readers

What Do You Like Best and Why?

DID you save your May and June issues of SMART SET?
You will need them in this contest which covers four issues of SMART SET—May, June, July and August.

You can't write your letter until after you have read the August issue, which goes on sale July first.

SMART SET wants to know what you like best in EACH of these four numbers and WHY you like it best.

The Editors of SMART SET want this information as a guide to the future. This is your magazine and the Editors want to give you exactly what you want most. In the past you have said a great many nice things about SMART SET. Why did you say these nice things? What is there in the magazine that makes you like it?

SMART SET is giving you a chance to answer these questions and at the same time to win a substantial prize.

You are asked to select the one BEST feature, article or story, that appears in EACH of four issues—May, June, July and August.

In order that everyone may have a fair chance in this contest, copies of the four issues may be read in the office in New York City or Chicago free of charge.

Here's how you may win: Jot down right now the name of the story or article in this issue of SMART SET that you like best and tell why you like it. Then, when you get the August number, do the same thing. You stand a better chance of winning if you follow this plan. If you wait until you have read all four issues of the magazine, you will probably forget just what it is about a story or article that makes you like it. Do not send in your opinion until after you have read the August issue.

Do You Want \$50?

Then don't forget to enter this contest. It is your chance to help build a great magazine and receive a prize in proof of the Editor's approval of your judgment.

Study this July number and watch for the August issue. You will find something not only good but startling in each issue. It should be easy to tell why you like a really fine piece of work.

THE Editors have done their part. They have furnished the material and offered the prizes. The rest is up to you and it's your own fault if you let this opportunity get away from you.

After you have made your selections, one from each of the four numbers, write a letter of not more than 1,000 words, less if possible, to the Editor, 221 West 57th St., New York City, telling what you liked best in each issue and WHY you liked it. This contest will close on August 20, 1928. The Editors will act as judges and no letters will be returned. All or part of the prize letters will be published. For the best letter entered in this contest Smart Set will give a prize of \$50.00; for the second best, \$30.00; for the third best, \$25.00; for the fourth best, \$15.00; and \$5.00 for each of the ten next best.



Two exclusive new features in the *Improved* Kotex

and-Prices Reduced

THE Improved Kotex was two years in the making. When it was finally perfected, our enthusiasm for this remarkable improvement decided a tremendous change in production: the doubling of our output to meet anticipated demand. As a result, you get the Improved Kotex, with its exclusive features, for less than you formerly paid.

The New Exclusive Advantages

In Kotex—and Kotex only—you get the new form-fitting shape, perfected after long research in our laboratories, after consultation with 27 women doctors, 83 nurses, 6 specialists in feminine hygiene.

Corners are scientifically rounded and tapered, by an exclusive process, so that the pad is perfectly adjusted. However filmy or clinging your gown, it may now be worn with absolute assurance of exquisite grooming no bulk, no awkwardness will affect the smart outline of the costume.

And the gauze wrapping is softer, the filler made fluffier—through new methods perfected by Kotex scientists, permitting a degree of comfort never before possible.

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All the qualities you have always known in Kotex are retained.

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These important changes were made under the supervision of women doctors and nurses because they could appreciate your problems from a woman's point of view as well as professionally. Their approval of each detail is particularly significant. And these improvements, which carry their enthusiastic endorsement, are found in Kotex only.

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Remember, nothing else is remotely like the

new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort.

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Do You Let Your Husband Out Nights?

[Continued from page 55]

despite prohibition, because they would rather throw reserve to the winds that was an an emotional debauch, than court the chances of bringing shame and humiliation upon the womentolk whom they revere.

Is it your ego and pride that make you women feel that all men are immoral?

Since you make so much ado about attractive and being attractive to the massissine sender, do you seeme perhaps unconvertive at times, that it is absolutely mip cable for a man to restst you?

So ha hypothesis would be most conver in! It would enhance your own value. It would save you the trouble of figuring a reproving whether the particular man you are interested in can be trusted or not. You imply assume he cannot and that's all!

I doubt whether there is a woman living who teels absolutely sure of her man.

SOME months ago I made the experiment of testing out this theory.

First I questioned a young girl in the threes of romance about what she thought it is reweetheart in this matter.

She said. "He wants me to believe I'm the first, the one and only. But I wasn't born vesterday, you know. I may be only twenty but I know what men are. I wouldn't trust Fred around the corner."

"But you believe that Fred loves you deply and sincerely?" I asked.

I have no doubt about that," she answered. "But men just can't help themselves. It's in their blood."

Then I tried an older and, presumably, more sophisticated woman.

Have you ever met a man who was not willing to take advantage if he thought he could?" I ventured to inquire.

"It happened just once," she said. "And he was seventy-tour."

Nevertheless, despite the well-nigh universal suspicion which you women have about men, despite the way you entice them and try to prove your contention, I want to state with the greatest possible positiveness that all men do not, most emphatically do not, exercise a safety valve.

All men are tempted to. Yes! All men think about it. Yes!

But the number of men who do not give way to their emotions, who hold themselves in check and remain loyal and steadfast is, in view of the opinions you women hold of men, almost unbelievable.

Indeed men, not sometimes, but often, get .ck over this problem of a safety valve.

As a physician I have talked with dozens of them who were harassed and upset in trying to suppress their instinctive urges to with a degree that it interfered with their work, their efficiency, their success.

Clamping down the safety valve has cused obsessions, compulsions, anxiety, fears, morbid impulses, feeling of impending danger, poor memory, faulty concentration, doubts of one kind or another, feelings of hame and guilt, inferiority, self-depreciation, lack of self-confidence, et cetera, besides teh physical symptoms as headaches, dizziness, and what not

Men certainly question their right to a safety valve. From the ditch digger to the college president one finds them debating it. They talk about it among themselves.

The following case is fairly typical. It concerns a man of forty, refined and accomplished, an executive in a large exporting firm. He consulted me because of a threatened nervous breakdown

"I know what's the matter with me," he said, after telling me that he had been

gradually growing more restless and unstable for a year. "I'm starved for affection, that's what it is."

Had I not known from experience that men can starve for affection the same as women can I would probably have laughed

"I take it you mean your wife has sort of side-tracked you?" I replied

"Exactly. I feel like the proverbial fifth wheel on the wagon," the patient continued

And then he went on to recite how he had won his way up the ladder of success, step by step. How he had worked day and night to achieve, not for himself, primarily, but for the woman he had loved.

"And now." he concluded, "I am able to give her a beautiful home, a car and chaufteur, all the clothes she wants to buy, even some unusual pieces of jewelry. She adores it all. She tells me how kind and wonderful I am to give her so much.

"It's silly, maybe." he went on after he wiped away a tear. "But do you suppose she ever voluntarily embraces me? Does she ever pet me a little? Does she crawl into my lap to be hugged as she used to?

"Oh no! Everything is stiff and formal. There is always the maid around who might see. The butler might walk in on us. She invents a hundred and one excuses for withholding affection.

"Maybe I'm a baby, but darn it all, I can't help it if I crave love. I've got to love and be loved. Without that outlet my nerves go to pieces."

"And what have you done about it?" I

challenged him.
"Nothing!" He answered. "I've done nothing but protest and plead.

"I see no other women although they look so inviting, so comforting. Sometimes I imagine myself out with one of them or perhaps married to her. I wonder whether they would be different but that's all I do, wonder."

MEN are not devoid of emotion. They need the soothing understanding and sympathy of you women even more than you women need it of a man. Men appear more rugged and callous, I know. Often, however, their apparent aloofness and sternness and austerity is merely a blind, a "defence" psychologists say, hiding and covering a deep-seated and irradicable soft-heartedness of which they are just a little ashamed.

Those "tender-minded" men are the ones who stick to a woman if given only half a chance.

But are they entirely to blame if they seek affection elsewhere when their wives and sweethearts treat them more indifferently than they do their pet dog or canary?

Remember, also, that man himself is responsible for marriage laws and that he is a reasoning being who is accustomed to get a more or less unbiased perspective on his own emotional reactions.

Few men marry and do not take the "love, honor and cherish" seriously.

Man has been that way for ages. The gold band may have changed to platinum or a circle of diamonds. The sentiment that goes with it, however, remains unaltered.

Not one fifth of the men lose their grip on themselves and give way as you women all seem to suppose.

Hundreds try every kind of a safety valve, from a prize fight to a run around the block, before they actually fall.

I have no intention of trying to set up men as misunderstood little angels. There are men whom you women cannot and rightly should not trust out of your sight

But if your life happens to be linked with such a man I would suggest you consider carefully what I have here set down. Figure out if your man is receiving all the affection from you that his particular nature is demanding.

Curiously enough, now that you women are more free with your love-life than you used to be, men are beginning to question their right to a safety valve more than

With increasing looseness of morals on the part of both male and female, with the breaking up of the home, with divorce steadily on the increase, men, the timehallowed guardians of society, are beginning to think of behaving themselves, if for no other reason than as an example to the opposite sex.

A WIDOWER said to me recently, "I'm staying home nights these days. My daughters were following in father's footsteps too closely to suit me!"

You women have always, it seems to me, recognized the inherent polygamous tendencies of the male and often you have stood for it and sat silently by.

You have not, however, necessarily been gracious to him by such an attitude.

If you allow a man to go where he pleases, when he pleases, with whom he pleases and how he pleases, he will invariably reach the conclusion that you have ceased to love him.

Man knows full well that there are higher values in life than mere physical pleasures. And he would much rather live by these

finer standards than the others.

Sometimes he is forced to the others.

Sometimes he is forced to the others. Sometimes temptation gets the better of him.

But always man is disgusted with himself if he loses control of his emotions.

Even on the Continent, where mistresses are to a great extent accepted, man makes a sharp distinction between the two kinds of women.

There, custom almost legitimatizes for him the satisfying of his more sordid, primitive, excessive impulses. But what man is proud of it?

The American man is less inclined to feel entitled to a safety valve of that type than the foreigner. The kind he employs even by preference is exercise, a hobby, or hard work.

You may doubt the accuracy of this statement. You may think I am trying to whitewash men after all, but I must repeat that I am talking from the view-point of a physician.

Every man should develop some interest outside his work and his immediate family.

Out-of-door activity is best for him. He can rid himself of a lot of animal energy in competitive sports.

Besides, a hobby is essential. If he has artistic inclinations let him buy a box of paints and daub all he wants to. If he is mechanically inclined don't stand in the way of his setting up a carpenter shop.

Let him write if he thinks he can. A surprising number of men have a short story or a novel or a play they dream about doing. Let him try.

If you study your man's emotional makeup a little you will soon get to know him like a book.

You, a woman, especially if you be the woman he loves, can do it better than he can himself. Then you won't have to mistrust him.

The Honor of Her Name

[Continued from page 45]

young architect had refused to allow himself to be searched, I thought Hatfield's attitude more than generous. I knew that Roger Austin had been trying to raise a few thousand dollars among his friends to swing a big municipal job which would mean a great deal for his future. I knew that he was poor like the rest of us and I thought, as honorable. I certainly would never have dreamed that he would have been fool enough to attempt to steal an object so easily identified and so hard to dispose as Commander Hatfield's coin without being detected.

I half expected him to brazen it out, when he arose, laid down his napkin and pushed his chair back carefully.

"I stole the coin and dropped it on the floor when I saw that discovery was in-evitable," he said, then turned on his heel and left the room.

IN THE silence that followed we heard the servant close the outer door upon him. My eyes wandering about the table came to rest upon Julia Loring. She sat slumped forward in her chair in a dead faint.

I ran to her side and with the aid of the General carried her to her room where the

women administered the usual restoratives.
"What now?" I said to Loring when the
guests had gone and he and I were alone
in the library. He was standing with his
back against the fire. He seemed to have
aged ten years in the last two hours, and when he turned his tired eyes upon me, the same eyes that once had carried forlorn

hopes to victory after victory.

"Finnie," he said. Finnie was his nickname for me. "Finnie, those two youngsters
are going to have each other. I ought to have been court-martialed and drummed out of the brigade for marrying her three I've been a fool, and a knave vears ago. but more of a fool than a knave, I hope since I loved her so very much, and still

do—enough to let her go.

"You noted, I suppose, that Julia did not wear her diamonds tonight, Finnie?" he asked. I wondered what was coming as he went on. "When she told me just as we were going into dinner that she had taken them to her safety deposit box at the bank, I was reasonably sure that she was not telling the truth, and that she had loaned them to Austin that he might raise

the money on them for his deal.

"For what I did at the table tonight I offer no excuses other than this. I wanted to test Austin. I wanted to be sure to what sort of man I was turning Julia over. Hatfield's telling of the absurd superstition connected with the coin, gave me the

"I was the one who took the coin. While you searched me it was hidden in the upholstery of my chair. I knew that Austin could not permit himself to be searched without compromising Julia, if the jewels were on his person which I'm now certain they were. After I sat down again I simply drapped the coin on the floor." dropped the coin on the floor."

I guess that I must have shown my amazement, for he turned his face away guiltily and said in a voice so low it was

almost a whisper:

"I was not prepared for his final sacrifice, branding himself as a thief to clear

Julia in my eyes."

He clicked his heels together and saluted.
"Finnie," he said, "the way that boy stood up under fire would have gladdened even Jack Pershing's heart."





Brings Out All the Natural Life, Wave and Lustre. Gives that Wonderful Gloss and Silky Sheen which makes Your Hair so much admired.

HE attractiveness of even the most beautiful women depends upon the loveliness of their hair.

The simple, modern styles of today are effective ONLY when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.





Just wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

A Simple, Easy Method

TWO or three teaspoonfuls make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

It keeps the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage, and makes it fairly sparkle with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

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You'll Never Believe Me!

[Continued from page 36]

An ther type of the feminine story-teller of unreal storas is the vosing howevere. um thre you know two or three of hir kind, Her stories are always about the VID. 27 (1) unle levable actions of her husband. He is either the very slopped main in the world with half a discentanced tes to illustrate his litimes, the slowest man in the world, with more anced to cer the tinglest. And Les la does love to tell and expand her

ter. . about her mate!

When an outsider looks at her husband he .lw.vs 1 ol.s inourneave enough. In fact, he lack like a much little fellow, but to hear the Little Married Woman 20 on, you would think that a fiend in human form would be alm to ble beside him. What a man! And it init. I believe, because her husband is acon awtul that the Little Married Weren gees on with her stories about him Let I have the has a martyr complex which no. t. in a way, be satisfied and which can It, at fiel case t by the simple method of expanding her imaginary or slightly real

She actually enjoys satisfant, likes to feel that he is going through terrible agonies and that she is being awfully brave and noble about it. Besides this, her extraordinary ter: I mag her into the limelight and enable Let to exhibit pleasantly. The exhibition which makes us want to be in the cent r of the stage and show off, is still to a in most of us, and there are too many Little Married Women who have no other was of getting into the center of things than In making up preposterous stories about the poor worms who are supporting them

M OST of the stories folks love to tell, the stories that aren't quite true. I mean. are told by folks in order to prop up their They are suffering from another own pride. complex which psychologists call the inferiorits complex. It is one of the commonest of all complexes and yet it is easy enough to overcome if we understand it. People with interactity complexes are people who brag and their stories are always those which. whither they are based on fact entirely imaginary, are always to their credit. These stories show how noble or h w brave the teller is or what success-he is having. Myrtle has an inferiority complex, so Myrtle is always telling of the Mort! is a bright girl and she is the private of a famous banker. Her stories always tell how the banker has made her his confidante, how she could make a million d llars if she only had a little money to inv. t Things like that. The stories hurt no : !!!! credit for having a very fine position ...! holding it in a capable manner, people a bit at her stories of financial secrets.

Mar orie C. has an inferiority complex Marjorie's stories of her success tell how she has written an article for a magaand although the article never appears and he tergets about it after a while, or they d flacing and actually saved him thousands of d. U.r. Either her stories are entirely in winary or her boss is a cold, heartless excitize for he apparently never recognizes

1. r 1 1;

So for I have let the men of my acquaintun culone and curiously enough they belong right here, for the stories that men make up are based, to a great extent, on inferiorit: complexes. There is Ralph, a most delightful. good-looking chap and if he would stick to the truth he would be good company. Ralph's inferiority complex makes this im-

The truth just simply isn't in him. pe alde Ralph is the boy who is always going to make a tortune. I am sure there is a Ralph in your crowd, too. One day Ralph was going to make a million dollars on a new type of picture machine. You put a quarter in the slet and, pop, out jumps a picture, all taken and developed. Another man did make a fortune on a similar machine but not Ralph. Ralph's idea was immature and undeveloped: he didn't even work on any actual device and his vague plans had absolutely nothing to do with the patent which appeared later

Afterwards Ralph said, "I could have made a million dollars on that machine you remember my telling you all Yes, Ralph had told us all about about it ?" it but he had been vague and indefinite: hadn't even invented any machine at all But Ralph's inferiority complex allowed him to bask in his stories and enabled him to get actual pleasure over being disappointed because another man had got there first and cheated him out of a fortune

Several other fortunes have slipped through Ralph's fingers. One year he almost made a million in real estate. He had plans for a currous sort of development, talked about it. made funny little drawings, tried for a day or two to interest business men. ing came of it. I am quite sure that in days to come some one will carry out successfully somewhat similar development idea and that Ralph will say it was just like his

Ralph is always changing positions, going from one firm to another because of promised success. Doesn't it stand to reason that if Ralph could succeed in one line he could acceed in another, if it were at all congenial? Ralph has tried at least a dozen different -he calls them that. As he enters each one he tells you how he is going to make huge sums of money in it. but before long his ideas and his hopes have collapsed and he becomes a meek little failure. But not for long

HE next time you see him, he is bragging as much as ever. If Ralph would realize that success comes through something more than imaginary stories, he would get to work on the first job that came along and try to make a success out of it instead of chasing will-o'-the-wisps and getting his pleasure out of dreams that never come true

Keith could be happy today if he would face the truth and tell it. Keith was formerly the husband of little Alice E., a charming girl, but they didn't get along well to-It was Keith's inferiority complex that stood in their way. Every time Alice received any admiration. Keith would be iealous and usually without cause. In the end, through a series of things, most of them based on this same complex, Alice and Keith separated.

Alice is living with her sister and getting along very nicely. She has a good job and loesn't mind hard work, although she isn't as happy as when she had a home of her She loves Keith today, and they might get together were it not for Keith's stories and Keith's pride, which is a different form of the same complex

Keith's stories are all about how indifferent he is to Alice, how it bores him even to hear about her and how glad he is that he is through with the whole thing. The fact that he must reiterate this boredom so often is enough in itself to convince folks that he is not actually telling the truth. But neither he nor Alice knows this and the result is that they are kept apart.

Keith because of his foolish pride and because he wants a home may even marry another girl whom he doesn't love one tenth as much as he loves Alice. face the facts, admit that he is a jealous fellow and feels inferior at times and try to get over these feelings, he and Alice could still establish a satisfactory home. But Keith won't do this, so he continues to prate of his indifference. Even if he marries another woman he has little chance of success because his inferiority complex is bound to make him and his new wife unhappy.

Louis tells still another form of stories and these, too, are based on this same good old complex. Louis's stories all tell about well known people he knows. To hear Louis you might think that he was "wined and dined" every night, that famous stars of screen and footlight, bankers, authors, royalty, and lovely young heiresses vied with each other for the pleasure of his presence. Louis works in a bank where he is privileged to meet some important people. He has made the most of this privilege. He does know more well known people than the average individual but usually this knowledge is most casual.

His own set is far more humble and more suitable for Louis. If he were himself jolly, gay and young, telling about these famous people as interesting sidelights of his day, he would prove most charming company. As it is, famous people themselves pay no attention to Louis and he is becoming generally disliked by his own crowd who get a bit fed up with hearing how a rich heiress fell for his charms and how an author flattered him and gave him an autographed cony of his latest book.

Yes, both sexes tell stories not always based entirely on the truth. Though, at that, we shouldn't blame them for their stories. We must look deeper for the psychological facts.

There is one woman I know whose stories are always supposed to show her great innocence. Her stories bore me. If people are so awfully innocent they don't have to go out of their way to make up stories proving the fact of their innocence. Innocence may be its own reward but the less said about it the longer it will last.

The woman who is always being misjudged may hope to be more pitied than censured but to me she is more to be disbelieved than anything else. I just frankly won't accept the stories that fall under this category. The woman who is always getting into strange and seemingly guilty situations is pretty proud of them, it seems to me, or she wouldn't repeat the details so eagerly. Either she is doing that dangerous thing, playing with fire, or she really is making a fool of herself and trying to hide the fact.

She doesn't get my sympathy either way. It is possible to appear innocent when you are guilty without too many words about it. I see that done often enough. But it is almost impossible to appear guilty when you are always innocent, especially when long stories starting with "You'll never believe this" are told for the sole purpose of proving how misjudged you have been. This is the result of an exhibition complex, I am sure.

Then there are the stories that tell of strange adventures. Of course some people Things do have extraordinary adventures. do happen to them. In my own circle I know half a dozen people to whom extraordinary things occur, things that wouldn't happen to

me in a million years.

Strangers do hand them packages to guard. They do narrowly escape death in unbelievable accidents. Automobiles are stolen from them and returned the same day. They do make bets on preposterous things and win. But these people for some reason accept these happenings without any special wonder or

comment. If they tell the stories of the events at all it is without any preface of your doubting their stories. They don't even realize how extraordinary their stories are. Things just happen to them and they have grown used to accepting them. They rather take it for granted that similar things are

happening to other people, too.

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Oh, unbelievable things certainly do happen every day in this unbelievable world; sometimes some of them even happen to me, but there are dozens of other unbelievable things that never happen at all excepting as we wish that they would happen or as we fear they might happen. Most of the unbelievable stories that we all hear or tell are based on one of these two great human elements, desire and fear, and the complexes that result from them. Fear and desire thread through the tapestry of our lives and color it so that we couldn't unweave their threads if we wanted to.

WHY should we? Why should we even want to remove hope and desire, fear and longing, musings and dreams? Are they not often as important as realities? After all, desire and fear are very real, sometimes as real as the events themselves. Often they add horror to living but they add happiness, too. And if, through a life that might otherwise be colorless, we can weave some of the unbelievable fascination that we want our lives to have, some of the beauty and wonder of life that we all get just a shadow of, so much the better. And if, in our own lives, the only way we can reach these things is by stories that we imagine and tell, there seems to be no way out except to keep on thinking and telling them.

Some of us embroider our own homely anecdotes a bit for company. We dress them in finer garments, clothe them in brighter fancy. We scrub their faces and send them out nearer the way we would have liked to have them in the first place. And if in this way we get romance and beauty, it seems to me a satisfactory and easy method of accomplishment. But don't let your stories pass for the truth unless, indeed, they are quite as truthful in essence as a real recital of the events would be. A liar is stupid and a bore.

As for made-up stories that reflect real harm on some one else I refuse to consider them; they are among the most unpleasant and unbearable of the minor indecencies. Embroidering stories is one thing but making up unpleasant things about folks is too low to be discussed this lightly. Funny, though, the one who knocks and not the knocked, is practically always the sufferer.

"You'll never believe me," is a pleasant enough way to start a conversation, providing the listeners know that they are not to

believe what follows.

As for me, of course, I never imagine things. Certainly not! I look life straight in the face! Still a most extraordinary thing happened to me the other day. I must tell you about it sometime, though I know you'll never believe me.

Is it true that in moments of great danger we cease to deceive ourselves? If you weren't sure which of two men you really loved would you trust the impulse of a terrified moment which drove you to the man who was not your fiance for protection? That is what happened to me when a sudden typhoon on Far Eastern Seas made me realize that I would rather spend "One Day in All the Years" with the sweetheart of my childhood than I would the rest of my life with the man I was to marry. What came after that realization I'll tell, you in August SMART SET

This

NEW BEAUTY BATH

IS ASTONISHING TO

FAPTIDIOUP WOMEN



EVERY woman wants a soft, smooth skin with the glorious feel of rare velvet—

Which explains why the Linit Beauty Bath is so popular among thousands of fastidious women.

After a luxurious Linit Beauty Bath you instantly "feel" the results—your skin is unusually soft and delightful to the touch.

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit (the scientific starch discovery sold by grocers) in your bath—then enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath—and feel your skin. It is like rare velvet.

Afteryour Linit Bath, powdering is unnecessary as Linit leaves
just the right amount of powder
on the skin, evenly spread. You
will find that Linit adheres well,
absorbs perspiration without
caking, eliminates "shine" on
body, hands and face, prevents
chafing and affords protection
against wind and sun.

Harmless and Refreshing

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit and, being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most delicate skin. White is the natural color of Linit—it is not disguised by color or odor.

LINIT is sold by GROCERS

Corn Products Refining Co., Department S.S., 27 Battery Place, New York City



Poised! That tell-tale moment before a dip

Curious eyes are quick to detect the slightest the that me dern bathing attire reveals. So, teamith dev less frocks, evening renny, ther hosiery, and short Juris Today, women are more car fal than ever to remove the last suge tin of · ; erfluous hair on arm s, i.e. !-r

Feminine Daintiness—

so much admired by everyone is preserved

... ms, face, legs or back of a l. c

most easily with Del-a-tone Cream. In 3 brief minutes Del-a-tone Cream removes every trace of offending hair. Leaves skin soft, white and velocty smooth.

Applied directly from its handy tube, Dil a t :.. Cream has no equal for complete to having, pulling out hair and all other method.

Del-a-tone Cream or Powder has been the choice of fastidious wo-men for twenty years. Try it and you, too, will be converthe Del-a-tone way is the modern way to remove hair.

EL-A-TONE

Removes Hair

Cill with a middepartment stores, or sent prepaid in the consequence of the consequence o

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1) Cream Del-a-tone (powder)

What Makes Men Fall In Love

[Continued from page 47]

nis point he tells this charming, albeit uncompromising anecdote

Not long ago, there were gathered to-gether in one of New York's most interesting drinking places, a dozen middle-aged men. All save two were married. As the mineral water began to work its magic on those at the board, the two bachelors bade their fellows to tell them honestly the reasons that had prompted them to marry the women they had married. What, in other words, precisely had it been, about these women, that had fetched the men and converted them into husbands? The ten husbands pondered the question gravely and then, in turn, gave out the underlying pro-

vocative causes, which I give you here:
"First, because the woman had shared a taste for F. W. Bain's translations of the Hindu 'Digit of the Moon' and 'Bubbles of the Foam,' could play the piano, and had Japanese eyes.

Second, because the woman disliked public restaurants and jazz music and liked to stay home at nights.

Third, because the woman had a beautiful soft speaking voice and hated golf and golf players

Fourth, because the man had been thrown over by the woman he really loved.

"Fifth, because the woman had \$50,000 in the bank which the man needed to buy a partnership in the firm for which he was working.

"Sixth, because the woman dressed in a way the man admired, because she hadn't bobbed her hair and because she shared the man's wish to make a trip to Cairo.

"Seventh, because the man was tired of living at his club and because he felt that he was getting old.

"Eighth, because the woman had been attentive to him during an illness of two months' duration.

"Ninth, because the woman had an even temper, because she spoke three languages fluently and because she was the only woman the man had ever met who didn't wear her finger-nails sharply pointed like a Chinaman's

"Tenth, because she was the best-looking girl at the resort where the man spent his summers.

"Although these reasons at first glance may seem to be superficial, it is my belief that they represent the basic reasons that often shove men into the state of holy

"S O IN the game of seeking a man, especially if the woman hopes to convert the man into a husband, there are no rules, except the rules of the particular man. The clever woman, wishing to snare a man. realizes that the best way to get him is to throw away all the traditional feminine weapons and subterfuges, and tell him frankly and openly, yet charmingly, that she likes him. I don't believe that indifference works any longer unless it's real.

"A woman can't marry a reasonably intelligent man unless he is at least slightly willing. If she's operating against a bored or partly hostile man, she has her hands tied. Marriage is easiest with fellows under twenty-eight, but after that, it becomes increasingly difficult.

"The world has changed. Man isn't a lonely fellow any longer. He has many ways of spending his time. The average girl, if she's attractive, might prove diverting for an evening, but marriage-that's not And yielding won't help her if the man doesn't want to marry

"It has always been my theory that the

man a girl marries is always her second choice. It's rarely ever the man she wanted, the man she loved. In the end, of course, the woman wins. She at least gets a man if not the one she wanted. But then-

"Woman is of much coarser fiber, of much less delicate sensibility and romantic sensitiveness, than man. A woman of re-finement may without shame conceivably love a wholesale cheese merchant, for instance, and marry him, and live with him happily ever after, and be faithful to him, and bear him numerous future wholesale cheese merchants. But it is difficult to think of a man of comparative retinement loving, without at least a flicker of shame, a woman who confessed to having loved. if only for a day in her life, such a virtuoso of cheeses, however handsome, however noble of spirit, however intelligent.

"A woman will marry for comfort, for money, or tor spite—for a score of reasons other than those prompted by the heart and be happy. But a man cannot. He loses his self-respect, and finally his vanity. And a man without vanity is a man de-

ALTHOUGH the basic rules of nature are changeless, especially in regard to man and woman, the ideal woman, man's ideal, has certainly changed. Here im America, regardless of these unchanging tacts of nature, is the gay revue of morals, a world of light and shade, and variable as the weather. Man's tastes have changed, and with these, woman's standards. George Jean Nathan

cites the new type of woman

"Romance is changing." says he. "Men no longer view the virgin as the desirable goddess that once she was. Chastity alone

is no longer a bait for men. "The average girl's heroine is no longer the poor abused virgin who, after years of hardship and misery, marries a kindly fellow of the neighborhood and settles down to a life of cottage firesides and babies, but a young woman in pink pajamas and a green hat who enjoys all the hazardous thrills and gets her husband in the end just the same as the most virtuous girl

and a very much better one to boot. "What has caused the modern man, contemplating marriage, to be more or less indifferent to his fair one's chastity? And what has caused woman to change, as surely they have changed, in their attitude towards virtue in their own sex? What, indeed, has converted technical purity from its funereal solemnity to a matter of some humor?

"Well, the world itself has grown more and more civilized, and so has taken on a new view of sex. So long as men and new view of sex. So long as men and women merely felt about life, it was the solemn thing of yesterday. But the minute they began to think about it, it dropped its mourning and became rather amusing.

"But the youth of the land has changed. As symptoms of the new attitude of American young men towards young women, and vice versa, you have only to glance into the average undergraduate college humorous journals. I recall a wheeze from a college paper I picked up recently. It went:

He: You certainly are a nice girl. She: Yes, but I'm getting damned tired

"Fifteen years ago or even less, if the editors of the college journals had dared to print such a joke, the outraged faculties would have expelled them instantly. To-

day such a joke as this, and hundreds much more suggestive, are printed as a matter of COULSE

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"What is to blame? That's problematical. After a long and uninterrupted period of seriousness about anything, the wind always changes, and humor, suddenly or gradually manages to filter in. Human nature can-not stand monotony: it demands relief History shows us, for instance, that as surely as a period of hilarity is followed abruptly by a period of desolation, and assurely as a period of misery is followed by one of prosperity, so, too, does a psychically and philosophically glum period inswitably soon or late give way to one evitably soon or late give way to one of revelry. Thus it is probable that the humorous view of the relations between man and woman came about as a direct result of the long serious view. In brief, that human nature simply demanded a change

"Then the conversation of men and women has changed. Conversation about sex and sex relationships has taken on a humorous form, and this further helped to let down barriers. Many years ago, in my university days, I had a friend who played left end on the football team. It was my friend's technique-he was gifted with a talent for low comedy-to tell funny stories to the end playing opposite him on a rival eleven, weaken the latter with laughter and thus easily dispose of him. Since the prob-lem of sex has become the playing ground of conversational humor, we may believe the technique of my football friend

So. according to Mr. Nathan, the old order changeth. Back in the cow pastures, of course, the old view of sex still holds. There sex is still grim, still ominous. But wherever lights are brighter and there are paying stopes and so much as a single cleater. paving stones and so much as a single electric street-car, wherever a band, however bad, plays on Saturday nights, there you will find a change in the old order. Sex, once wearing the tragic mask, wears now the mask of comedy. And whenever one laughs at a thing, one is no longer afraid of it.

A S TO the question of the economic in-dependence of women, Mr. Nathan has a decidedly interesting view

"I hope I shall not offend the sensibilities of the professors when I observe that, while there is some truth in the idea that this independence has induced the altered status of sex, there is considerably more bunk.

"What economic independence does induce is a certain indifference to the opinions of those upon whom woman was hitherto directly dependent. But she must depend somewhere. And all the comfort and happiness her new-found economical independence carries with it are in turn dependent. In other words, where once she feared her husband, today she fears her new boss. For every job-holding woman who allows her wicked will a free functioning, there are a score who have to watch their steps with considerably more care than the pastor's wife. If they do not, their contracts, under the new dispensation, may be annulled. So much for the movie actresses, lady novelists. and troupers.

'The woman in trade must be even more circumspect than the one in the arts and professions. The woman in business has her boss and the prejudices of her boss. often hypocritical, to bear in mind. The increasing economic independence of women, whether large or small, tends to increase women's wariness

'The economically independent woman is not free because of her economic independence, but in spite of it. Because of it, she must have recourse to concealments and stratagems that other women need resort to in a lesser degree."

The world has revised its standards. It is, in fact, a new world. Men of today

ARE YOU ONE WHO KNOWS there is a NEW FASHION in use of ROUGE?



FRANKLY, we want your opin-ion. You doubtless know that Princess Pat—with a new kind of rouge—is solely responsible for the new rouge fashion which captured America, then Paris, then London —to finally become the subject of widespread newspaper and magazine comment.

We say "solely responsible" because, as yet, no one has discovered the exclusive Princess Pat secret upon which the new vogue depends for its very existence. For we found a way to make rouge with this startling characteristic: you can becomingly use all shades, instead of the usual one-to-match-the-skin.

one-to-match-the-skin.

Then, we suggested that women could select rouge differently—possess a number of shades, and use them to secure beautiful new effects based on having complexion tints harmonized with costume colors. Usual rouge gives no such opportunity. You have to be satisfied with just one shade—to match the skin.

Evidently We Had Hit Upon Something Women Really Wanted

Women Really Wanted
In our fondest imagining, we could not comprehend
the startling success of our idea. All the while,
though, it was assured. Consider a typical instance.
Most women, you realize, look too pale in costumes
of bright red, despite usual rouge. But with just the
difference of a touch of Princess Pat Vivid, these same
women become really sparkling in trying reds. Again,
with costumes of deep orange, our English Tint
brought glowing complexion beauty, even to paleat
blondes. And so it went—always a Princess Pat
shade that magically gave new, scintillant beauty of
complexion, no matter how trying the costume color.
Not only were all six shades of Princess Pat avail-Not only were all six shades of Princess Pat aprilable to every woman, but the shades could be blended together upon the skin—to produce the subtle inbetween-colors essential to harmony with the most subtle costume colors.

And That You May Form Your Opinion

More Intelligently
You would like to know how such a different rouge
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"Princess Pat 'Nite' gives the rarest, exotic effect worn with this jewelled gown," says beautiful Marion, Universal film star of "Jazz Mad."

rouge is not "painty," does not obscure and blot out the natural skin tone. To understand, imagine that you have for experiment small sheets of some trans-parent substance in various colors. Place these transparencies one at a time upon a neutral background. Each transparent sheet gives to the neutral background a perfect new color without having to be matched in any way.

Thus it is with Princess Pat rouge shades. The skin is never blotted out. Instead, colorisimparted by each shade so naturally that it actually seems to come from within. Princess Pat uses new, marvelously delicate tint colors to secure this wonderful result.

this wonderful result.

Just a few suggestions: With frocks of gay, brilliant colors, use Vivid, English Tint or Theatre. With deep, rich harmonies, Squaw is a wonderful touch, either used pure or blended with Vivid or English Tint. And to enjoy perfect results from Princess Pat Medium, you must see how subtly it accents your sheer, pastel shade frocks. Under artificial light, use Nite—with any color of gown. Nite responds with a precious, pearly blush—a ravishing hue, too exquisite for words. You must see Nite on your own checks under artificial light to understand its loveliness.

And remember, you can blend Princess Pat shades

And remember, you can blend Princess Pat shades at will, thus securing the subtlest gradations of color to make you beautiful individually.

Frankly, we want your opinion. Do you prefer this new beauty, or reliance upon usual rouge of which you can use only one shade!

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INSIST UPON WINX

To be sure of the loveliest lashes and brows, insist upon Cream Winx, Cake Winx or Winx Waterproof - whichever you prefer. For Winx is now the mode. Obtained where you purchase your aids to beauty.



ROSS COMPANY 243 West 17th Street, New York City I look at women out of new eyes. But beneath it the quiet undercurrent of love, even simple love that ends in marriage, goes To one "modern" woman, who puts off marriage until age threatens, there are still a score—and perhaps these are eco-nomically free—who want to marry early. What of them? For purposes of infor-nction, what does the modern man want?

Nathan tells first what he does not

"Of all types of women, the most unin teresting is the obstreperously 'pure' girl. The violently and obstreperously 'pure' girls -till get husbands, true enough, but what kind? Generally some very young man or else an older but very sentimental man. Other qualities are demanded in a woman, and are regarded as vastly more important n roping and pulling in the marrying male. Men of experience and wisdom and humor are drawn to the woman who, too, has had a share, however small, of the world's experience, wisdom and humor. In such woman they find the ready sympathy, quick

perception and companionship that they to find in the average maiden.

Still, many cling to the idea that, beyond the changing froth of modern life, there exists that deeper stream of life less modern. a host of women, and perhaps a host of men, who cannot accept such standards. This interviewer attempted to pin the easy, rapid thoughts of Mr. Nathan upon some answer, some ultimate

"How do you think the wide group of oung women who cannot afford college life, who must stick to such simple themes as marriage, will face these new standards?

"I think that the changed morality has made life more difficult for the women who cannot afford college life but who want to marry, because it has made it easier for It is certainly simpler for the men of today to find joyous companionship in many types and kinds of girls as he pleases than it was for the past generation of men. The world has changed. The new morality grows like a forest fire. Women must face it."

Two Laughs From Ed Wynn

[Continued from page 11]

yarns for you-and in each one of them a coreligionist of mine figures as the hero. They reflect varying angles of the Jewish temperament. Here's the first one:

At school over here on the East Side teacher was wrestling with a class primary English literature. 'Children,' she asked. 'who can tell me who it was that wrote Hamlet?'

There was no reply except silence.

"'Make it snappy,' she commanded.
'Speak up now, one of you—who wrote Still there was no response. Hamlet?'

DON'T want to lose my temper,' said I the teacher sharply, 'but this utterly inignorance annoys me. third and last time, who wrote Hamlet?'

A small, frightened boy rose up from his place.

Please, teacher,' he said with a placating smile on his face, 'I didn't.'

Why, you impertinent little wretch!' exclaimed. 'How dare you answer me she exclaimed. Take your hat and march

"Sniffling and with head bowed and ibashed, the unhappy youngster departed. In a little while he returned accompanied by his father, a bearded sweat-shop worker. "Teacher.' he said, 'Benny here comes

home crying. He says you sent him home. He don't know what for you do that. Now, teacher. Benny is a good boy; he's a nice boy. So I says to him that I'll bring him back and see the nice sweet lady what is his teacher and maybe we fix it up. Teacher, tell me please for why you send Benny home?

'I'll tell you,' she snapped, 'and let you be the judge. I asked these pupils who wrote Hamlet and he rose up and told me to my very face that he didn't.

'Vell, teacher. Benny is an honest boy and a truthful boy. I never yet catch him in no lies. And, teacher, if Benny says to

you he didn't do it, he didn't!'"

Having waited for the applause to die

down. Mr. Wynn continued:

"The second one dates back to the old days of the old regime in Russia. A nobleman, rich, haughty, highly-educated, had occasion to take a railroad journey across Siberia. Very much to his irritation, he is und he must share a compartment with a bewhiskered peasant who, obviously, was

"Naturally, the aristocrat ignored the

presence of his unwelcome companion, and naturally the other, for his part, likewise kept silent. For the first thirty-six hours of the monotonous trip no words whatsoever were exchanged between them. But on the second morning the bored aristocrat unbent. Fixing a hard eye upon his fellow traveler, he said.

"'Under ordinary circumstances I should never recognize your existence. But cooped up here together as we are, there is no reason why we should not match wits in an effort to wile away the dragging hours. I propose a little game of questions and Are you agreeable? answers.

humble countryman bowed in-

gratiatingly.

"'Whatever your Honor desires,' he said.
"'Very well then, said the nobleman, 'but in order to make the contest interesting, we must put up stakes. You are debased, no doubt you are densely ignorant-without schooling or culture or experience of contact with the world. Whereas I am cultured and besides, as my friends insist, I am of a very brilliant mentality. Therefore it is only fair that I give you odds. In view of the differences in our relative stations and all, I figure that the odds in your favor should be at least a hundred to one. Is that also agreeable?

HE prospective opponent indicated that the arrangement suited him admirably "'Now then,' said the nabob, 'it is your turn first. Ask me a question. If I can-not answer it I will give you five hundred If I can-Then I'll ask you one and if you cannot answer it you will pay me five Proceed!

"The peasant thought for a moment.

"'What is it.' he said, which has six legs going in and only three legs coming out?" "'But that's a riddle,' protested the great

"'Begging your Honor's pardon, a riddle

still is a question."

'Oh. very well. I'm not the one to quibble over technicalities. I confess I cannot answer. Here's your five hundred rubles.' And he counted the notes into the antagonist's hand. 'Now it is my turn; I admit you have aroused my curiosity. What is it that has six legs on going in and only three legs on coming out?'

"I don't know either,' said the Jew. 'Here's your five rubles!'"

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would like to shift into low speed and be off. Well, concluded Sally grimly, there's only one thing to do when age begins to slow you down—take long chances and hope for the best. "Turning to him, she remarked, "You don't believe in making dates with little girls you don't know, do you?" Ronald smiled down at her with an in-triguing lift of that sophisticated small mus-tache. "I don't make dates," he said slowly,

"but I'rather think I'll be up at the Avalon

Something inside of Sally whooped joy-fully and turned a handspring. "Oh, will you?" she said. "I knew you danced. Well,

I might possibly be there myself!"

They circled the floor twice without speaking. At length Sally decided that such silence might lead Ronald to believe that she was either a dumb-bell or in love with him already, so she struggled to the surface long enough to say, "How did you ever find me in this crowd?"

Ronald removed his sallow cheek from the top of her head, sniffed away a stray hair, and sighed. He was breathing heavily. Tightening his arm about her waist, he murmured:

"Find you? Why, I've been watching you ever since you stepped in the door, you little darling!"

"Sally," smiled Sally to Sally, "the party is progressing."

SHE snuggled her head on the perfumed soft roughness of his coat lapel and dreamed as the floor flowed beneath her nimble feet and golden noise from the orchestra rose, burst and showered about her fluffy little bobbed head. It was spiritual meat and drink to her, this dancing; synthetic food for a starved soul. She threw herself under the spell of the great god Jazz with the whole-hearted abandon of a religious devotee doing worship. She screwed her eyes shut and drew shuddering breaths as the huge bass sax growled a jungle tune, a great bull sax whose throat was fuzzed inside with sold a greatling insatishle tune. inside with gold, a crawling, insatiable tune, throbbing with meaning.

Ronald liked to dance, too. They did the Gigolot; they did the Brooklyn Shuffle; they snickered scornfully together when some poor benighted atavism started doing the Black Bottom.

Presently they were threading their way through the tangle of tables and small chairs at one end of the floor. They found a place and sat down.

Sally tinkled the ice in the tall glass and concentrated on trying to derive a thrill from being with an adult gentleman. None resulted. Ronald spoke disparagingly of Bernard Shaw and Ibsen, neither of whom Sally had ever heard of, and finally they lapsed into an uneasy silence.

Sally got to wondering what happened inside a person's head when they grew up. What it was they so obviously lost as they gained weight, real mustaches, and bankaccounts.

Suddenly her thoughts broke off short, and the snappy ginger ale went flat in her mouth, for at a nearby table she spied Eddie, and with him sat a cool, china-eyed blonde ever so much older and more sophisticated-looking than Sally's little high school

She stared at them, incredulous indignation filling her face. Why, good heavens, that woman was thirty-five if she was a day! The very idea of her dating a young boy like Eddie! And that awful bleached hair of hers!

And then the hurt began to creep in.

Sally Steps Out Q = J face powder and new compacts



As enticing as a riddle

—as alluring as mystery—with a strange, seductive charm unknown 'til now. That's Charvai—Tre-Jur's newly created odeur for Modern Eve!

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Sally realized, with a hot flick of regret, that here was not the Eddie who spoke baby talk, and sat on the running board protending to sob broken-heartedly when his collectate Ford blew its last spare tube. Now he was a nonchalant young grandee, That little open-palm side-gesture of his. like a modest prince waving away honors never before had she noticed what a charming mannerism that was. He leaned slightly toward the cool, china-eyed blonde. hussy," thought Sally. He lifted his eyebrows and the corners of his mouth in the quizzical smile that Sally knew so well. She saw his lips moving, saw the blonde hugh in a pleased affectionate way at whatever he had said, and pat his hand

Would you care to dance some more?" ked Ronald.

Under the mask of a smile Sally turned ind examined him. After Eddie, he seemed crive and very old. Sally was beginning to feel disturbingly girlish beside him, in i way no high school girl ever likes to feel How doughy his face looked compared to the lean lines of Eddie's pink countenance'

You're handsome," she told him dully, anthinkingly. Anything to bridge over that

twkward conversational gap

He smiled like a complimented child and straightened up in his chair. "Oh, do you really think so?" he said gratefully

Sally was dismayed. Even Eddie, who pinned "Out of Order" signs on teachers' backs, would never have fallen for such

bvious applesauce as that
But she arose and danced, and forgot everything, and that's what jazz is for.

In the middle of the floor it was pleasantly

dim, and there the dancers collected like chips in the middle of a whirlpool. They waved and shuffled, scarcely moving, whispering, cuddling, kissing with the brazenof youth that is not ashamed of what

Sally winced as she caught a glimpse of Eddie in the mêlée. She noted that the blonde was dancing too close. Why, the old fool was fairly throwing herself at the poor kid!

Sally began to Gigolot so fiercely that Ronald glanced curiously down at her. Don't you get tired, dancing like that, little sweetheart?'

She said, so they went out and " Yes !" at in his machine.

NOW it was generally agreed that the management of the management o itrons' parking lot directly adjoined the dance hall, so that when you got tired of dancing, you simply got a "pass-out" check and went out and sat in a machine

Oh. mv yes! There was a watchman out there, all right. The Civic Welfare Board had seen to that! But he was a philosopher, and philosophers don't make good watch-"Young folks will be young folks." men. he argued, "in spite of watchmen and cold evenings." So the young folks, to show their appreciation of such a sympathetic credo, were generous with their flasks, and by ten o'clock each evening the watchman wouldn't have known if Lindbergh rode Chief Justice Taft piggy-back up and down the parking lot.

Eddic sat staring painfully at the side oor after Sally's and Ronald's backs. and Ronald's backs. Well. I'll be darned," he said to himself. That old buzzard!" With his first glimpse of Sally the boy had forgotten all his carefully rehearsed plans to ignore her loftily, to flaunt his own charming sheiking tech-nique and that of the fearsome blonde who picked him up.

'What say, honey?" chirped the woman across the table. She put away her compact and turned from the engrossing business of saving the surface

"Nothing," said Eddie grimly, "except that I just saw an old grandpa with his arm around a little school kid. takin' her out to the parking lot

"'S terrible, ain't it? Somethin' oughta be done about it. I'd just love to dance some more.

But as they danced, Eddie mentally bewailed the superiority of the person whom he had referred to as an "old grandpa." gods, no wonder Sally had tied a can to him when she had a regular movie sheik like that! Lookit the build on the bozo! And he walked like Rod La Rocque, Just looking at him made Eddie feel young and SCLIMIN.

'Ye gods." he wailed again, still looking toward the side door, "if she'd only gimme another chance. Why, doggonnit, I could raise a mustache in a couple of months!"

'ALLY retreated to her corner of the back seat, laughed uneasily, and began to straighten her hair. She wasn't even afraid of Ronald; she just wanted to be taken home

No. she didn't want to go in and dance any more. To herself, "I'm afraid Eddie will see me! Darn that woman!" "It's getting late." remarked Ronald rather

irrelevantly, looking at his luminous-figured wrist-watch.

Shall we go?" asked Sally.

Through the semidarkness he stared at in surprised amusement. "We?" he her in surprised amusement. "We?" he echoed. Then he laughed softly. "Would you care to ride home with my wife and

"Your wife!" said Sally.
"Yes," said Ronald. "I'm married.
who could have had a career. My w My wife and I separate at dances. She insists on it. in fact, but we always go home with I'm really sorry if I led you each other. to believe I was picking you up."

Sally climbed out slowly, and for a long moment stood by the running board in the cinders staring down at the toes of her

lizard-skin slippers.

Then her head came up with a snap. She tended her hand, smiling gamely, "I've extended her hand, smiling gamely. "I've had some very nice dances tonight," she said. "and thanks very much for the ginger ale. Good evening. Mr. DuBois."

It is always pathetic to see a trim little feminine figure waiting for a street-car all by herself late at night. And it is so unnecessary in this charitable and informal age.
"Care to ride home?" inquired a polite

young man in a Buick roadster.

Sally glanced through and miles beyond him, frowned ever so faintly and quite deliberately turned her back

Across the street, machines were beginning to leave the parking grounds, or "sparking grounds." as some wit with an old-fashioned turn of mind had dubbed them.

Sally felt a lonely melancholy creep over her. She drew forlornly back in the shadows as Eddie's car chugged past. Her heart leaped at the sight of him but sank despairingly again when she saw the cool.

china-eyed blonde who sat beside him.

That was the last straw, and several Sally's slim shoulders drooped like lilies in the rain; her eyes grew misty and drops formed. She began to daintily, and sighed one of those long-drawn out, trembly, sobby sighs—the kind that climb with hobnailed boots on the hearer's heart-strings. A street-car was coming; she moved lifelessly out to meet it.

But wait, what was this? An auto racing past, bent on overtaking Eddie. driver was honking at him, forcing him to the curb. There was a crash as the cars lightly side-swiped and came screeching to

Eddie vaulted lithely out. "What's the big idea?" he howled A tall, lean, English-sort-of-looking person

uncoiled himself from under the wheel.

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With a flash of pink knees and a rapid patter of feet Sally darted down the street toward them. She heard voices.

Get out of that car, Maud!" "Aw, Henry," came the blonde's harsh voice from the front seat, "what d'ya wanta come buttin' in for?"

Eddie whirled on him. "Who the devil are you?"

"I'm her husband! What do you mean

"I'm her husband! What go you ment by trying to run off with my wife?" "Come off the stage, Shakespeare. That kid's all right." The blonde climbed out of Eddie's car and came around front. you hadn't spent the whole evening with that snub-nosed little school kid I wouldn't have ditched you.'

"Snub-nosed little what?" cried Sally bouncing unexpectedly into view. "Ooooo!" She made for the woman like a fluffy kitten gone suddenly mad.

Eddie intercepted her with an athlete's quickness of action. "Don't act like a kid!"

U PON seeing Sally, Ronald jumped at conclusions of his own and sneered, "So

you're at the bottom of this eh? Just be-cause I wouldn't pick you up—" Eddie threw his whole soul into a long. crusading right aimed for the more or less

English nose of Mr. DuBois.
"He'll murder me." shuddered the boy to himself as he swung, "but at least he'll know he's been in a fight." Then very much aloud. "That's my woman you're talkin' to now, big boy!"

Ronald yelped like a dog when you step on its tail, staggered backwards and sat down heavily in the gutter. His nose began to bleed unbeautifully.

Then, for the first time, Sally saw to her horror that the man had an egg-shaped bald spot on the top of his head.

His wife went and stood over him. "Well!" she said. "What a help you turned out to be! Come on, get up. You can do all that sittin' down tomorrow at the shoe factory, Henry Jones."
Eddie was frozen with amazed triumph

in the statuesque pose of his blow's follow-through. The street light glinted over the smooth lines of his brow and cheek in a way that made a lump rise in Sally's throat. There was something grand about it! When she saw him like that, flushed, keen-eyed, tense, and vibrant with splendid youth, she wondered how he could ever giggle over gin and dirty stories.
"Here, take this handkerchief," the blonde

was telling her husband, who had begun to blubber slightly. "You're lucky he didn't

break your false teeth."
"Aren't they funny?" Sally giggled.
"They're just old," Eddie said. Then he became stern, mature and oh, so masculine! "Well," he growled, "who are you goin" home with, me, or your flamin' grandpa?"

Sally stole a split-second glimpse from the corner of her eye at her erstwhile gentleman as his wife bundled him into the car. Then she smiled straight into Eddie's eyes.

"I wonder," she whispered.

But later, in his arms, to a much nicer, different question, she told him:

You, Eddie, you're my man!"

HE only thing that stood between Claudia and her heart's desire was a Rolls Royce. Having vamped one she set out for Hollywood. She might have arrived in style and set the place afire if she hadn't been followed by a bold bad man in a flivver! It may be a long way to the capital of the "Movie States" but you'll laugh all the way as you read "3116 Hollywood" in August Miles to SMART SET

. as if a dazzling flood of light were playing always on her hair "



Those lovely heroines of happy-ending books-have you ever heard of one described as "drab" or "plain"? Imaginary characters perhaps—or possibly some man's ideal, pictured in words from a memory a romance that was, or might have been!

"He" reads those books. How do you measure up?

ICTION is life! You may be tomorrow's heroine! Romance, popularity may be but around the corner. ... But not if dull, lifeless hair is dimming your charm.

Why not be rid of this depressing note? Why not banish dullness - tonight - in one shampooing? You can do so - as millions do - with Golden

The "Shampoo-plus" it's called—for it does much more than cleanse. In one shampooing dullness flees - those youthful lights return. It gives your hair a special charm; a finish! It is as "cold cream" and "powder" and "rouge"—all three—translated to your

Rich, copious lather — faintly fragrant - removes the film that hides the natural color of your hair. Two lathers

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You rinse, remove all trace of soap, and your hair appears shades lighter. Then you apply the extra touch, a special rinse — the "plus" that makes this shampoo different. Your hair takes on new gloss — new finish. Its natural color, now revealed, is enhanced by sparkling lights. You are reminded faintly of your childhood's tresses. Now your hair is worthy of the face it frames!

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Any Girl Can Win Any Man

[Continued from page 28]

musical differences as the reason for the break in the courts, but it was the real cause nevertheless and each knew it.

When you have studied your man and think you know him thoroughly, and believe that he will make the kind of husband you want, you can proceed with your campaign. Of course, if he already loves you, your task is easy, but even then you should be honest with him and yourself and not let his ardor sweep you off your feet.

THE very first thing you must find out concerns his interests. Find out what he likes to talk about and bring these subjects up as intelligently as you know how. may know nothing about them at all, but bring them up anyway; you will find that the average man requires little urging to start a monologue on his favorite subject. no use faking a silly interest; your manner will tell him you are only trying to Try and ask one or two intelligent please. questions, even if they sound foolish in his ears they will please him nevertheless. And because you are interested in the same things that interest him he will mentally stamp you as an intelligent woman.

Every man likes the woman he is with to show a little intelligence. The idea that successful men prefer dumb-bells is a libel on both sexes. A woman, to please a man, should stimulate his interest in her by her effort to understand him. There is a vast difference between this and the mere vain display of brains, which irritates a man and. as I said, is something he will never forgive.

I am not suggesting a species of deceit in giving this advice. If a man is wildly interested in bull-pups, for instance, and you have always held them in aversion, I do not say that you should let him think you love bull-pups. But there's no bar against letting him talk about his fad. Don't argue with him: a woman can seldom argue successfully with a man. She may win her point but she won't win him. But he does love to bring others to his point of view.

A lot, of course, depends on the type of man, but as a rule, once you have got him interested in you. I wouldn't show too strong an air of proprietorship. He's likely to shy away if you do: it's a foretaste of what may await him after he's married.

It is utterly important that you should find out as soon as possible what his idea of the right sort of wife is. A good way to find out is to ask him pointblank; man is an unsuspicious animal and it's as good a subject for conversation as any other.

When you have found out his ideal, ask yourself if you're the sort of woman he wants. If you know you're not, better then for you both that you drop him at once. There is no worse fraud than the girl who cheats her lover into marriage by making him think she is other than she is.

A majority of men ask in the woman they love something of beauty, something of purity, something of the infinite tenderness and understanding of a mother. He may not analyze his feelings thus, but that's what he feels deep down in his heart. No man really loves the empty-headed, shallow, foolish woman who can be swept off her feet by mere ardent protects with a man in

A woman gains strength with a man in the measure in which she opposes his desires. That which is familiar too often is common, and man, with the experience that is his heritage of the ages, knows that well.

A man expects a woman to be better than he is; if he finds she isn't he may still like her company, but the character of his attentions will have subtly changed: she is no longer the unattainable towards which he has mistakenly striven, but just a piece of common clay like himself. A woman makes her worst mistake when she first cheapens herself in the eyes of a man.

At the outset I said that love was not vitally necessary on the part of the woman. I'll amend that if you will tell me just what love is. Just analyze it a little in a plain, ordinary, common-sense way, not psychologically, like Freud. What is love? What sensations do you feel when you think you're in love? You have an overwhelming interest in one certain man to the exclusion of everyone else in the male species. You fill your waking thoughts of him and his image invades your dreams at night. Your constant wish is to be with him: you adore his company. You love his virtues and you like even his faults. In other words, you are temporarily not yourself.

Now I put it to you, is that any condition for a woman to be in when she enters such a serious, long-drawn-out affair as marriage?

I have no quarrel with love. I have been in love myself, plenty of times. But what a woman needs most when she's being stalked by a man is cool, calm, measured judgment. That's why so many so-called loveless marriages succeed. It's because, not being in love, they were able to regard each other coldly so that when they finally decided they could stick together they were probably right. A loveless pair is apt to understand each other much better than a pair of fledgelings who only bill and coo.

I suppose all this sounds cynical but it isn't really. I'm not a bit of a cynic, even though life may have tried to make me so. And I've no doubt that some day I shall fall in love again and let my impulses govern my logic, breaking my own rules!

A woman's ambitions are unnatural if they do not have their inspiration in her sex. The very word, woman, etymologically speaking, means wife

When I see so many women aping men, tiring their unsuited bodies in male tasks, blindly ambitious to succeed in business, I feel sorry for them. They are being false to themselves and their sex. And already some of these business women profess to scorn us of their sex who remain feminine.

THROUGHOUT the ages some women have been exceptionally endowed by nature in the beauty that charms men and in the understanding that subjugates them. The rôle of such women in history is not always a happy one but invariably it is important.

The greatest thing that could happen to the world would be a renaissance of romanticism. American women by neglecting the study of their men are forfeiting their birthright. A country is no greater than its women.

I do not pose in any way as a leader of women, nor am I attempting to foist a new philosophy on them. I simply recognize that no matter how far the world may have progressed we are still subject to the same natural laws that have governed humanity since Adam and Eve. In our newfound civilization we are pursuing the path of danger to ignore these natural laws.

There is a man somewhere for every woman and, once she has found him, she can make him marry her if she tries.

Not only can she do this but she should do it. To hunt her man and finally to lead him to the marriage altar is the duty of every woman to her race.

Her Yankee Prince

[Continued from page 65]

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he tell me. And his voice it is low and not fast. It seem to catch at my heart. "I did not know Pierre had a sister. He never spoke of you."

My eyes they lift up again to him and I try to be brave and not tremble.

"And you are Frank Coburn." I tell him.

I ask him to come into the house. I walk so fast that I am in front of him and he cannot see my face. I ask myself what to do.

I try to think what to tell him. And my mind it is all empty and in a panic!

Nanette she is there in the hall. She is surprised and lift up her head in the white pleated bonnet to look into the face of the tall man beside her. She is a little shocked. She don't know what it is she must think. Then she see the American uniform. smile and her eyes they are excited and moist with tears.

I am afraid she will speak of Pierre. I am frightened she will tell him Pierre he is dead. So I hurry her away to her kitchen quick.

As we are alone the thought of Frank's wife it stab at my heart. Here is the man I love and he belong to another for always.

MUST put that love away from my heart. I must not let him guess the emotion that grip me. I must speak. So I turn to the big table with the "photographie"

of Frank and my brother.
"This is how I know you are Frank Coburn," I tell him with a smile, and turn my

glance from his quick.

Now I not know what to do. If I tell him Pierre is dead, Frank he will go away and never return. I will never see him again, but if I tell him Pierre will come in any moment Frank, he will come again and I will see him and speak to him. It is so little I ask. Just to be near the man I love for some short moments. Just to feel his smiling eyes on my face. Just that, it is such happiness.

I tell him the terrible lie and my voice it

He is so kind and nice, even finer than I think him from the letters and the

"photographie."

That short hour it is all a golden dream and we are friends. The strong fingers of his hand they close long over mine as we part. I must look away so that the moonlight of the garden it not show him the love in my dark eyes.

He come the next day, my Yankee Prince, and I tell him Pierre he is gone away before he can see him. As I tell him the lie I feel like one that is very bad.

But my heart is all joy when I see that Frank he not care and is glad to be alone with me. My heart it sing. I have courage to smile at him. I try hard to speak my best American. And I laugh at myself for how had that is, but he not laugh. And there is bad that is, but he not laugh. And there is a smile in his dark blue eyes that make my heart leap and flutter.
I do all this even if I know it only make

me fall in love more and make the sorrow for me when later he is gone back to America. I not count the price. The present is all that

Nanette is glad for my happiness but she shake her old head and the white bonnet is

all aflutter. She is afraid for me.
"I will show you my Paris." I tell Frank. I smile at him with my dark eyes, for the smile of my eyes it is the best thing about my face.

"I would rather stay here in your garden," he tell me

My breath, it catch, but I play I am a little

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It is so simple—a small, inexpensive, easy-to-use device—the invention of a famous Parisian hairdresser—it is now called Marcelwaver. I brought it from Paris to America-my friends here perfected it for American use—then it was sent to 1,000 prominent American women - in-

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(Signed) LILLIAN GILMORE



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"Stay in this old garden when the beauty of my Paris calls. You regret it forever. come to my France to see it, not to sit in this garden behind the tall walls." But I this garden behind the tall walls." But I walk away from him in the little path through the roses so that he not see the joy in my eyes at his words.

I know he think of me only as his friend Pierre's sister, but just to have him like me

very great happiness.

But my words they seem to have made him angry. Quick he is beside me. hand is on my arm to stop me. When I look up into his eyes they not smile. His eyes on my face they are like a hard, angry caress that stop my breath. I did not know what to think.

I came to see France," he say, "but now all I want is to be with you in this old gar-

rlen.

All my courage it break down then. know I cannot keep up the lie about Pierre coming back soon. With his eyes on me like a caress I cannot plot to hold him beside me through a lie.

I am a liar!" I tell him fast. "I tell you what is not true because I want you to come again and not go away. But there is no Pierre." I stop because I cannot go on

I see his eyes change. His hand on my arm it hurt.

"You mean you are not Pierre's sister! Who are you, then? Good heavens, perhaps you are his wife!"

I did not understand. I make him repeat. What is it you say I am to Pierre?" I ask

But he not listen to me. His mouth it was hard.

"I should have known," he say like he eak to himself. "You French women speak to himself.

would rather flirt than eat.'

It was only later that day after I look up that little word, flirt, in the dictionary that I know what he meant. I just feel that he is angry at me. I do not know why. know is that he think I am not Pierre's

"Yes. I am Pierre's sister!" I tell him. "But Pierre he is no more. Pierre he die and you will never see him again!"

I sob then and his arms they are about They are not angry arms; they are kind.

"Pierre he die two years ago. He is killed an accident of automobile." I tell him but I see he did not believe. His eyes they are hard.

"I do not know why you lie to me," he said. "Pierre is alive. He wrote me from this house less than six months ago."

MUST tell him all the truth about the MUST tell nim all the truth.

lie. It takes all my courage, for I know he will he will think me bold and perhaps he will turn away from me.

I wrote the letter to you after Pierre die. I tell him. "I know you not write to a girl, so I sign Pierre's name because I did not want to lose you forever!"

There is a cry on his lips. His arms they are about me and his eyes they search mine.
"You did this, Madeleine! You were the

one who wrote me those last letters! But why then did you stop writing six months

I could not tell him. I could not speak of the blonde girl he write about and who is now his wife. I could not say I stop writing because of her. So I keep my lips closed.

Then he release me and we stand there looking at each other. And my eyes they fall in shame before his. For have I not told him that I did not want to lose him, that I love him?

It is as if a wall is suddenly between us. I think he despise me perhaps and I know he think of his wife he love. He turn away from me without a word. The tall grilles of the gate they close between us and through the bars I smile at him gaily, but that gay smile it is a lie to hide my poor broken heart.

"Good-by, Frank. You perhaps think me very bold. But, you know each country has was a man. You are not mad at my little joke?"

My gay words they startle him. He make as if to come back to my side but I have closed the heavy gate.

I think I will never see Frank again, but the next day as I hear his voice in the telephone, I know my heart it had been waiting.

THINK of that kiss and of his arms about me. I know Frank he start to love me against his will. Temptation came over me and I plot how to steal him away from his wife!

You think me bad. Perhaps you hate me. Ah. but then. I love Frank so.

And then I know Frank he love me.

He take me in his arms in the garden flooded with moonlight and he tell me so. His lips they are on mine and I am very still in his arms and my heart it sing.

"I love you, Madeleine." His voice, it is like a hard, hurting caress. "I love you."

But when we part by the grille later that night he tell me words that shrivel my heart for they remind me that I am a thief.
"We almost missed each other, Madeleine.

If I had not come over with the Legion I would never have met you."

As he say these words I think of his wife. feel like a thief. And I think of "mon frere" Pierre who would despise me if he could know what I have done to win his friend, Frank, from the wife who wait for him in America!

The night that follow it is terrible. There is no one to help me know what I must do. Nanette, my old nurse, she is old and she does not understand these things. And to ask my Aunt St. Urbain who is a nun in a convent, it would be like asking some one from another world, for a nun she know nothing of the world of men!

No, there is no one to tell me what to do. No one but Pierre looking at me from his "photographie" like he is alive. His eyes they seem to scorn me and to call me a thief.

With morning I know that I must go out of Frank's life. I have no right to steal him from his wife.

But there is no place to go. Nowhere but to my Aunt St. Urbain. So I will go and hide myself in the convent until Frank he is gone back to America. He will not know where to find me. And soon, so cruelly soon, he will forget the dark-eyed little French girl who will mourn all her life for

I make ready in the dawn. I will go to take the train at the Lyon station in two hours. When Frank come there will be only Nanette here. And Nanette she will not know where I am going, so that her old heart it will not trick her into telling where I am to the handsome American she must know I

I write the letter to Frank to tell him that our love it must not be.

"Frank, when you come to my France I tried to forget your wife in America, the girl whose 'photographie' you sent when you write of your coming marriage. I know of her, and, just the same, I showed I loved you and I prayed in secret that you would come to love me. I am very bad but please remember it is only because my love for you

is so big.
"'Mon cher,' I am going away where you cannot find me, because if you are near I will not have the courage. So do not seek for me. Put me out of your heart. Help me be true to what I promised my brother Pierre last night, that I would not come between you and your wife. Help me, Frank, for I am not very brave.

MADELEINE." The letter I did not dare to mail it before heart. ik me y has like I little

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I leave Paris. I go down at one of the little stations before we get to Clermont when the train it stop for a few minutes and I mail it.

It is very quiet in the convent. Aunt St. Urbain she wonder why I come for a stay at the convent and why I am so sad. Her eyes they ask that. Her serene, madonna eyes in the shadow of her big white coif that sur-round her face like a white cloud.

In the little white room all bare and cold looking that is mine at the convent I have much time to think. I must be brave.

Then one day as I walk through the village

I glimpse the headlines on a newspaper in the window of the tobacco merchant. It tell me the Americans have sailed back for America. The news it is like a hand closing hard around my heart. Frank he is gone from my France; he is gone forever away from me.

I have but one thought, that is to hurry to my little room in the convent where I can hide from the world the tears that make my eyes so that I can't see before me. Once there close the door which has never had a lock and key. I sit on the hard chair and look at

the bare walls that are like those of a jail.

Then my door it open silently and one of the nuns she enter my room.

"There is a gentleman asking for mademoiselle in the salon," she tell me in her low voice.

I am surprised. I wonder who it can be.
"It is an American, mademoiselle."

She is all excitement, the little white-faced nun who is not much older than I.

When I enter the bare salon of the convent I see Frank standing there waiting for me to come to him. I have to catch at the door not to fall. Then he is beside me and his arm it He did not seem to care that s about me. the little nun she stand there and look at us

"You ran away from me, Madeleine. the postmark on your letter when I showed it to Nanette told us that you had come here to this convent. Your old nurse remembered this little place was on the line to Lyon.'

"But you should not have tried to find me, Frank. The letter it tell you we must never see each other again. I love you but there is your wife."

"You are right, Madeleine," he tell me seriously but I do not understand the laugh in his eyes. "I love you, but that's as nothing to the way I'll love my wife. And you're going to be my wife."

My breath it catch. And I look into his

And I shake my head.

"No. You don't know what you say. There is your wife in America, the girl who must so love you!"

And then he tell me all; it is like a dream.
"That's just it, Madeleine. I have no wife!
I never was married. It's true I wrote six months ago that I was going to be married to Lilly Mannings. And you, with your French belief in the seriousness and finality of a betrothal, you believed the marriage had followed. We had set the date, all right, but then Lilly turned me down. She could not give up society life just to marry a rough rancher. She told me she had merely been

having a summer flirtation with me."

"Lilly, she not your wife! You are no girl's husband!" I ask him. I am so excited.

Frank he smiled and nod his head and he say, "Oui! Oui!" to everything I say

So I stop saying anything and I am very quiet all at once in his arms. I listen to the

pounding of his heart against my ear.

The little nun with the round eyes she is looking on for in the convent I cannot be alone with a man. I see the two tears that run down her white cheeks. I feel that "le Bon Dieu," He is wonderfully good to me to give me this love from Frank whom I have loved even when I write him in far away America like I am my brother Pierre.

Just An Old-Fashioned Girl

[Continued from page 41]

were attracted to her, and paid to her attention and passed on to others brief more frivolous.

I had many talks with her of a very frank nature. She was a healthy creature and had a natural inclination to have a

home of her own and achieve motherhood. Our paths diverged. I kept up an intermittent correspondence with her brother and always asked about the sister but his letters were curious with an avoidance of all reference to her. More than seven years had

passed and this spring I saw her again.

It was during the luncheon hour at Simpson's in London's Strand. She bowed to me from a table several removed from At first I did not recognize her and supposed she had mistaken me for some one Shortly afterwards a waiter placed a note in front of me upon which was written, "You do not remember your old friends. I am D's sister.

So I went over to her table. It was the old-fashioned girl that was. Time had wrought the miracle of a surprising change. She wore a dazzling gown, her fingers were laden with jewels and her lips and cheeks heavily rouged. The aroma of a heavy perfume clung about her. She had the appearance that we used to know in our town of being "fast."

Under the circumstances of knowing her under different conditions I confess to em-

barrassment and groped for something to

say. At that moment a man came up.
"This," she said, "is Tip." I knew him
as an international wastrel, a cast off scion of an ancient house who had run through several fortunes.

It was patent there was a deep understanding between these two.

"Wait a minute," she said. "Tip is leav-

ing. I want to talk to you."

"Now," she said, lighting a cigarette, "I want you to promise first that you will not try to show me a detour on my way to hell. I do not like lectures. The girl you knew is as dead as some of those illustrious souls in Westminster Abbey.

"But," I faltered, "does your brother know?"

She replied, "He knows and so far as I am concerned the whole world may know. I chose the rôle I am playing deliberately. I am, you know, an international adventuress."

"And are you happy?" I ventured.
"I cannot honestly say that I am," she finally replied. "But it seemed to me better than the futility—" and she gave a dep-recatory shrug of her shoulders.

"But was it so futile?"
"Now, now. No lectures. Nothing can change me. The little girl you used to know has become hard-boiled. I have often thought of our talks in those days when my world was so young and glorious. You knew much of my secret longings. I first hesitated to speak to you but I knew some day you would learn it anyway and I would like to tell you myself. I am all"—and she adjusted a rich ermine coat, "that I look."

"Just one word and I'll say no more?"
"No," she said and with what seemed to
me a tragic throatiness, added, "But if I had only known!"

So with a few inconsequential remarks I left her. I told you it was not a pretty story but somehow I salvaged something out of the experience that was heartening I left that somewhat new-fashioned girl with a firm conviction that she would give everything in the world to be an old-fashioned girl again.



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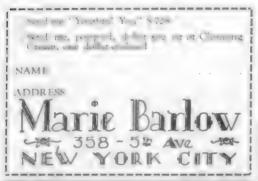
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Wage Earning Wives

[Continued from page 19]

is that we find a number of homes which are not homes. I mean they are places which merely serve the purpose of providing accommodation. They have no sense of personal intimacy. The mistress of the house is absent: she is no longer a chatelaine: she has gone forth to business.

During the war years there were thousands of these empty homes. The women had gone out of them for a reason. It was courageous of them to do patriotic service and we grew used to the spectacle of hundreds of women in some kind of uniform which stood for noble work. In time of stress women will always take their share of national responsibility. They will be called upon to work outside the home and I cannot think of any possible objection to such a course. But were this particular phenomenon to be carried on to peace time, were we today to find our subways and busses filled with an unending stream of women clad in regulation overalls and khaki. we should begin to have grave doubts as to the existence of a normal life.

WE DO not find these militarized women in our streets today; they have been replaced by another army of female workers who are all making for the same objective, the business man's office. This means that the home has been supplanted. Economic reasons may be advanced for this, but I am considering the kind of things offered in exchange for life in the home. In the office the majority of girls and women are engaged in doing routine work; they type page after page of other people's requirements; they spend hours in a mechanized employment compared to which the occupation of running a house is adventurous and full of change. It is their job to put the same kind of papers in the same kind of machine day after day and month after month; they automatically record the same words in the same whirls and twirls of business hieroglyphics with clockwork regularity; they feverishly stamp things and put them in pigeon holes. It is endless routine, an unvarying program carried out for a weekly wage.

In the home things are different. Woman can vary her work according to her moods She can cook a simple meal or plan an elaborate menu. If she wills the house may be topsy-turvy on Monday and a model of symmetry on Tuesday. All sorts of jolly unexpected things may happen. And then there are always parcels to open in the home: big parcels, little parcels that man has always brought to his wife, wrapped up in all sorts of papers, tied up in string. Every women loves a parcel though she may find fault with its contents as Penelope may have found fault with the gifts of Ulysses. The woman has always been the end of the parcel's journey. In her home she has listened throughout the ages to its story from the man who has brought it from the ends of the earth or perhaps only a nearby

Nowadays the parcel has no resting place. The man no longer bears it in triumph to the woman in the home. She is not there. She is packing up parcels in a store to send through the post to other women, who in their turn do up other parcels, all of them so busy that even the memory of peacocks, apes and ivories is lost. And yet even the store can never wholly destroy woman's inherent qualities. Her sense of devotion, her endurance, her untiring attention to detail still remain and she brings them to the service of a commercial system.

Women's loyalty has been sung through-

out the ages. Even when she seems to be disloyal it is generally because she is being loyal to something else. Or I should say somebody else? She sacrificed herself for her brother or her husband in the home, and now that she has put the home aside she will sacrifice herself for the business man in the office. She will work late because her employer is working late, because she cannot possibly go while he remains: it would be something like leaving a child unprotected.

And this loyalty is quite independent of the personality of the employer. He may be a scoundrel, but this rarely affects her fidelity. There are a number of young women working in business houses which seem to me commercially dishonest, for employers who suggest an atmosphere of fraud. Yet these young people give them as faithful and devoted service as though the work were associated with the highest aims.

We find that what happens to a woman in any kind of business is that she expends her work those qualities which flower at their best in domestic surroundings. means that the office takes what belongs to the home. This sort of thing in the case of a wife who works in an office cuts at the roots of marriage. She gives her interest, her imagination and her untiring energy to business: only the fatigue and distress of the day are left for the home. She is too tired for companionship; she has no enthusiasm for the thousand and one tremendous trifles which make up the sum of normal life; her business interests compete with those of her husband. She can no longer await him with a welcome at the fireside; they meet on the doorstep each with a latchkey.

The home is shorn of other graces. man has always played the hostess and her presence at the board has given the finishing touches to the feast. It was to her that guests paid homage. But this is not so any longer. Nowadays the ancient rite of hospitality is largely lost. Friends are rarely received by the hostess in her home. perfunctory message on the telephone directs them to a public resturant where the proprietor supervises their refreshment. One pays dearly for this form of entertain-I do not mean merely the matter of the bill, but, what is far more important, the loss of those long and pleasant hours when, after a feast, friends talked far into the night in leisurely fashion. This sort of thing is difficult if not impossible where the hours of hospitality are regulated.

THE exercise of social charm is not the only deprivation suffered by the business woman. She has lost the art of beautiful needlework; household management is as great a mystery to her as to a man; the relative merits of various foods are unknown to her. She sends a weekly order to the general stores and it is automatically delivered, mostly in tins. The market basket may soon be regarded as the relic of a bygone age. There are other arts as intimately associated with the home as house-keeping. I am not one of those people who wish wholly to return to the age of handicrafts, and I realize it will be very many years before men go back to making their own chairs and tables.

There are, however, still a few crafts that can be practiced in the home, in which moreover woman usually excels. You may still see survivals of the sort of thing I mean in hand-made quilts of beautiful design and hand-sewn linen, gracefully embroidered. Nowadays these things are the product of machinery.

94

Then there was the custom of making garments. A sewing woman was employed who worked with the mistress of the house. Individual taste and fancy were expressed in the things they made. But even the little sewing woman has now drifted to the factory and standardized garments poured from a big emporium are obtainable by mail.

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In many cases, we are told, the wife continues to earn her living for economic Her husband's salary is not sufficient for them both according to their accustomed standard of living. Before marriage the woman has been earning practically as much and sometimes more than the man. Since the war young girls have gone into business early and have grown used to a measure of economic independence. For a married woman to give up her job would mean a drastic reorganization of expenditure, and she cannot easily contemplate the monetary sacrifice of a curtailed income. The self-supporting wife does not encourage a man to further efforts. That the support of a home and the protection of a wife is the greatest spur to man's endeavor is not given its proper value. It seems to me that the best way for a woman to increase a man's earning capacity is for her not to compete with him.

IT FOLLOWS that the woman in business, who wants to marry, has to face a choice. And ultimately the choice resolves itself into one of three things. She may decide, all things considered, to continue in the single state, with a good salary and economic independence for some years, but without a real home of her own, and the prospect of a lonely and childless old age. On the other hand she may choose marriage with the retention of her job and salary. This means divided interest and no real home life. And here comes the question of the children. The woman who gives herself up to business cannot spare the time to carry out the ordinary responsibilities of a mother. means that her children are utterly dependent on the care of relatives or hired serv-They are perforce denied the natural association between mother and child. The mother is away all day and when she comes back it is to find the babies in bed.

But even where there are no children the difficulty of adjusting normal married life to abnormal conditions still remains. Man may enjoy leaving his home to roam at large but he also enjoys coming back to it again.

This will not be so, however, if there is no one to come back to.

There remains the third choice—marriage with the relinquishment of a weekly wage. This entails doing away with the gratification of certain personal tastes and the acceptance of a less comfortable material existence for both wife and husband. The existence for both wife and husband. The business woman who leaves her job to become a wife may have to relinquish many things, but in their place she will have more valuable possessions: a home, with time to devote to it, her husband and her childrenfundamental things which in the true sense are marriage.

DON'T you always start off on a vacation hoping for adventure and romance? I did—and I found it. I was warned that the popular tennis champion was the type of man who kisses and rides away—but that didn't keep me from falling in love with him. I heard lots of other things, too, that should have opened my eyes-but Love was really blind in my case and the next thing I knew I was eloping with him. I'll tell you in August SMART SET what the social lion I had captured did to me before I tamed him

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Unforbidden Fruit

[Continued from page 53]

to stop. "When he does pull a correct one, it's the same old stock jingle-jangle that has been running double since Noah first paired up the rhymes and sent 'em aboard the ark, two-and-two: art—heart, loud—cloud, thee - see, tower—bower and shower—tlower. gladness-madness; fountains-mountains. all the mildewed old vaudeville teams are out there doing their stuff."

The professor broke in. "Your views are, I fear, too advanced for this simple company. We can dispense with them from now on and with you.'

"You mean I'm dropped?" Sylvia's eyes were fixed upon Miss Shenstone.

"I am sure that you can find no further profit in such poor instruction as this class

can offer."
"You particularly invited us," said the girl hotly, "to say what-

"I did not give you permission to insult ur intelligence. You may withdraw." Sylvia walked to the door. There she

turned. "I'm glad I'm through with your class." she said clearly. "It's the worst "I'm glad I'm through with your bunk in college."

Righteous wrath induces tears in some girls: in others, the sulks; in still others a feminine form of running amuck chiefly expressed in hurling clothing and bric-a-brac around the room. In Sylvia it inspired a coolly savage desire to do something desperate and determinative. That her case perate and determinative. That her case would be cited before the faculty was cer-Expulsion was more than probable.

What if Sylvia forestalled action by regiving her reasons publicly? igning and How could she give them the greatest pos-sible currency? She recalled the tradition She recalled the tradition of a rebel far back in 1912 who had posted her frank impressions of the faculty on the college bulletin-board where it had remained long enough to create a very superior

S OMETHING more original would have better suited Sylvia's mood. Something like hiring an airship to let fall over the campus a gentle rain of dodgers, publishing to the collegiate world an untrammeled expression of her wrongs and her resentment? Apropos of rain she now perceived that she was pacing the campus in a steady downpour; she retired to Twenty to dry out.

Conversation on the subject of her probable fate received no encouragement from her when her roommates returned in high excitement.

"Shinbone had it coming to her; she makes me sick," was the extent of Sylvia's responsiveness. "Forget it, can't you?"

All the rest of the day she drew spiritually more and more aloof, became more and more centered on her oppressions. She went to bed early. Toward midnight, after much restless tossing, she found herself broad awake. She got up, put on a dressing-gown, tiptoed into the living room and sat there in the dark, sadly and consciously pitying erself: then, less artificially, feeling something of the panic of the lost as she contemplated a life severed from the companionships of Twenty, of Trumbull, of Sperry itself. It was no use to tell hesself that she hated the place; it only caused gulpy sensations in the throat. She wandered to the window and looked out into the dark-

The warm, smooth rain whispered memories to her. A soft breeze divided the branches of the tree before her and, as if it had parted the darkness, too, she saw for a vivid instant the glow of a distant light.

Giff's light. In his tower room. Giff there alone and at work. Or perhaps

thinking of her, Sylvia. Perhaps wanting her. No; not perhaps; she knew with an absolute certainty. As if his light had been a clear call to her through the darkness, she went back to her room, slipped on her slicker and oilskin cap, found a pair of overshoes, which were Verity's and a little large for her, and went out. This was the end of her college life; she would make it the beginning of a new and fuller living.

She descended the stairs and let herself out at the window of an empty ground-The night and the soft rain floor room. folded her about with an invisible cherishing.

A few minutes later Ida McKay dropped to the lawn and cast about her in the murk. She had heard and seen and now, with a definite motive, hoped to verify her suspicions concerning Sylvia Hartnett and Patterson Gifford.

BENEATH the high, golden window the earth was miry with rain. Sylvia muddled her fingers well before she found a pebble Practiced in baseball, she sent to throw. The sash slid up; a dark the light. Sylvia's whisper, her shot true. outline blotted the light. Sylvia's whisper, which was all that she could manage in her sudden, inner tumult, was lost in the soft cataract of the rain. Patterson Gifford's voice said:

"The side door."

The side door! She flinched for a mo-ent. Were his words symbolic, prophetic? Must her entrance to this new phase of life be through a side door? After this would she whose pride it had always been After this to go straight and openly to her objective, be committed to furtive secret entries? She wrenched her mind from the clogging thought, her feet from the clogging mud. What did it matter, the way of entry

She stepped into a dim hallway. drew off her rain-coat, touched her hand, her cheek. "You're cold." he said. She answered excitedly, "I've lost one of

my overshoes."

Shall I look for it?"

"No, I can only stay a minute."
"That's a futile thing to say," he returned.
Sylvia followed him to the tower room. A fire was struggling for life on the hearth.

"This isn't a bit as I'd imagined it. I love the disorder of it."
"My life has been rather disordered

lately," was the quiet rejoinder. "Hasn't it ever been before?"

"Not to this degree."

"You mean that I've done it. Giff?" "Yes. It's not your fault, though.

She leaned to the fire, smoothing back her hair with both hands, a gesture which subtly carried an effect of making the place her own. He went quickly to her, as quickly turned away and bumped himself down upon an ottoman with some violence.

"Sylvia, we've got to talk, you and I." Slowly she turned her head. "Have we?" "Don't look at me that way!" His throat itched over the words. "If you do I'll twitched over the words. kiss you and then it'll be too late for talk."

She made no reply; only regarded the fire with eyes that were thoughtful:

"Let's be sure that we understand cach other, Sylvia." His voice, breaking in upraher thoughts, had hardened to its actomed precision. "You're not a child. You haven't come here in ignorance of what your coming implies."

To Sylvia's utter chagrin, she, who never ied, burst into choky tears. He jumped cried, burst into choky tears. to his feet and loomed over her, threateningly, it seemed to her quivering mind.

"I'm sorry to make such a fool of my-

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ho never e jumped mind. l of myself, Giff," she said while he stood there.

He turned away, walked twice up and down the breadth of the room, and stood facing her from the hearth. "What I am trying to say to you is that I do not meabehavior by the commonly accepted yardstick. I have certain standards and I try to live up to them."

He drew a sharp breath. "I love you,"

he said.

Against the look on his face she shut her eyes; shut them the better to feel his strength enclose her, his breath steal her own breathing; then his kisses, slow, soft, kisses that bruised something deep within her with a hurt sweeter than delight.

THE fire, leaping, whispered and exulted. Sylvia lost sense of time and space for a while. Then she drew herself gently free and walked over to the window. She peered through the leaves. "There's a light there. I must have left it. Or maybe Starr is up and worrying about where I am. Wouldn't she be surprised! I ought to go back, but I don't want to go back." She seated herself at his desk, wedged his working glasses upon her delicate nose, wrinkling it under the burden, fussed among his papers. "Here's where you mete out fate, like a god, to us poor earthlings. Here's Ida McKay's written. I'll bet it's punk."
"Pretty awful," he agreed. He came and bent over her. "The gentle Ida believes that there are other and easier ways than honest toil."

"In your course? I believed that once." and worrying about where I am. Wouldn't

"In your course? I believed that once. What's 'Only-me's' idea?"

"Something in the line of blackmail. If she could look into this room now it would be very much in her line."

'What does she know, the little snooper?" "She doesn't know anything. She suspects that I take a more than professorial interest in you. And she has darkly hinted at reasons why I should be lenient to her manifold failings, as far as she dared."

"How far was that?"

"Not very far."

Sylvia looked up at the tyrant chin, said, "I should suppose not," and kissed it.
While he was coaxing the embers she sat

musing. Out of her meditation was born a query, "Giff, does all love end in disaster?"

"All human affairs end in disaster. Death takes care of that."

"Don't you believe in anything?" she asked with a note of wistfulness.

"Yes. Will you understand me when I tell you that the one thing I do believe in. as in a gospel, is the pursuit of the eternal fugitive called Truth?"

Sylvia thrilled to his sudden exaltation, for she knew that he was showing his inner heart to her as perhaps he had never before opened it to anyone. "Probably I shall never so much as catch sight of her 'flying tress and fluttering hem.' If I did, how can I know that I should even recog-

nize her?"

"Why shouldn't you?" asked the girl.

"Better men than I have passed her, unknowing. Who am I, that God should give me the gift?"

"Then what's the use of it all?"
"We have to try. That's part of the eed. I know that I can teach, that I

can excite minds to want to know, which is the essence of teaching. And perhaps some day I may help stimulate some mind that "I'll get up might later catch a revealing glimpse of the promised Starr.

"You don't believe in anything but mind,

do you, Giff?"
"You've made me believe in that illusion which is happiness.

"I'll never disillusion you," she promised.
"Yet disillusionment may be only a
synonym for wisdom in the minor key."
"In novels," she reflected, "there's always crash in love's bright dream."

"Because our writers cater to the social demand that they shall buttress the cause of true love. No Continental writer is bound to any such false propaganda, any more than the ancient Greeks or the best of the Romans were. Their concern is with life and their conscience is to reflect life as

"Giff, have you ever been in love with

anyone else here in college?"

"No!"

"It's silly of me, but I'm glad of that."
"There are temptations for a man in a woman's college, special temptations. I've always kept clear of them. I've had the feeling that anything of the sort would be

a betrayal of my job, of my capacity for usefulness here, and that is a thousand times more to me than any consideration of conventions or morality."
"I think I'm glad that you feel that way."

As she was leaving he slipped through the door with her and spoke in a tone more moving than she had ever heard from him.

"My dear, somewhere out there in the darkness is Something that men, in their own darkness, call God. I don't know whether It takes cognizance of our little fates. But if It does, I ask It as the one and only favor I have ever asked, to make

me alone responsible for this love of ours."
"He won't," said Sylvia with soft conviction. "He knows that women are the

enduring sex."

His kiss was still warm on her young lips when she crept into Twenty. Starr, reading on the lounge, sat up and scowled at her.

'This is a sweet night to be hoboing."

"It's a beautiful night."

IS THAT rain or is Mamma a deaf-mute? Where do you get that 'beautiful' stuff? What's biting you, girl?"

The truant considered the question and grinned. "Percy Bysshe Shelley if you trace it back far enough."

"And you've gone mad from the bite.
Where's your other overshoe?"
"Oh, lordy! I forgot. It's Vee's and it's stuck in the mud in Giff's yard."
Starr sat up in bed and stared at her roommate. "Syl Hartnett, what have you been doing?"
"I'll does you to make the room."

"I'll dare you to guess."

"Have you really been at Giff's?"

"Yes."

"Inside the house?"

"You wouldn't expect me to stay outside, a night like this."

The younger girl met the other's eyes unflinchingly. Her half-smile was tender, con-fident. "I'm terribly in love with him and terribly happy, Starr."

"That's because you're still drunk with it," said Starr with unexpected analysis.
"No. Because I'm in love with him."

"But what's going to come of it?"

"I don't know and I don't care. But I wish I had Vee's overshoe back." "I'll get up at daylight and get it,"

But at daylight no overshoe was there.

What would happen if some one found that lost overshoe in Giff's yard and began to ask questions? Would Sylvia be expelled? Would Giff be dragged into the limelight too? And Verity, because it was her overshoe? What was Verity's future to hold anyway? What had become of the interesting boatman? And the mysterious and fascinating stranger of the Pullman car? Oh, there were plenty of adventures still ahead for the Suite Gwenty girls as you'll see in August SMART SET



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New Love for Old

[Continued from page 68]

took the Stradivarius and I played to her, played probably better than I, even I, generally do.

"Master!" she said. "Master!"

"So I know what I'm talking about when I tell you that you have no music in you!"
"I suppose you're right!" she admitted.

"But that does not mean that you do not give the world beauty," I said.

We sat on a couch together and somehow

forgot to telephone that pretty message to

We were still sitting on that couch, and I admit that I was in-shall I call it a pliable mood?—when the maid announced lunch, "Stay and comfort my loneliness. Ruth."

"If you will play to me afterwards," she bargained.

I agreed and after lunch we returned to the studio, and somehow the afternoon slipped away.

I tried to persuade Ruth to dine with me she had another engagement

"Come tomorrow and I'll play to you again." I said. I took her hands and kissed

'At twelve? And you will be cross if I am late?

"No one could ever be cross with you," I told her.

"You can come and lunch with me in-Ruth suggested and gave me her address. "I'll expect you at one."

It was a cold spring evening, and I sat dreaming before an open fire. How beauti-ful this girl was and how she understood

The telephone rang and it was the the wire. She wanted to know how I was, and told me that though her mother was, and told me that though her mother HE telephone rang and it was Alice on was not as ill as she had feared, she could not possibly leave her.

'And what about the new pupil?" Alice asked me.

'Utterly hopeless," I replied.

"Well, I am not a great musician to know these things." Alice laughed.

But I was restless that evening. I went to a theater all alone, got bored, and left. was lonely for understanding!

I had Ruth's telephone number, and I entered a booth and called her up.

"May I come and see you now?" I demanded.

Her laughter was music. "Why on earth can you want poor little me?" she teased.

"I am coming right around to your place," I insisted and hung up before she

I found her in an expensive apartment on East Seventy-third Street, a small apartment, but a luxuriously furnished one. A maid ushered me into a boudoir, where Ruth was exquisitely lovely in a negligée that intrigued me, a flimsy thing of chiffons and velvets.

"Didn't you bring your violin with you?" she pouted.

"What do you think I am?" I laughed. "One of those fellows who play in the back room of a saloon?"

She was lying on a couch and as she spoke she looked up at me while I was bending over her. White arms encircled my neck, and I knew the wine of her kisses.

I know no moderation. Extremes for

me! So before long, I lived; I breathed; I composed, and I brought the magic from my violin, simply and solely for the sake of Ruth Davis. How white were her arms! How she tortured me with her beauty!

Three days passed and then Alice came back unexpectedly.

"What's the matter?" Alice asked, after she had told me that her mother was bet-ter. "No pupils? Andrea!" I kissed her forehead, and Alice held me at arm's length.
"Who is she?" she asked.

sitting alone in the morning. I had re-fused to see any pupils. How could I be

expected to tolerate their stupidities when I

was so enraptured by the charms of Ruth?

in this Ruth had encouraged me.

I could not lie to her. Besides, I have learned through the years that it is useless. "I don't want to hurt you," I began.

"Better tell me, Andrea, and I do hope that it isn't going to cost money. And is it very serious? It looks to me as though you had got it in the neck."

"There's no need to be vulgar about it!"
I rebuked her. "If you mean, have I found the one woman, have I at last reached home after many years of wandering in the desert, while my ship has ceaselessly tossed—"

DARLING! You can't toss in a ship on a desert!" Alice put in, and she was actually smiling when she was in danger of losing me, Ferrari! "Don't talk in metaphors, but tell me who she is."
"Ruth Davis!" I announced.

"Well. I'll be hanged!" Alice said. "And I sent her to you. I knew that you would fall for almost anything, but really darling. I didn't think anything so cheap and obvious could cause it.'

"Do you realize you are speaking of the

woman I love?" I asked.
"Yes, dear, yes!" Alice replied. "Your soul-mate, your twin-star. I've heard it all before, and I know. Wait a minute, as this oks serious. Yes, I've got it."
"You've got what?" I asked. looks serious.

"Never mind!" Alice smiled at me. "Remember your concert is not so far off and you mustn't be upset, dear.'

"I wish you wouldn't talk to me as though I were a child of three,
"We decided last night." I went on. "that we cannot face life apart. We don't want you to be hurt, but looking at it sanely and logically, it seems better for you and me to get divorced so that I can marry Ruth. or you will simply be miserable. I have to think of you in this, and I cannot contemplate how unhappy you would be knowing

that I loved another woman."
"That's fine of you." Alice laughed for some unknown reason. "And did Ruth ask

you what you were making?

"How did you know that?" I asked. "As matter of fact she did, and when I told her, she said that we could live on it easily. because she was naturally economical and she hoped that I would make you a suitable allowance, alimony, or whatever you

"Well then, nothing should stop you two from getting together," Alice said. your concert, we can go to Paris and get a divorce there. Meanwhile, Ruth ought to come and stay here with us.

Us?

"Stay here in this studio? mean, the three of us?"
"Why not?" Alice demanded. "You love each other. You're going to be married when you are free, and the world can't say anything, can it? Surely, it's perfectly proper for Ruth to stay with two married friends?"

At that moment Ruth entered the room. "Please don't let us have any scene,"

Alice said.

"Andrea has just told me everything. I She came into the studio where I was was just saying that all I want is his happiness and that as soon as his concert is over we will run over to Paris and get a evening. quiet divorce.

"You mean," Ruth put in, "that you will

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"I will do everything I can to further Andrea's happiness," Alice answered, "As he is so temperamental, he cannot be running backwards and forwards between your place and this, or he will not be at his best for the concert. I suggest that you should come and stay here as our guest, Platonically, of course, for the sake of Mrs. Grundy."

"I think I get your idea," Ruth put in. "You intend to fight for him? And you think I shall be afraid to take up the challenge? Well, I'm not afraid. I accept your

invitation with pleasure.'

At that moment, a phrase of music suggested itself to me and I forgot them. I left them talking while I rushed to the piano. When I had chained down on paper that clusive phrase I had just obtained,

Ruth had gone.

"It's all settled, dear," Alice told me, "Ruth has gone to pack up a few things and will be our guest until we go to Paris. I am being as helpful as I can and she will take over my duties, acting as your secretary and generally supervising your comfort. Of course it must be just friendship between you two, until you are free to be married, and I shall be as unobtrusive as possible.

Late that afternoon, after Ruth had arrived and had been installed in her own room, Philip Earlie, who publishes my music, telephoned to me. He wanted to

see me in a hurry.

I had to change to go out and I called to Alice.

"I can't go out like this." I called down the corridor. "Hurry and put out some things for me."

"I'M SORRY," Alice replied and I saw that she was dressed for the street, "but I am going out. Ruth will look after you as she knows where your things are kept."

I went into the bathroom and shaved. I came back into my bedroom and nothing was laid out for me! I. Ferrari, had to go messing about in bureaus and things to find what I wanted

I was inclined to be a little nervous when

I emerged ready to dash out.
"Did you order a taxi?" I asked.
"No," Ruth replied and looked up from a book. "I didn't know you wanted one!"

"You knew I was going out, didn't you?"
I replied. "Couldn't you have guessed that
I hate having to wait for anything? Please remember that in the future! It isn't so difficult, you know! When I am going out, some one sees to it that there is a cab ready at the door for me."

She laughed! Actually, she laughed!

It was dinner time when I returned. The servants informed me that Alice was dining out. I could not find Ruth anywhere and it was ten minutes after the hour at which

I am accustomed to dine that she came in.
"I like people to be on time at dinner,"

I told her.

"Now don't be a cross old thing!" she retorted. "I am so tired!"

I was tired that night and my nerves would not stand a cabaret but, because Ruth coaxed and pleaded, later in the evening I took her to a noisy place where the jazz music tortured me.

"If you could write that sort of stuff," Ruth remarked to me, "you'd have millions!"
I thought of an epigrammatic reply. "I

happen to be just Ferrari!"

She did not understand me. "You could learn to do that sort of stuff, you know!" she answered and signed to a waiter to bring her another drink.

I, Ferrari, could learn to write jazz!

I hardly spoke to her for the rest of the

"I guess you're tired," she remarked as we drove home together.

"Did you have a nice time, darling?" Alice asked when she heard that we had been to a cabaret. "I didn't know you liked places of that sort."

I went to bed but I couldn't sleep. That was about a week before my concert. Various other little incidents happened during that week, but I thought that Ruth was gradually being trained.

And then came the afternoon before the

concert. I was due at the Hall at nine.
As usual J lay down to rest about four. It is my unvarying custom to sleep if I can for an hour.

I HAD just dropped off when I heard a terrible noise. I could not credit my senses, but I heard jazz. I, Ferrari, trying to before I gave thousands of people pleasure, was awakened from sleep by hideous scraping of someone trying to play jazz on a violin.

I rushed down the corridor from my bedroom and stood as though paralyzed for a second. There, playing on my Stradivarius, was Ruth, playing jazz! I stood there frozen with the horror of it; she

broke a string.

I do not know what I said to her. I cannot remember, but words poured from me as I dashed across the big room and snatched my priceless instrument from her sacrilegious hands.

"Out of my house and out of my life!"

I shouted at her.

To my utter amazement, had I been capable of further surprise, this savage Philistine turned on me with mocking laughter.

"I did it on purpose, just to see how mad you'd get! I decided a day or two ago that I couldn't possibly go on with this Why, you poor, elderly, bald-headed oob! Don't you know how you've farce. old boob! Don't you know how you've bored me? As a matter of fact, I was going to marry Harry Beck but we had quarreled. We made it up over the telephone this afternoon."

And even I, Ferrari, had heard of that butcher of beauty, Harry Beck, and his

atrocious jazz orchestra.

"A very suitable match!" I stormed.
Alice had come in during this scene and it was Alice who handled the creature. It was Alice who soothed my nerves sufficiently so that I was at my best that night before my vast audience.

As I was preparing for hed, thankful in my heart that what I call the "Ruth Davis incident" was over, I felt the top of my head.

"Am I going bald?" I asked Alice.

I sat down in a chair and she began to massage my scalp with the tonic that keeps away the gray.

"Of course not, dear!" she comforted me "And you love me?"

"Always, Andrea. I do more than love you; I understand you, and that includes forgiveness, even though you haven't asked for it."

"I ask for it now," I said. "And I love you, wife of mine! You are the only person in all the world with whom I feel at home and at rest. But in future, heart-of-my-heart, please be sure to keep the women away from me."

"It is a little difficult, but as long as I handle them as skillfully as I handled this young woman, you won't get very far, dear." She paused while she was massage. ing my scalp.

"Don't tell me, Alice, I am getting bald?"

I demanded.
"No, no! You're not getting bald," she said. "Besides, what would it matter if you did? You are always—always the man said. I love and you are always Ferrari!"



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In Quest of a Virgin Heart

[Continued from page 23]

remember my name before he leaves here."

Three or four days later, I was sitting alone near the tennis court watching Bifi play singles. I was perched up on a wall. Below me was a pool and a fernery. I was waiting to see Biff alone

Janet came up and sat down on the bench

under my wall.

"Andrew is dreadfully jealous," she began.
"How silly men are! What does it matter
if your Richard has captured my girlish
heart? I know he belongs to you. Just my luck. I'd simply love to have poetry quoted to me and all I get are limericks I dare not repeat." I made a little exclamation and

she asked me what I said.
"Nothing," I answered. Janet little knew
why I did not tell her. "Jan, how silly of

you to call him my Richard.'

"HE'D like to be," Jan said. "You can't deceive a master of hearts like little, lonely, love-seeking Janet. I'm willing to bet you a new bathing suit it's a case of love. First love. Treat it tenderly. I never can I never can inspire that white and boyish love.

Janet always amused me. "Perhaps you try too hard," I said.
"Don't talk so loud," she warned. "Biff will hear."

"Biff hears nothing if he's playing a game," I said.

"To return to your Richard, Joy, do you like him a lot?'

"I think he's fascinating," I said and sighed, "but unfortunately he simply doesn't

belong to our crowd."

"Another disappointment," Jan said. "I was about to apply for the position as maid of honor at the wedding. I'm always looking for some one to supplant Andrew and there's good hunting at fashionable marriages.

Joy, what sort of a man will you marry?"
"The man I marry," I said, "will do things
better than other men. Biff won't be able to take my man aside, as he did Ray Perry and Bobby Graham, and thrash him. man must have a fascinating way of talking. He must be able to speak the King's English but he needn't insist on it all the time. He must beat me at sports, and dance so divinely that the floor fades away and we tread on clouds."

"Very pretty," Janet commented, "Richard might do—but I'm sorry for Biff!"
"My dear," I said, "Biff is unbearable.

I want a companion not a foreman."

remarked as Biff walked towards us. "Look at his male splandent" "Well, here comes the conqueror," at his male splendor!"

"Did you hear what your little pale-faced boy called me this morning?" he began. could see that he could think of nobody else but Richard Pelham.

"I've heard him call you a lot of things, but you were never able to understand them," Janet said.
"He called me," Biff boomed out, "a Ba-

lanoglossus. I couldn't come back at him because I wasn't sure it wasn't one of those fool Greek names for people in the Olympic Games. I looked it up in the Encyclopedia Britannica after breakfast." Biff went a deeper red. "The Balanoglossus is a long, wormlike animal that leads an obscure life. It is yellow and it emits a disagreeable odor." could see how mad Biff was.

'What are you going to do about it?" I

asked.

"I'm going to give him the opportunity to put on boxing gloves or else write me an abject apology which I shall have framed."

"I simply won't have you quarreling," I said. "Look through the Encyclopedia and find something to call him."

"I can't pronounce long names," Biff growled. "My plan is best."
"You know what I told you," I warned,

"Dad won't have his own specially invited guests insulted. Unless you promise not to be silly, I'll tell dad. I swear I will.'

"Your father's specially invited guests!"
Biff sneered. "You've not given him a chance to speak to Mr. Granger," Biff sighed.
"All right, I'll lay off him now but I heard you ask him to your coming-out celebrations here next summer. As I shall be here also, do I have to take everything he offers? Joyce, have a heart! I may be an obscure yellow worm but I ought not to be expected to take what he says without resenting it."
"If you meet him here next year," I said,

'and he may not come, he must look out for himself. He's as big as you are and not any older."

Biff grinned and showed his strong white "Fair enough," he cried. only two more days to go and I've got two weeks. I'll be the strong, silent man. But," and Biff grinned, "next year if he starts a single thing I'll spank him. What about a swim?'

"Presently," I said. "I'm talking to

Janet.

I could see she was puzzled. "I don't get Richard," she confessed. "Why doesn't

he play games like other boys?"

I told her what dad had explained to me. Richard had been brought up by tutors in his great house upstate. He was an expert fencer and skater and wonderfully clever. Now that he was rich he was going on a trip around the world just as his great-uncles had done when they were young and the grand tour was the thing to do.

"What I could have done with him," Janet sighed, "if you hadn't seen him first."

I told her I was glad she hadn't.
"If," she asked, "he had Biff's athletic

qualities as well as his own line would you take him?"

I SMILED. "Would I? Perhaps. As it is he can't play tennis; he hates golf; he won't dance and he prefers the family chauffeur to drive him. I ask you, Jan, how could I get on perhanently with any man like that, even if he has an adorable voice and worships one? I'm a child of the age. Dad says we are as much standardized as hotels and Fords. I only know I couldn't bear to see Richard beaten at anything by Biff." "You talk as if you hated Biff," Janet

commented. "I think I do," I cried. "He is so sure of himself. What about a swim?"

Janet looked at me curiously. understand you," she admitted. "You're

I laughed at what she said. It was true was excited. I knew that Richard's departure hurt me more than anyone but Janet suspected.

Two days later, when he said good-by, passed it off easily enough as all girls can.
"I shall be back here next year," he said. "It will be the longest and dreariest year in all my life."

"Time simply races with me," I said. But I knew this coming year would not. Biff stood at my side as Richard Pelham drove away in the great limousine.

"Good-by for one year," Biff said. "Can you beat it how a bird with all sorts of money can let an old family chauffeur drive him around at thirty-five miles an hour? If my old man gave me a decent allowance, oh, boy, what a sport model I'd buy!"

I was twenty-one on August the twelfth, and mother insisted we should have a house

absolutely filled with guests. Biff had invited himself weeks earlier than he was expected. We were having so-called "tea" on the terrace overlooking Long Island Sound when Biff who had been consuming many cocktails pointed to some one motoring up the drive very fast. Almost as Biff noticed him the driver raced past the terrace and drew up under the porte-cochère.

I had a glimpse of a dark-haired, tanned face but all Biff saw was a long, low imported car with lots of brass trimmings. "What a pippin!" he cried.

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A minute or two later Richard Pelham crossed the terrace and stopped at my side. He looked adorably handsome, and if last year he had seemed dressed in a conservative way, now he was wearing a faultless suit of English flannels with the Old Bond Street stamp on them. He took my hands and kissed them both.

"I never knew that a year could be so long," he said. "You are more charming

and fascinating than ever."

Biff must have recognized a new man in the other, a man far more dangerous now that he spoke and dressed as the rest of the crowd. Biff broke in:

"Why charming and fascinating?" he demanded. "I don't see any difference between the two words."

"It's the renowned Biff," Richard said, "still filled with the old good nature and kindliness. You wouldn't see the difference. I'll have to explain. Charm is a natural attribute. One has it without being able to account for it. You, for example have none. quality to be called upon when needed."
Richard shook his head, "Alas, my poor
Biff, you have none of that sither." Fascination is a more conscious thing; Biff, you have none of that either."

It was when dad joined us that I felt fe. Biff had looked as though he could have killed Richard.

BECAUSE the dinner was a great occasion I had to have dad and mother on each side of me. There were speeches and presents and I had no opportunity to speak to Richard until he asked me to dance.

He danced far, far better than Biff. wished I could have had more dances with him but this was an occasion when I had to dance with dad's friends who had given me lovely presents and with relatives who had gathered together. While I was pretending to enjoy having my toes trodden on by old, old people who were celebrated, but not for dancing, I could see Richard floating with Janet.

"My dear," Janet said to me later, "your boy friend is not the respectful and shy lad of last year. Some one has been awakening his godlike soul. I asked her name but he wouldn't tell me. All he would admit was that he was in love. I said he ought to have a heart large enough to accommodate

me, but no."

I did not get a chance to speak to Richard until after breakfast. We strolled out to the tennis court and just as we sat down, Biff came up looking very forbidding.

"Sorry to interrupt you," Biff said to me, "but I've a word or two to say to Mr. Pelham and you are not going to step in this time." I could see he was holding me to the promise made a year ago.

"I have no secrets from Joy," Richard

said. "Shoot."
"Joy," Biff stormed. "I knew you'd call her that, but that's my name for her, not

Richard smiled. I knew Biff was find-ing something very irritating in it. Usually when Biff looked at a man as he was glaring down at Richard, that man felt he was in for an unpleasant time.

"I remember you don't like poetry," Richard began, "mainly because poets conceal their meanings from you by the unsporting use of long words, but you've probably heard of Byron, the poet who swam the Hellespont.'

"The devil with Byron!" Biff said.
"You are not the first reformer to have said that," Richard commented. "Biff, I want you to ponder on these lines of his; 'There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away'."

"I'd like to discuss that with you in pri-ate. Joy, will you excuse us?" Richard looked at me. He asked, "Shall

I go?"
"Why not," I said. "I'll wait."

RICHARD rose to his feet. He looked down on me with a sort of puzzled frown on his sunburned face. "Does that mean that you want me to go with him?"
"Biff seems to insist." I said.

"We'll be back here inside of ten minutes." He turned to Richard. "Can it be possible you are afraid to discuss Byron with an obscure yellow worm?"

Richard Pelham laughed aloud. "So you looked it up. I didn't think you knew how to spell it." He turned to me again, "I'd much rather stay and talk to you."
"Come back presently," I answered. "It's

The ten minutes that passed were dread-l ones. Then Richard came back alone. "Where's Biff?" I cried. ful ones.

Richard's manner was quite different from what it had been. He looked down at me very coolly. "That would naturally be your first question," he returned. "I regret to say that Biff is having difficulty in seeing the glories of the scenery. Some of his pals who had gathered to see me thrashed are leading him back to the house. He won't be able to show up at dinner for a few days. Nor shall I. I'm leaving before lunch." "Your cheek is bruised," I cried.

"And my right hand is swollen," he added. "How wonderful of you to beat Biff," exclaimed. "You can't be serious about going. You only came yesterday.'

"I have never been more serious in my life," he retorted.

"At least tell me why you are going," I suggested. I could see that he didn't understand why I had not asked the reason of his changed attitude.

"If it interests you, certainly," he said without smiling. "It will be a sort of confession that may amuse your idle moments when you discuss with Janet the absurdities of man.

"Wait a minute," I said and climbed on to the wall where I had sat a year ago when I discussed him with Janet. "There's a I discussed him with Janet. "There's a welcome breeze here. How do you know I talk you over with Janet?"

"Because I have heard you do it. I suppose I ought to have crept away or made some noise to warn you, but I was so desperately anxious to find out what you thought of me, that I listened."

I tried to seem natural when I asked

what we had been saying.

"You said enough to alter my whole life," he answered. There was suffering on his face and pain in his eyes. "I found out exactly what things you thought I was lacking. It wasn't altogether nice to hear what you thought but I was so madly in love with you that nothing else mattered except to please you. You think I have spent this last year in going around the world. I didn't do anything of the sort. went to California, if it interests you, and hired professionals to teach me the things you wanted me to do. For a year I boxed with the middle-weight champion every morning. In the afternoon I was coached at tennis and golf. In the evening I learned to dance and talk the language you and your crowd talk. And all that time I was looking forward to coming back here and sur-prising you." He laughed. "Then I was



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going to ask you to marry me. And here's something to amuse you and Janet. I believed you'd say ves

You didn't say so, though." I reminded

"And never shall now." he cried. might have known it was Biff you loved."

I asked him why he said that.

Vou had "You proved it not long ago. your chance to show which of us you cared for and you chose Biff. You had no idea I had taken up boxing and could trim him. To you I was a man who had never fought in his life. You knew Biff was a bully and in his life. wanted to lick me and yet you sent me oft with him as a victim goes away with his executioner. I asked you three times if I executioner. should go, and three times you said yes, and you are actually smiling at it!"

WILL it be very hard for you to beyou were away, afraid that you wouldn't beat him as I prayed you might?" I said.

"It would be absolutely impossible for me to believe it," he answered.

"Did you really love me?" I demanded.
"You must have known it," he exclaimed. My next remark startled him as I knew it would.

"I'm so proud of you, Richard," I said.
"Aren't you afraid," he said, "that Biff
may object to this tête-à-tête? So far as I can see there is no reason to prolong it." "Will you do something for me before you go?" I asked.
"If I can." he said.

"Change places with me." Richard vaulted to the wall, frowning, and I took the seat he had vacated.

"Richard," I went on, "one year ago I

was sitting where you are, talking to Janet. I heard a noise down by that pool and I saw a perfectly adorable boy sitting on a marble seat with a gold pencil and a Florentine note-book. If you turn your head you will see that from the wall I could just see him through the ferns. Because I wanted you to be something you were not, I opened my heart to Janet and talked louder than usual. I said to myself, 'If he loves me he'll do these things for me.' Then when you drove up in that great car I knew you had; when you danced so divinely I was enchanted and wanted to tell you. But I knew the big test was coming—Biff."

"Then you thought I should beat him?" I nodded. It was not so easy to keep my voice even and my face from confessing "How could I help being anxtoo much.

ious?" I said.
"Joy," he said. "I don't want to make any mistake now, but I must know. Why did you want me to win?" His voice trembled. "My dear, does it mean you love

I found, suddenly, I wasn't nervous any more. I looked into his eyes and knew that here was the man I loved, the man who loved me. I didn't even have to answer him. My eyes told him. It didn't matter that we might be seen. He took me in his arms.

And we were seen. Word had got to dad that Biff and Richard had been fighting and he feared the worst. When he saw that it was Richard who held me in his arms his face cleared.

"She's going to marry me." Richard said. Dad and mother were tremendously surprised. They said it was so sudden. Sudden! Why, I had made up my mind the first time

If I Had Only Married At 23

[Continued from page 61]

dreams at this time of an elf in soiled cotton and a cloud of fair hair, urgent behind an overfed and underworked pony,

Later, he was to have a mind for other things, an ambition of altogether another kind. A love of words was to seize him by the throat and enslave him in a service which brooks no other master, in which he still serves. And yet a little later, when he was but just out of college and raw in the world, he was to fall very helplessly in love.

folks think that to fall in love, without hope of return, when young, is a good thing to befall a man. I totally disagree with them. To love a maid and be accepted by her is well enough, though it may be ill enough, too, but to love luck-lessly in one's youth is bad enough for anything. It may keep a man out of mischief for a time but it may keep him out of mischief for too long a time, and a little mischief early is better than a lot of mischief late. His mother, at any rate, who was a Frenchwoman and an aristocrat of the old school, thought well of this affair. She was somewhat of Montaigne's way of thinking and supported him in his suit. was of good Virginian stock. He followed her to America in his folly and for a number of years he remained her suitor until, indeed, she married some one else.

But you see this vain fidelity kept this young man not only out of common mischief, not only out of entanglements with mercenary young women or love affairs with the unhappily married, but out of marriage itself, out of a marriage with the Elf with whom he played years ago.

For he met her again when he was twenty-three, and she, just over twenty and lovelier than any woman has a right

to be in this dangerous world. She lived with her mother and sisters in a little bungalow under the cliff on the same rocky shore where he had played with her when they were children. And through a whole long summer he wandered with her over these wide moors, climbed with her over these steep cliffs, swam with her in this enchanted sea, truant from the big hotel and all its gay company to enjoy her fellowship. Surely, she was worth giving up much to be with, this most slender elf with tresses of the palest gold wound around her head.

Yet he returned after the summer was passed to his own place without saying a word of love to her, for he still believed himself to be in thrall to one across the western sea, who paced her horse over the leafy carpet in Virginian woods and had little time to think of an importunate and impertinent Englishman.

HIS mother was glad of this for the Elf had little to recommend her but her beauty and her gentleness, which have small value in the marriage market and are not virtues to be cherished by a Frenchwoman of family, of good sense and of some knowledge of the world. Only once again did he see the Elf, not in her own place, but in that wilderness of fog and stone that is called London. Even then he had no heart to ask what she might not have refused because he still nursed his faith in a stranger, who had by now become a vanity. Also he was swayed by a maternal precept and his mind was busy with ambition in his art. The runes which elves whisper his art. had ceased to be magic to him. why I say it is better to marry when young,

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when a wayward elf in a stained and torn ! frock can be as a cluster of camphor in the vineyards of Engedi and your house

may still be of cedar and your rafters of fir. But before even the first beginnings of fame were won or scarcely any work completed, not only day-dreams, but love dreams also, were blotted out by the hand of war, and this young man had other things to think about besides constancy of heart, gentleness of spirit or music in words.

I do not want to talk about war. This war was like every other war except that it was a bigger war, and we are all sick of the subject anyway. I only want to point out what is pertinent to my theme, which is this, that war is not conducive to marriage, at least, not for the good soldier.
"A soldier married is a soldier marred," is a trite saying but it is a true one and this lover was glad that during five years of service he was unmarried.

When the war was ended he was five years older. That is simple arithmetic. But apart from the mere addition of time, he was a great deal more than five years older in spirit. For war, among other things, has a way of aging a man at a remarkable rate.

But all wars end in time and at last this soldier was dismissed from service, was given his gratuity and told that he was free to do what he wished and to go where he liked. And he, perhaps, was freer than most men. He was not indigent and in need to serve again for immediate pay. His trade as a story-teller could be plied anywhere. Above all, the woman whom he had wooed vainly for so many years had happily married some one else and he was now freed even from the gossamer chains of an unrequited love. was only twenty-seven; he had seen something of life; he had served through five long years of war, if without distinction, at least without disgrace. He was not tied to any woman, either by sentiment or legal bond. If the world was ever any man's oyster to open, surely it was his.

HE PREPARED to open it in the gay city of Paris for he was half French by blood and all French in mind. Marcelle, vedette of the Mayol, helped him to open it. I will hear no ill words said against Marcelle, who was as clever as she was pretty, or she would hardly have remained a vedette, but she was "sui generis" and apt to tire of her "homme bien" as quickly as any of her kind. Also, although this scribbler of hers was not quite penniless-no inhabitant of the "Quartier." still he was no millionaire. And after a month or so of agreeable folly, she and he quarreled and he shook the dust of Paris off his feet and headed for the south.

Among the bare hills and rocky valleys not fifty miles from the city of Bologna, is a little mountain town, closely built into a high and narrow terrace in the hills. not wish to be too precise so we will call it San Secchiano. There is only one inn, a plain, white-washed house, but clean enough, extravagantly named the Aquila d'Oro. The house, that fall, boasted one guest, an Englishman in a bottle-green velvet coat and sugar-loaf hat, who sat for long hours under the shade of the cypresses by the Campo Santo, scribbling in a notebook, or wandered aimlessly over the mountain, or in an evening, paced the bastion overlooking the valley of the Secchio, idly scraping on his violin, nocturnes to the dying sun. He had forsworn Paris and all the vanities of the world, the flesh and the devil, because a vedette had behaved as vedettes will always behave to the end of time.

But Guido did not know this, nor did that slip of a girl, N-, his niece, know this. They regarded their one and only guest with much pride. Surely, they thought he must be an English milor', and that he

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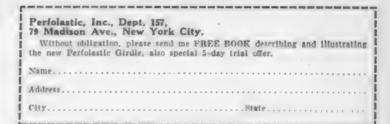
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was rich also, for he did not drink common wine, but Montepulciano at so many lire a bottle with every meal. But as men cannot live by bread alone, he could not live for long by walking and scribbling and playing on a violin at sunset alone; or even on Montepulciano alone unless he was very young. He must have some other to share these good things with him. And one day, as the English lord, who was not a lord but only a story-teller, had set out on one of his lonely walks, he came upon N- picking the red rock-flowers that grew in the ravine above the town. He stopped to talk with her and he noted how slim she was; how soft her eyes; how smooth her skin; how slender her hands despite her peasant stock. And presently he took the flowers from her and wove them cleverly into a circlet and laid it on her coil of black hair. He did not walk alone that day, nor was this the last walk that he took with N-

Let a few months pass by. It is now winter; and no time to roam over the hills of the Frignano or to sprawl beneath the cypresses or to scrape a fiddle under the moon. The English traveler has come into Bologna, where it pleases him to sit for a while at the feet of the learned Dottore Castellini to study philosophy. I do not think he studied very seriously, but Bologna is a tight little town in which to spend the winter and he and N— were comfortably lodged in a quiet and modest hotel in the via Rizzoli.

But winter does not last forever. the New Year comes the spring and with the spring, new thoughts, new desires, blans. Bologna, N, the Dottore's classroom and the ruck of students was all very well for the exile over the winter months. but when the days began to grow warmer and the valleys grew gay with flowers and the snows had already begun to melt he began to dream of other things than a little winter love in the Emilia. For already his book had been published and the critics had been not unkind. His friends in London wanted him to return. There was X. who had read his book and wished to meet him and Y, who had a proposition to make to him and Z, who was eager to collaborate in a play. He began to dream of London, those Londoners who have been out of England for a year may do.

And what part had N—— of Bologna in all these good things? Indeed, none. How could she? She knew scarcely a word of English; her very Italian was rustic; she had but her grace and gentleness to recommend her to the world.

mend her to the world.

The first virtue in marriage, which is, of course, also its defect, is its permanency. All other unions presuppose, sooner or later, a parting, and partings, believe me, are painful things. I will not tell you of N—'s parting with her lover. It is altogether too painful a subject.

London, whatever it may be like in November, is by no means a bad place to be in the spring when the days are not too cold nor the nights too hot, when the crocuses and daffodils are out in the park and spring fashions arrive and Beauty is looking her best. Especially it is not bad if one comes back from abroad with a little renown to receive the congratulations of friends and the attention of strangers. Our traveler found it all very jolly, and presently he took a little flat in Chelsea and sat himself down to write another book.

He was, at first, very happy indeed. The flat was cosy and comfortable. He had imported a fat, old Lyonnaise to cook for him and look after him. He never regretted the experiment; she cooked deliciously as only those from Lyons can and worshipped "Monsieur" as a mother does her son. Also, he was much bound up in his new tale. Life

was well with him as a man can expect. But for only a time. For nearly a year, until his second book was finished printed, things went well enough. He was nearly as happy as he had been with Nin Bologna, scrawling his first story at a rickety table in the small bedroom, while N—— lay coiled up on the bed, gazing at him under her long lashes, dreaming how learned, how clever, how altogether mar-velous her man was. Nearly, but not quite. For when he was tired or out of humor, he had no one there to cure his weariness or exercise his ill humor. Neither one's friends nor one's cook can quite do that as Nhad done in the past. But he did not try to find a second N-- in Chelsea: his parting with N-, the first, was still too fresh in his mind. Yet, before he had been a year in the flat, he began to feel more than a little lonely, for the first glamour of success was wearing thin; the excitement of the first effort was over; he was settling into harness for the steady pull of work, and however many friends one had, one cannot always be with them or they with you. Indeed, this uneasiness had an ill effect, for

at twenty-three. Like falling off a horse, for instance. It hurts so much more.

She certainly was the last person any sane man should fall in love with, though not a few had done so. She was as mad as the mad hatter. She had a great shock of flaming red hair and gray-green eyes and a mordant wit. She ruled the little circle of which she was the chief with a rod of iron. A woman of great character, some brains, beauty of a rococo sort, but of poor understanding with no poise and no compassion whatsoever. She was by profession a painter with little technical ability.

it brought him to the point of falling violently in love with the most impossible

person in the world. And it is much worse

to do a thing like that at thirty-five than

His part in this affair would have been comic, had it not been pathetic. If the gentle N—— had sought for revenge, which she did not, upon her one-time lover, she might have found it now in thus seeing him trailing as a contemptible tail to this erratic comet of a T—— V——.

But the pace was too fast to last, and before another spring had come he had let his flat in Chelsea and returned to Paris where he buried himself in a quiet little hotel off the Raspail and sought a soporific in research work in the calm of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

I N ALL the capitals of the world and not least in Paris are to be found those rather strange, but often quite happy relationships, which may be called "menages à quatre." In these the husband and wife are content each to go their own ways yet to remain good friends. Neither attempts to seek legal relief in the dissolution of the marriage bond. As one of such an easygoing party of four, T—— V——'s victim was fated to become some months after.

That this liaison was as good a thing for him as might be for a time, there is little doubt. A—— d'E—— was a woman of the world, a few years older than he was, but still a beautiful woman: capable, kindhearted, sympathetic, with a genius for managing both men and women without their understanding in the least, how easily they were being ruled. Her husband adored her; she never interfered in his successive love affairs and he had sense enough not to interfere in hers. And when the novelist supplanted the "maestro," the easy-going husband welcomed him at his table.

These were calm waters for this tormented lover. He was not left to tag behind her through a roomful of people while she sought the lion of the moment. He was not kept awaiting her when she never meant to come. He was not put up as a

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he was allowed, encouraged even, to talk of himself, to sit at ease in her pleasant little salon and read aloud to her what he had written, while she coiled herself in a black and gold knot among the cushions t quite. on the wide divan, and gazed at him, through a haze of cigarette smoke, with understanding in her eyes and a smile, half of mockery, half of tenderness, hovering mor, he ness or friends upon her lips. And very soon he came to worship A—, as did her husband and her lovers and children and dogs and cats and even taxicab drivers. But a "menage à quatre" does not last forever. At least, not for two of the contributing parties, and A—'s lover was one of these. Even if A—, with a genius in such a matter wholly hers, had not been wandering along the Quai Voltaire at midnight and fished a starving emigre out of the river, it is to he doubted if the A--- affair would have lasted many months more. But the arrival of the half-drowned man was decisive; A—— was a simple soul and only able to care for one unfortunate at a time. Her falling ossible Worse e than Englishman was already growing out of love with Paris, as he had grown out of love with London, and if he had not grown out of love with A—, for he will never do that, nor have any of her lovers ever done that—still, he was falling into love with dreams. He was ready to fall in love with some one more material than a dream,

> HE IS next in Capri, where he rents a little dream of a villa all overgrown with flowers. He is at work on another tale and he is already in a fair way to fall in love with a dancer, an odd slip of a girl, who practices eurythmic exercises above the baths of Tiberius by moonlight in the garb of Eve.

> ready, even, to go back to Bologna and seek out N-, had he not been so certain

-'s capture by a rival.

butt for her particular friends to aim at. He was not sent out of the opera to search

for taxis in the pouring rain. He was not made to listen to endless boastings of her own genius and all the twaddle of the charlatan in art, but, wonder of wonders.

Yet to say that he is happy, that he is satisfied with these experiments, that he is content even in this flower-grown island, pacing the high terraces at sundown, with K— beside him. To say this, would be no true saying. He is neither happy nor content, for in all these exercises there is to be found no lasting habitation of the soul of man. Still he dreams as he has always dreamed through all the changes and ways of the Fif chances of love and war, of the Elf.

Surely, it would have been better if he had married this one-time playmate, a round dozen years ago. For this freedom can yet be purchased at too great a price. Perhaps you will say that I am painting the picture of the happy or unhappy bachelor too darkly.

lor too darkly.

I can only plead in excuse that I am stating but a particular case; it may not be a common case but it is a case in which I know all the facts and so can plead it with authority. He may marry yet and find that happiness in union which is man's and woman's unalienable right. But if any reader deems such, an easy matter, he can but have misread this history.

Yet are there not happy bachelors, you will ask? There may be, however heavily the dice are weighted against it. In the infinite variety in which man is made, one infinite variety in which man is made, one may still be found to be happy and alone. I will only end by calling to your mind what the wisest man of all time, He who ruled in Jerusalem, has said about the matter. "Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow. But woe to him that is alone when he falleth, for he bath not another to help he falleth, for he hath not another to help

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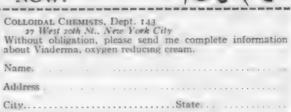
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Love Bars the Garden Gate

[Continued on page 59]

please give Dick Champney his invitation at the office? The Judge said he'd invite the young man if he remembered.

At his office the Judge called for Dick Champney.

The young man appeared promptly.
"Sit down," said the Judge
Dick was a nice fellow. The Judge scrutinized him closely. He wished Dick were more obviously brawny. Jules Dodier, was taller and heavier although Dick was not a weakling. He had reached the semi-finals in the Missouri Valley championship golf tourna-ment which was to be played off the coming In any man's contest he would probably hold his own. He wasn't the handsomest man the town had ever seen. Thank heaven!

The Judge kept Dick in his office two hours beyond noon discussing phases of a traction case. Every sheet of paper he handed Dick involved Dick's preparation of a dozen more. The work accumulated until it would occupy the young man all of Friday and Saturday evenings and most of Sunday. would ruin his week-end holiday. shifted a bit now and then, but didn't say a word. On dismissing him the Judge grumbled an apology

"It's quite all right, sir," Dick said. Sunday evening came. The Carey mansion waited, cool, fresh, flower-trimmed, with a southerly breeze blowing light curtains. The Judge stood in his library to receive, among the other guests, his future son-in-law.

JULES DODIER was at least ten years Sue's senior. His neatly cut face was mature, man-of-the-worldish. He was darkly handsome, showing the Latin strain in his blood. Perfectly barbered, his cheeks and chin were silky clean, his black hair sleek, his nails manicured. He was a successful young man, doing well in a real estate business begun on the sale of the heavily mortgaged lands of an unsuccessful father. He came towards the Judge with the assurance of a fellow who has put one over on a difficult client. The Judge held out

"How do you do, sir?" he said. Sue applauded him with moist eyes:

"You're very generous, I'm sure," said Jules Dodier, inclining his picture-book head. "Not to say a good sport. I feel very much the robber except for the nature of the prize.

He made a movement towards Sue. The Judge put an arm defensively about his daughter. Through the rest of the polite interview he kept Sue close to his side. He hoped he'd never have to see Jules Dodier touch her.

The Judge mingled little with the party guests that night. Through the walls he could hear the excitement over Jules Dodier's presence. The engagement was not to be announced until after supper. Before that Sue broke in on her father.

"Daddy," she said, "wherever is Dick Champney?" "Dick?" said the Judge blankly. "Dick?"

"Daddy, you didn't forget to invite him?"
"God bless my soul!" The Judge slapped his head.

"Oh, Daddy!" Sue said.

"That traction case came up," said the Judge.

"Daddy, a case! And this is my engage-ment party!"

A shadow blocked the doorway behind Sue. Jules Dodier's black head loomed above

"Well," said the Judge, "your engagement seemed to be settled and the traction case isn't, not by a long shot."

"You've spoiled the party!" She said.

The Judge prayed that he had spoiled the party, but it went right on. The announcement brought shrieks and ejaculations. Later little knots of gossipers gathered here and there and at least three young men went out on the lawn and looked to the stars for con-solation. When all the guests had gone Sue came back and sat down at the Judge's mahogany desk.

"It's not that Dick is any more to me than anybody else," she said, "but I don't want anybody hurt tonight. The slight looks alanybody hurt tonight. most intentional." The Judge remained mute. Even when she said something about writing Dick a note, he made no offer to take it. He merely said:

'No tender sentiment, if you please!' "Why should I put in any 'sentiment'?"

G OD knows why you should, but you might. And I don't want anything

of that kind between you.

did and I won't have it now."

"Father!" Sue laid down her pen, aghast.

"Poor dear, you are still crusty about Jules?"

"On the contrary, I am agreeably surprised in him."

"Father, you and Dick haven't quarreled surely. I always thought-

"What a woman doesn't know she can always imagine."

You and Dick! Will he be leaving your office?"

"Very likely."

Sue's face was as white as her dress. Her eyes were flashing.

"I've known all evening something was wrong," she said, "and you might have told me about it, I think. He's my friend as well as yours. I'm going to write this letter to him, no matter what you say.

The next morning the story of the betrothal held the front page of the Gazette and in Judge Carey's office a young man sat at his desk with eyes brooding desperately. Judge, passing him felt such a pang of pity that he banged the door of his private office fearfully behind him. Ten minutes later this pale, desperate young man laid a pile of papers on the Judge's desk.

"I think you will find these according to instructions, sir." he said, and turned on his heel and marched out.

The Judge laid a weight on the papers. Then he propped his door open, grumbling about the need for air circulation. Shortly before noon a special delivery letter came to Dick Champney. A glance at the envelope sent a flood of color over Dick's face. snatched his hat from the rack and bolted with the letter unopened in his hand. An hour or so later he returned, looking calmer, but no less firm, and with a bitterness of expression when he met the Judge's eye that gave his employer to understand that only the young man's regard for his hopeful family kept him in the professional shadow of Judge Philip E. Carey.

HAT evening a vase of roses bloomed on the grand piano in the Carey living The Judge knew whence they had Only a Dick Champney could make a proud gesture in defeat. Sue sat at the keyboard, dabbing only soft notes. Her face had never been more thoughtful or more womanly.

"Nice of Jules to send those," said the

"The roses." said Sue. "are from Dick."

"And you accepted them?"
"What?" Sue looked up in surprise.
"Roses? From Dick? Certainly."

"I won't permit it, Sue," said the Judge, "and if you have any regard for my wishes you will return them at once."

"I certainly will do nothing of the sort."
"Very well!" The Judge took a step into
the hall. "I'll call Saul."

"Daddy, Wilbur stepped on a nail today."
Wilbur was the butler. "Saul is serving dinner so if you don't mind waiting—"
"After dinner will do." The Judge inclined his head to hide the twinkle in his

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eyes. Gad, what a girl Sue was!

However, after dinner the Judge remained adamant about the roses. Either Sue would send them back or he would. So Sue sat down to write another note to Dick. Her father had given no explanation for his action. He said it was wiser not to talk about that yet.

Sue finished her note and when it had gone with the box of roses by hand of Saul, she took up Jules Dodier's telegraph letter from Kansas City and began to compose an answer.
"Daddy," she said presently, "perhaps you

need sleep. You were up pretty late last night.'

"Not sleepy," the Judge said.
"Well, I am!" Sue yawned. "I'm going bed. Good night old bear!" to bed.

The Judge followed her upstairs. There was no reason why he should sit up any longer. At her door Sue waited for him.

"Not cross with me, darling, are you?" she asked.

It was about half an hour after he had retired that the Judge was awakened by the sound of a man's voice in his front yard.

"I'll be damned," said the voice. "I beg your pardon, Sue darling. I'll be darned if

I'll stand being treated like this!"
"Sh! Dick!" Sue said from her window.
"Everybody's gone to bed. Go home. Please!"
"I don't care! I can't sleep. I've got to

The Judge couldn't make out Sue's answer, but it seemed to concern him.

"I'd just as soon face him," said Dick. The Judge creaked out of bed and knocked on Sue's door.

'Sue! Is that some one talking to you?" "Yes, Dad. I'll send him away."

"Well, I should remark!"

PLEASE don't make a scene!" Sue said. What followed between her and the young man below the Judge could not hear, but presently Sue thrust her head out of her door and told him to go to bed, everything was all right. Did he want to wake up everybody?

"Do I want to wake up everybody?" said the Judge. "Who was that?"

"Daddy, you know who it was!"
"Dick Champney?"

"Daddy, don't be silly!"
"Silly!" The Judge said. "What does the idiot mean by traipsing around here at this hour of the night, doing his best to compromise you in the eyes of the town? If that isn't just like him!"

Daddy, it isn't like Dick-he-oh, go to hed, do!'

"Go to bed yourself," said the Judge.
Sue closed the door sharply with a muttered sentence that sounded like, "I hope

you ruin a toe!"

The Judge at luncheon the following day told Sue that her attitude of chill displeasure was enough to spoil a man's appetite. Wasn't he having trouble enough with this heavy traction case on and Dick Champney home sick in bed?

"Is Dick really ill?" asked Sue.
"In bed. His mother says he woke up with a bad fever this morning. Must have been out wading in the dew last night. His shoes were soaked through. Jackass!"

"Is that what you said to Mrs. Champ-

ney?"
"No. Told her to tell him not to be in any hurry to come back to the office. Pass me the biscuits, daughter!"

knew. He could sit with a book or a paper and a plate of that fudge and have a real pleasant evening.

She made her excellent fudge rarely. She served her father these platefuls when she wanted to go to Louisiana for a visit or to travel or to spend the summer on a ranch or do some other such thing. The Judge was a little surprised to have fudge the evening of the second day of Dick Champney's illness. Sue had been wearing about the house a look of sad preoccupation which didn't suggest candy. However, something in the shape of the bit he picked up told the Judge that his serving was those irregular pieces that come off the edge of the batch. His was the scrap

UE was out in the hall sitting at the telephone. When the Judge first heard her talking he thought that it was Jules Dodier telephoning in from Kansas City. He had done so the evening before. But this time Sue's voice had not the breath-taking catch of that conversation. It was sweet and tender. Once she said quickly, "You mustn't talk like that, Dick. No, really! I can't listen to it!" But the Judge noted that she didn't hang up.

"Sue!" His tone was a summons

There was a murmur in the hall and Sue came to sit down before him.
"What is the occasion?" Her father tapped

his candy plate.

"I don't mind telling you," said Sue. "I carried a box to Dick Champney this afternoon. I never felt so sorry for anybody in

"Is that so?" The Judge achieved a nasty sneer. "Held his hand all afternoon, I reckon.

"I didn't hold his hand." said Sue. "I didn't hold his hand." said Sue. "We did talk about you. Daddy, you act as if he'd embezzled funds! If you think he's guilty of something you ought to say what it is. These deep secrets!"

"Puss," he said, "perhaps you'll tell me war on a woman if he gazes at her with a

over on a woman if he gazes at her with a sick-calf look in his eyes."

"He didn't look that way at all, Daddy."
"You've never defied me before." said the "And after all, it's a simple thing I ask, that you give up associating with a man who can mean nothing to you.

Sue was thoughtful for quite a spell. "I would be a queer sort of woman," she said, "if all in a flash I could abandon a per-

son in trouble who has been a friend from childhood just because he happens to be a

"You'll have to abandon him when you marry Jules, my dear."

Sue seemed to droop. The Judge guessed

that Jules had not telephoned at all that day.

"Aren't you happy, my dear?" he asked.

"You—everybody's outrageous! Will you tell me your sudden spite against Dick?"

"For one thing I won't have him urging on another shooting scrape in this family."
"How perfectly ridiculous!"

The Judge shrugged his shoulders.

'Is that all?"

"Listen!" said the Judge. "It is enough for me, your father, to say finally that I want you to have nothing more to do with Dick.

"It is not enough.

"By thunder, it had better be enough!" The Judge shouted.

"You're crazy or sick!" Sue said. "You need a pill or a doctor!"

"Sue! Listen to me. I forbid you to see Dick Champney. I have no way of punish-ing you if you disobey me, but I will punish him. If you see each other again this week or any time between now and your marriage to Jules Dodier I will dismiss Dick from my office. No, I will not explain, but that's flat and you can pass the word on to him."

The next news the Judge had of Dick was indirect. Sue through some kind of ritual could turn out the slickest, eatingest fudge he A 'Stylish Stout'

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an ounce, in over 16 years. I wrote to Miss Kellermann told her all about myself, and asked what she could do for me.

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The next day Dick convalesced on the golf links in Sue's company. The morning after he was in the office when the Judge arrived.

"Good morning, sir. I'd like a few minutes private conversation when you can spare me

the time, if you please, sir."
"Come in now," said the Judge.
Dick was frightfully dignified. He was stiff with terror and bound not to show it!
"Judge Carey," he said, "I understand that

you have forbidden Sue to see me or to communicate with me."

Yes. sir.

"Judge Carey, I demand an explanation!"

You what?

demand an explanation."

"Who are you to demand things of me?" "Judge Carey, sir, this ban reflects upon I wish to say that there has been nothing dishonorable in my attentions to Sue, unless you think my motive dishonorable." painful flush spread over his face. The veins on his temples swelled. "I love Sue. I have been in love with her for years. No doubt I I knew she was having a flirtation was slow. with Dodier, but Sue's adventuresome. I never dreamed—well, I hadn't much to marry on and I waited-too long, I see.

JUDGE CAREY, sir, I despise Jules Dodier. I was sick when I heard Sue was engaged to him. I thought I would die and then suddenly I made up my mind that Jules Dodier should not have her if I could prevent it. I have tried to see her. going to see her as much as I can contrive. With everything against me, I am going to win her away from him if I can. This week when he's away is my chance to crowd him.' The boy's eyes flashed beautifully.

"My daughter has announced her engage-nent to Jules Dodier," he said. "In her ment to Jules Dodier," he said. hance's absence from the city I forbid her to receive attentions from you or any other

young man." Dick's face paled.

"But what have I done, Judge?" he said. "Gad. sir!" The Judge pounded his desk. "If there was nothing else, on your own con-fession you've been a lily-livered coward. Going around for years pretending to be in love with a girl and then let somebody else take her from you and then come whining around like this!"

"I'll show you." The boy drew himself up. 'I understand that you have threatened to discharge me if I do not stay away from Sue. I am having luncheon with her at one today. Does that mean I leave your office, sir?

"You will cancel the appointment or leave

my employ.

Very well, sir, I'm sorry. Good-by, sir." The luncheon was at the Country Club. That evening Jules Dodier telephoned from Kansas City. Sue rose from the conversation flushed, as always, but hardly with that devoted, hushed sweetness of earlier in the week.

The next day Dick Champney won the golf tournament and Sue cheered him from the Late in the afternoon Jules Dodier returned to town. The Judge was not surprised. St. Joseph was a talky place and Sue had been tantalizing over the telephone the night before.

That evening the Judge squirmed when Mrs. Champney telephoned during dinner. Apparently she had just heard of the separation between the Judge and Dick

"Has he been misbehaving. Phil?" she niled. "I know he's broken-hearted about wailed. Sue but surely, Phil, you haven't forgotten your youth entirely!

She hung on until the Judge promised to reconsider. He wouldn't have yielded so quickly except that there was a roast for dinner of which he had had only two servings and he knew the table would be cleared if he didn't get back to it. Sure, enough, when he reached the dining room, Saul was bringing in the huckleberry pie. The Judge

looked at Sue and she smiled back. Throughout the meal she chose to ignore hostilities but as they rose from the table, she said:

"I heard you talking to Mrs. Champne Dick's coming tonight to call on you. you see him, congratulate him on his championship and talk things over in a friendly wav? Please?"

"I'll be in the library," said the Judge.

He drew his chair near to a window looking out on the garden. His eyes were more or less on a book, but his right ear was out of doors. Dick came. The Judge heard of doors. voices in the living room, Dick's low and eager, vibrant with a hang-over of his athletic triumph, Sue's gay and excited. The Judge triumph, Sue's gay and excited. read on. Outside finally, a faint click sounded like a latch falling. The Judge strolled to the living room.

Sue sat on a piano bench in the far corr. Dick stood about six feet from her.
"I've been talking with your mother,
ick," said the Judge. "She thinks I have Dick," said the Judge. been unduly harsh. I desired only to be firm and to act for everybody's interests. I will confess that I was angry to find myself opposed at every step. This young man, Sue, told me the other day openly and without shame that he was desperately in love with you and that he meant to do everything in his power to break your engagement to Jules Dodier."

Dick glanced quickly at Sue. She flushed. "I think," he continued, "that is a disgraceful state of affairs. It suggests, Sue, that you don't know your heart when you bestow your hand. It is not honorable, moreover, Dick, to peach on the territory of an absent

man. "Daddy," Sue said, "I thought you were

going to be nice.

oing to be nice. You're horrid."
"I said I would reconsider. I have. I shall he only too glad to have Dick back in my office as a worker and a friend, ignoring all other differences, if you will do me and him the favor of telling him how absurd his pretensions are, that you are not in love with him.'

The Judge's oratory could be maddening.

Suddenly Sue began to cry.

"Come, come," snapped the Judge. "Let's ave it. Well?"

"Daddy," Sue said, "you do make me so unhappy!"

Those veins appeared on Dick's temples! He looked at the bowed nymph in yellow on the piano bench. He looked at Judge Carey, standing like a statue. He looked everywhere except at the hall door. Unable to see Sue cry without comforting her he dropped on the piano bench and put his arm around her.

The Judge went back to his library. Jules Dodier had been standing silently in the hall.

THE Judge heard scraps of spirited dia-logue from the adjoining room. Jangled nerves, overwrought desire on one side were meeting insolence and self-assertion on the other with the expected combustion. "You take that back!" he heard Dick say. He heard the musical, silky voice belonging to Jules Dodier. He heard Sue expostulate, command, entreat, to no avail. Finally she was in the library pulling at him "Come quick!" she said. "Ol

"Oh, come!"

"Eh?" said the Judge. "Don't pretend you're asleep. fighting!" They're

"Who?"

"Dick and Jules. Outside in back!"
"All right," said the Judge. "As good a
way as any to settle it."

"Daddy, they're fighting terribly!"
"Well, I did my best to prevent—

"Dad, don't be such a lump! They'll kill each other, I tell you! They're mad as cats." The Judge finally let himself be pulled to

the rear hall door. "You don't mean to say Jules is getting licked?" he said.

"Jules? No. He's nearly twice as big as

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Dick. Oh do, Daddy. Please! come on!" The Judge quickened his step. Sue's sobs were not surface hysteria. They were of real They were contrite.

In a space of ground reserved usually for drying the wash, the battle was on. The Judge had read in books and had learned in the court room that under stress of great emotion men dropped back to primitive savagery. These two young men might be ashamed of this affair some day, but now they were in deadly earnest.

They had broken from a desperate clinch to gain breath. Neither was beaten. Both were dishevelled. Blood trickled down Dick's The Judge thought grimly of Dick's anxious mother. Then he looked at Jules The suave, handsome mask was

Dodier. The suave, handsome mask was gone. Jules panted a little, and his teeth flashed white in his dark face. His eyes glinted like a cat's. Sue shivered.

"Gone far enough?" muttered Dick thickly. His lip was swollen. "Got to finish. Put me out or out you go!" "I'll finish it, you—" Jules Dodier released a backwash of epithets.

"Do something! How can you let them go on?" Sue cried.

The Judge uttered a sharp exclamation. Just as the two men sprang at each other he saw something glitter in Jules Dodier's right He rushed into the fight, bellowing a warning. The next moment he was on his

"By thunder," the Judge cried, "I've been stabbed!"

Things swam a little. He was conscious of Sue's scream, of her arms around him, of Dick saying, "No, let me, dear! Judge Carey, where—oh, my God!"

Things cleared slowly. The Judge hung on to Dick and pulled himself to his feet. "All right," he said. "Just nicked, I guess." Dick was trembling with rage. The Judge

staggered between him and Jules Dodier, who stood, stricken, stupid, staring at an open knife on the lawn. He spread his finopen knife on the lawn. He spread his fingers as if they were defiled and shuddered.

"Well, sir?" said the Judge.

Jules Dodier's face twisted in a real sneer.

"I see!" he said. "Framed, eh, Judge? I never had a chance, did I?"

"Not a chance," said the Judge. "And new will you oblige me sir by going home."

now will you oblige me, sir, by going home."

He pointed across the garden to a white gate glimmering in the moonlight. Jules Dodier assumed a swagger and turned to Sue.

"Haven't you something to say to that, Sue dearest?"

"Don't speak to me ever again!" Sue sobbed. She might have been looking at a nake. She buried her face in her father's coat. A moment later the three in the gar-den heard a latch click.

HE next morning the Judge sat in his Morris chair at his library window and listened to the irregular tapping of a hammer. Sue was trying to put the bars back on the garden gate. The Judge had quite an angry flesh wound in his shoulder, but he wouldn't stay in bed. His desk stood open. On his knee lay the tin biscuit box of evidence. To its contents had been added a horn-handled pocket knife.

"I beg your pardon, sir!" It was Dick, with a brief case under his arm. "I called to see if there was anything I could do for

"Is that what you called for?" said Judge Carey.

"No, sir!" Dick looked inexpressibly cocky with courtplaster over one serious brown eye. "I want to know if you have any objections now to my rushing Sue? She says she is through with men forever, but I love her." "Come here," the Judge commanded.
"Come here, son!"

The Judge hugged Dick with his good arm, slapped his strong young back.
"Ouch!" said Dick. "I'm still sore there."

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The Woman in the Case

[Continued from page 17]

wed. Of course I told the the truth. asked. Of course few occasions when you been a weren't. Especially of late."

"You shouldn't do things like that, Nancy." Sallie said. "It doesn't look well." Just then Harvey came back with the

paper. sat down on the couch and opened it. Sallie was busy looking over some bills

There was a streaming head-line across the top of the page, "Prominent Business Man Shot!" it said. "Brother Held in Mur-"Prominent Business der!" I glanced at the names. The dead man was Austin Brent, Jim's older brother. It was Jim himself who had been placed ander arrest.

OOD heavens!" I gasped. "Jim Brent Good heavens!" I gasped. Jim Brene has been arrested for killing his brother." A moment later, with horrified faces, we were reading the dreadful details.

They were not many. Just the salient facts, due, no doubt, to the newspaper's haste to get the extra on the streets.

We read that Austin Brent, the real estate dealer, a bachelor, residing in the St. Mark Apartments had been shot. His brother, James Brent, widely known as a painter of portraits, also a bachelor, lived with him. These facts were familiar enough We had met to both Sallie and myself. Austin Brent on one or two occasions. He was a very reserved man, eight or nine years older than Jim, and he disliked society. He preferred to spend his evenings playing billiards or bridge at his club.

It seemed that Austin Brent had been found by the police when they were summoned to the apartment. He had been shot through the heart. His brother, James Brent, was being held. It had been stated by employees of the apartment house, that earlier in the day the two brothers had quarrelled. weapon with which the shooting had been done was the property of James Brent. The evidence indicated clearly that the case was not one of suicide, nor had robbery been the motive for the crime.

Beyond a few words, denying emphatically that he was responsible for his brother's death. Mr. Brent declined to make any statement. The police expected wring a confession from their prisoner before morning. The shooting, it appeared, had taken place about one o'clock the night before. Mr. Brent's papers and valuables were intact.

I do not know, when we nnished our reading, whether Sallie or I was the most affected. I was tremendously fond of Jim, "He can't be guilty," I said. "Jim would

never have done it."
"Of course not." Sallie said. "Of course But I noticed that her hands were trembling and she kept running the tip of her tongue along her lower lip. sitting there like that, staring at one another, when Hollis Carter came in. had just driven up from the station in a taxicab, and I saw at once, from the smile on his face, that he knew nothing of the

"Hello, everybody," he said. He put down his suitcase and came over to where we sat. "How about something to eat? I didn't bother to get anything on the train."

I handed him the newspaper. "Something terrible has happened, Hollis,"

I said. He stared at me for a moment, then glanced at the paper. Sallie, meanwhile, got up and went through the dining room

in the direction of the kitchen. "I'll have Anne get you something at once, Hollis," she called back but he did not hear her. He was devouring the story in the newspaper, and had just finished it when Sallie came back.

"He couldn't be guilty." I ventured. "Sallie and I both agree about that."

Hollis threw the newspaper on the table. "He could, of course." he answered, "but don't believe it. These newspapers never ive the facts. If Jim was in the apartment give the facts. at the time his brother was shot, he must know who did it. If he wasn't why then he was somewhere else of course, and can prove an alibi. I don't see any reason for his arrest, unless there is a lot more to the case than I find here." He tapped the newspaper with his fingers. "I'll go right down and have a talk with him as soon as I get some coffee."

"Why do you suppose he wouldn't make a statement?" I asked.

I asked.

"Very sensible not to," Hollis said. "No man, under circumstances like that, should ever say anything until he has consulted his attorney.

Sallie and I sat at the table while Hollis ate his breakfast. We were both very

"Have you girls seen anything of Jim since I've been away?" Hollis asked, between mouthfuls.

"He was coming here this morning," I said, "to take us to the Country Club for

a swim."
"Haven't heard anything about his having had a quarrel with his brother, have you? I shook my head. 10.

"They'd been having some trouble about money matters," Sallie said. "Jim was

"I should think he would be. Let's see. I paid him a thousand for that portrait of you, honey," he said to Sallie, "and it he said to Sallie. "and it seemed to me a big price. But if he doesn't get more than two or three orders like that a year he'd never have enough to live the way he does, that's certain. Thank God I'm not an artist. Tell Harvey to have the car brought around at once, will you, dear? And phone the office I'll be there as soon as I've had a talk with Brent.

Hollis and I went back into the living room while Sallie gave the order for the

"Bert Allen's back." I said. "Got in from New York last night. I'm expecting him to call up any moment."

Just in time to give him some practise, with that psychology of crime stuff he's al-ways talking about," Hollis said. "Tell him Bert has want to see him, will you? always thought a good deal of himself as a sort of high grade Sherlock Holmes." he drove off, and Sallie and I were left to our own devices.

A S FAR as I was concerned, I felt more cheerful now that Hollis was back. He was a very able lawver and it seemed certain to me that Jim was in no danger, but

Sallie acted as though she had grave doubts.
"He didn't do it, my dear," I said. "He couldn't have done it. I know."

My sister gave me a quick, peculiar stare. "You know?" she gasped. "How?"
"I just know, that's all," I said. "You

wait and see. Hollis will get him off." But Sallie didn't brighten up any. Pretty soon she went up to her room to dress and I sat in the living room thinking.

The whole matter seemed very much of a mystery. I knew that Jim Brent was quicktempered, but I knew other things about him, too, and had my own reasons for believing that he was innocent.

While I was sitting there, thinking, Sallie came down stairs again dressed for the

"Going out?" I asked.
"Yes." Sallie said. "I—there's something
I want to do."

Just then I heard footsteps on the stone flags outside, and from the living room window I saw Bert coming up the path. "You've heard the news? About Jim

Brent?"

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"Yes," Sallie nodded.
"I was with him, last night," Bert said.
"What?" I cried. "Bert, tell us all about

Here is what Bert Allen told us about Austin Brent's death in substance, if not in his exact words.

B ERT had arrived from New York, the evening before, at about half-past eight, and had tried to telephone me from the station. He had not wired because until the last moment he was not sure just what train out of New York he would make. Well, Bert explained, when he tried to

call up the house, central told him that there was no answer. We had been out but Harvey should have heard the bell. I suppose he and Anne were in the back yard, gossiping with some of the neighbors' servants. It isn't important. The point is that Bert drove on out to the house, still feeling sure that I must be at home.

It annoyed him considerably to discover I wasn't. He told me he had been looking forward for weeks to our meeting. In rather bad humor he drove downtown to his club. Some men he knew were playing cards, and having nothing better to do he joined them.

A little before midnight, when the game broke up, he left the club and started to walk home.

The city in which we live is built, in part at least, along one principal residence street. Bert walked up this street to the apartment house where Jim Brent and his brother lived. And when he saw lights through the windows of the Brents' living room he con-

cluded that they must be in and awake.

Just why he decided to call he could not say. A desire, perhaps, to see some one he knew, after three months abroad.

Bert said Jim let him in and seemed greatly surprised to see him. That was natural enough. When a man has been abroad for twelve weeks you do not expect him to drop in on you, unannounced, at half-past twelve in the night.

Jim, it seems, had only just come in him-self. He told Bert he had been sitting at one of the windows of the living room for ten minutes, sipping a drink and trying to cool off. He got a glass, put some liquor and the other half of the bottle of ginger ale he had opened, into it, for Bert. The two of them sat there talking for a while

Jim said he'd seen both Sallie and myself that afternoon. Bert thought he seemed worried, uneasy about something. When Jim offered his cigarette case, Bert said he'd quit smoking cigarettes. Then Jim pointed to a silver box on the table and told Bert Then Jim pointed he'd find some cigars in it.

Bert went to the table, took a cigar from the box, lit it. Then he turned to throw the burnt match into the fireplace. In doing so he took a step toward the hearth, and found himself looking at a man, sitting in one of the big easy chairs. He was slumped down in the chair so that his head was hidden by the high upholstered back.

The man was Jim's brother, Austin, but Bert did not know that, never having met

"Look here, Jim!" he whispered. "Do you know there is some one asleep in that chair?"

Jim got up, very much surprised, and

went toward the other end of the room "It must be my brother," he said. stopping for a moment at the door to switch on the wall brackets.

The wall brackets. Bert said, illuminated the room brilliantly. The face of the man in the chair was dead white. Jim spoke to

him then drew back with a cry.
"My God!" he exclaimed. "Bert! Come!" Bert sprang forward and felt for the man's wrist although he told us he did not need to take his pulse. The moment he touched that cold hand he knew Austin Brent was dead.

As Bert came to this part of his story, Sallie and I shivered. It all seemed very dreadful. But what struck both of us instantly was that Jim couldn't possibly have murdered his brother if the story Bert had just told us was true. I gave a sigh of relief.

Bert stared at us with a queer, puzzled look for a moment, then, without answering,

went on with his story. He said he and Jim stood there, horrified. staring at Austin's dead body. Neither of them spoke for a little while. Then Jim stooped down and picked up something from the floor. It was a small 38 caliber revolver, and it had been lying on a rug at the right hand side of the chair. He looked it for a moment, then laid it on the

table.

"Whose is it?" Bert asked.
"Mine," Jim said. "It's been lying around here for months, ever since we had that burglar scare last spring. I got it, then." Bert said he kept staring at his brother's face. "Poor old Austin," he groaned. "After this morning, too."

Bert didn't know what he meant, and ked him. Then Jim said he and his asked him. brother had had a hot argument that mornabout money matters. It seemed Austin was in charge of their mother's estate. Jim had borrowed on his share, or something-given a note, and Austin didn't want to renew it.

Bert, it seems, glanced at the revolver. Only one shell had been discharged. Jim, meanwhile, was examining his brother's body. Austin had been wearing a light gray flannel suit. There were powder marks on the cloth around the bullet hole, just over the heart in addition to blood stains. Jim called Bert's attention to these marks which showed that the revolver had been held close to the dead man's body. In Jim's opinion there was no doubt that his brother had committed suicide.

BERT told us that he didn't agree with this. Austin Brent had been shot in the left side. His body had slumped over against the left arm of the chair. His hands hung limp in his lap.

If he had shot himself, the revolver would have fallen over the left arm of the chair or at his feet in front. No man could shoot himself through the heart, and then move his mm back so as to drop the revolver over the right arm of the chair.
"Well." Bert said, "I put the revolver

back where Jim found it, handling it very carefully, so as not to leave any marks. "But Jim had already handled it," Sallie

said.
"I know," Bert said. "It was a mistake, and I told him so.

"Jim didn't seem to realize the awkward situation we were in." Bert went on, "so I decided to tell him where we stood. We would both of us, of course, be under suspi cion. I said. But I knew, the moment I touched Austin Brent's wrist, that he had been dead some time—an hour or two, at least—and of course I hadn't been there more than fifteen minutes at the outside and Jim himself had come in just before. That seemed certain to let us both out. But we were losing time, standing there



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doing nothing. We needed a physician to testify how long Austin Brent had been dead. So when I learned from Iim that there was a doctor named Williams on the ground floor of the apartment house I phoned him to come up at once. I also telephoned the police. Jim seemed too much upset by his brother's death to do anything.

"While we were waiting for the doctor to arrive I explained the situation to Jim and told him that the only thing necessary for us to do was to show that we had neither of us been in the place long enough to have had any part in the murder if it was a murder, as I thought.

"You know how long I've been here, Jim,' I told him. 'You can tell the police And so can the elevator boy. not worried about myself. And you haven't been long either, you say!'

"Jim said he hadn't, but he could not prove it, as I could, because when he came in, about twelve o'clock, the night man had taken some one else up in the elevator, and so, as he had only the one flight to climb. he walked up.

"When Jim told me that," Bert said. "I as a bit worried. 'You'll have to tell the was a bit worried. police where you were,' I said, 'it you weren't here.

"'Of course,' he said, 'no trouble about at. I was at the theater. Went to see a musical show at the Park.'

" 'Alone?' I asked. He said yes he had gone alone. And although it was two miles, at least, from the theater to the apartment, he had walked home, instead of taking a street-car or a cab.

"When he told me that," Bert said, "I began to feel alarmed, because to go to see a show by yourself, to return home alone, to enter your apartment house without anyone having seen you, to walk up the stairs, instead of using the elevator, while it could all very easily happen, is not the sort of a story that the courts are going to regard as a satisfactory alibi. While I was mulling all this over, the doctor came."

The doctor, from what Bert said, was a man of few words. He went over to the body, examined it, taking care to disturb nothing, then he turned to Jim and said that Austin had been killed instantly, and had probably been dead at least three hours.

EN minutes later." Bert continued, Ten minutes later. Bert Continued In there were voices in the corridor, and I opened the door to admit two men, one a policeman, the other a detective from headquarters. The detective whose name was Martin asked the doctor a few questions about the cause and time of Austin Brent's death. The doctor answered the fore. Then, the detective asked both Jim The doctor answered them as beand me to tell him what we knew about the matter. When I said I had arrived at the apartment about half-past twelve, which Jim confirmed, and had come up in the elevator, the detective lost interest It seems, however, that when Jim me. told about walking up, the detective gave him a sharp look. At least I thought he did. Then we went on to tell about finding the body, and the pistol which Jim admitted was his."

The detective, it seems, gave Jim another suspicious look and wanted to know what was doing when Bert came in. he said he couldn't seem to understand how Jim could have been in the apartment ten minutes or more without knowing his brother was dead. But Jim explained how, when he came in, the room was dark, except for the amber lamp, how he had mixed himself a drink, lit a cigarette and sat at the window, smoking.

The detective who, according to Bert, did not seem favorably impressed by this story asked Jim what his theory of the murder was. Jim said he thought his brother had

committed suicide although he admitted he knew of no reason why he should. Then the headquarters man began to investigate and made some discoveries that looked very black for lim.

The first of these was a spot of blood, not yet dry, on the floor of the living room, just in front of the doorway leading to the bedrooms beyond. This at once put a new light on the whole matter. Austin Brent had not shot himself. He had not been shot while sitting in the chair. The spot of blood on the floor told its own story. Mr. Brent had been murdered. Killed by a point-blank pistol while standing in the ay. He had fallen forward, on his The murderer had lifted his body doorway. from the floor, placed it in the chair, dropped the pistol alongside it—all for the purpose of making the affair look like a suicide.

I T WAS the idea of a stupid, undeveloped brain," Bert said. "No person of any intelligence would have attempted it, leaving that spot of blood in front of the door to the story a lie. I was certain then that Jim Brent had nothing to do with the But our detective friend did not murder. agree with me. Instead, he made a quick search of the bathroom, found a bloodstained towel stuffed behind the tub. showed, of course, that the murderer had washed his hands, after placing Mr. Brent's body in the chair.

"But the most damning discovery of all consisted of some torn fragments of a promissory note for two thousand dollars. which the detective found in the fireplace. The note was signed by Jim Brent, in favor of his brother, and was past due. He smiled significantly, as he asked Jim what he knew about it.

"Jim told a straight enough story. said he owed Austin the money and couldn't pay it. That very morning he had spoken to his brother about the matter and asked for more time. He had agreed to give a new note for the amount, and thought it likely his brother had torn the old note up himself.

"The detective grinned, at this, and examined the note carefully beneath the

"Well, young fellow," he said to Jim, 'he musta been some boy to tear this note up when he was stone dead."

"The detective pointed to one of the torn bits of paper. There was blood on it." When Bert said this Sallie and I both

shuddered. So far as I could see, Jim hadn't a ghost of a chance, and yet I knew he wasn't guilty, and told Bert so.

"Of course, he's not," Bert said. "Jim Brent isn't a big enough fool to try to make a murder look like a suicide with blood stained rugs and towels and the like lying around to knock his story into a cocked hat. And nobody, unless they were feeble-minded, would throw a piece of evidence like that torn note into the fireplace, where it would be instantly discovered. If Jim had killed his brother in order to get possession of that note, he would not have left it lying about for every-one to see. At least that was the way I thought it out. But others, it seems, look at the matter differently. At police headquarters they think that a very clever man might do just such apparently stupid in order to make it appear that things, some half-wit, like the elevator boy, for instance, had committed the crime."

"How do we know he didn't?" asked

"Because the boy did not come on duty until midnight and before that was at home with his people, as he has witnesses The police have already investigated his story. It looks mighty bad for Jim, I'm sorry to say. There's only one

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"What is that?" Sallie and I asked together.

"Find some one who saw him at the theater," Bert said. "Some one who can back up his alibi by proving he wasn't anywhere near that apartment at the time the murder was committed."

"Yes," I said. "I see that."

Just then a car stopped outside, and a moment later Hollis Carter came in.

"Hello," he said, shaking hands with Bert. "You're the very man are for. Got to have a talk with you about "You're the very man I'm looking

this mess poor Jim Brent's got into."
"You've seen him?" Bert asked.
"Yes," Hollis said. "He's in a bad way
Up all night, being grilled by detectives.
Enough to shake any man's nerve. It shook

Jim's. Shook his story, too."
"Was he at the show?" Bert asked.
"He'd tell you."

"He insists he was. Apparently that his story and he intends to stick to it. He got quite annoyed with me when I suggested that, since I was his lawyer, he had better tell me the truth. I may be wrong, but somehow I got the idea he was

"Why?" Sallie asked.

"That's the question," Hollis said. "Jim Brent, may have reasons of his own for not wanting to say what happened last night. He's always had quite a reputation as a lady-killer."

Sallie made no reply to that, but I did.
"Nonsense!" I said. "Suppose he did
appen to be with some woman. She'd happen to be with some woman. come forward and say so, wouldn't she?"
"Maybe she would," Hollis said. "And then again, maybe she wouldn't. Suppose

she was married, for instance." Bert, who had been staring out of the

window, suddenly turned.

"All this is just guesswork," he said.
"Not exactly," replied Hollis, smiling.
"The police claim to have proof that there was a woman at the Brents' apartment last night."

"You two men," I exclaimed, lower make a success as detectives. What would Jim OU two men," I exclaimed, looking Brent want to take a woman to his apart-ment for, knowing his brother was there? It's the last thing in the world he would do. Instead of bothering your heads about Jim's private affairs, why don't you pay a little attention to his brother's. Austin may have had his sweethearts too. Take

it from me, Jim wasn't there."
"To hear you talk," Hollis said, "anyone

might think you were with him yourself."
"Is that so?" I said. "Well, at least I wasn't at the apartment with him I can guarantee you that! And if the police are right, and there was a woman at the place, she's probably the person who did the

Hollis smiled at me as if I were a silly child and suggested to Bert that they would be more comfortable, discussing the matter

in his study. I went up to my room and threw myself on the bed.

It was dreadful, lying there in my room. I had so much to think about. Things that I was afraid to tell, yet felt I should tell, on Jim Brent's account-to save him, perhaps, although I was by no means sure they would. And I wasn't quite sure that I

owed Jim Brent any great loyalty.
And yet, Jim swore he loved me. Maybe he did. Men, some men, have queer ideas about love. Bert had been away two months, and I had been seeing Jim a lot while Sallie's portrait was being painted.

The first time I went to the studio alone with him, long before Bert went to Europe, he kissed me. There didn't seem any particular harm in that, although, as every girl knows, there are kisses and kisses. I

didn't think much about it, and I don't believe Jim did either. It just happened. After Bert had gone away without pro-posing to me, as I had thought he would. got in the habit of dropping in on Jim at odd hours, usually late in the afternoon. when I knew his work would be over for the day. I never liked to go when he was working but after four o'clock the light wasn't so good, and he would usually be cleaning up his brushes and palette, or just sitting doing nothing. Then we would talk, or turn on the radio and dance. Very in-nocent parties, you might say, although Jim would kiss me sometimes.

THEN, one afternoon just before Bert Allen got back from Europe, I happened to stop in rather early about three o'clock. I had been feeling restless, out of sorts, all day, and Jim and his kisses were on my

I knew, when I climbed the steps to Jim's studio that afternoon, that I had no business going there at such an hour. Jim never liked to be interrupted at his work. When he opened the door, I saw at once that he was busy. He gave me a nod, and went back to his drawing board. I looked over his shoulder. He was sketching the figure of a girl, with nothing much on, trying to escape from the embraces of a

"What's the idea?" I asked.

"Invitation design. Fine Arts Ball."
"Very nice," I said, looking over his shoulder.

"Rotten." Jim said. "Impossible to get any feeling into a thing like this without a

"Why don't you have one, then?" I asked.

"Costs too much. I'm doing this thing for love, you know." His eyes swept up and down my figure. "Look here, Nancy. Your coming in here just now is an act of Providence. How about helping me out." "Pose for you?" I asked.

"I won't use your face. It's the figure I want. Don't you see? The pose of the It's the figure girl, as she tries to escape. You can put a drape around you. I'll find you a scarf."

I saw that Jim was in earnest.
I suddenly decided I would. After all, it wasn't anything very terrible, and I knew Jim was really working, and artists, when they are working, don't bother about much but their art. So, in a few minutes, I crept back into the studio, with nothing on except the scarf. It was a fairly good-sized earf, but I felt terribly naked and almost lost my nerve.

Jim, however, paid no attention to my embarrassment. He just told me to stand in a certain place, pushed me about, this way and that until he was satisfied with the Finally he backed off, made a sort of dash toward me, and when I started to spring away, he said, "Hold it!" Then ran back to his drawing board. It was exactly the pose he wanted, he said, and he worked away furiously at the design.

I don't know how long I stood there in that strained position but it seemed ages. Jim paid no more attention to me than if I had been a wax figure. He was the artist, not the man and I liked him for it.

Then, just as I was on the point of telling him I could not hold the pose any longer, he dropped his board with an exclamation

of satisfaction.

"Now it's great, thanks to you, dear," he whispered. And I saw that the spirit of work which had possessed him had gone.

I started to run back to the dressing room, but there he stood in the way and I that, instead of regarding me as a model, he saw me then as a woman. wanted to escape to the dressing-room but before I could do so Jim swept me into his



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I felt my brain reeling. Between his kisses, he kept muttering that he loved me, I had no idea, honestly, adored me. whether he meant it or not. denly I became terrified. denly I became terrified. I pushed Jim away so hard that he almost fell over. And pushed Iim while he was recovering himself, I dashed into the little dressing-room and shut the door.

When I came out again, Jim was blocking in the background of his drawing.
"Come back again soon, sweetheart," he

whispered. "Some evening, if you can. Why not tomorrow night?"

"Can't do it, Jim," I said. "Then the next night. Will you?"

Now, as I lay on my bed, thinking, all his came back to me. The "next night" this came back to me. Jim had spoken of was the night of the murder.

On the second night after the murder, Bert Allen came to the house about halfpast eight with some news.

He had been working all day with a man named Foster, a private detective.

No new evidence had come to light so far, except that the day elevator boy, who worked from noon until midnight, not the one who had taken Bert up that night in his car, told the police that at ten o'clock on the evening of the murder, while tak-ing two of the tenants, a Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, to the fifth floor, he had seen a woman standing in the second floor corridor near the Brents' door.

We sat in the sun parlor, after Bert came, just the four of us: Hollis, Sallie,

Bert and myself.

Bert seemed worried and ill at ease. There were some important investigations he still had to make. He was engaged on them now. One thing had been established —a young woman, dressed in black, had been seen by one of the tenants to leave the Mark about ten o'clock. The tenant had been leaving at that time to catch a The police did not know this yet. Foster had found it out quite accidentally.

WELL," Bert said, "we went over and look a look at Jim Brent's studio. The police had been there before, of course.'

Then Hollis asked Bert if he and Foster had found anything but Bert seemed to

hesitate over his answer.
"Nothing much." he said after a time. 'There were two empty cups, after dinner coffee cups, on the table, and a pot with coffee grounds in it standing beside a little electric stove. Somebody had made coffee for two the night before."

This did not seem to interest Hollis greatly. because he said that the coffee might just as well have been made and served two nights before as one. But Mr. Foster, it seemed, had objections to any such theory. There was a small bottle of cream, he pointed out, only just sour. another twenty-four hours it would have been rancid. There were also some cakes, fairly fresh. Mr. Foster was sure that Jim Brent had been at his studio the night of the murder, and there had been some one with him.

Of course, as Bert pointed out, this did not mean much. He could have been there eight o'clock, or nine, and still have killed his brother at ten.

The studio was in a part of the town which had once been a fashionable residence section, but was now very much run down and given over to Italians, negroes.
Foster's theory was that if Jim Brent had been there the night of the murder with a woman he would most likely have sent or taken her home in a taxicab. How would he get a taxicab? By telephoning for it, of course. The telephone company would have a record of the call and the time at The taxicab comwhich it was made. pany, in turn, would have a record of the trip and could supply the name of the driver. This man could no doubt tell whom he had picked up at the studio, the time he went there, the address to which he had driven. Foster was busy gathering this information now, Bert said, and expected to have results that evening.

"Is he coming here?" Hollis asked. "I told him," Bert replied, "that it would not be necessary unless something of particular importance developed. The taxicab driver would have to be taken to see Jim Brent, you know, in order to identify him.
"If Jim spent the evening at his studio,"

Bert said. "instead of at the theater as he claims he did, he can clear himself of these charges. He doesn't need any help from us. That's why I'm afraid that Foster is wasting his time."

"I don't agree with you, son," Hollis said. "I told you before that I believed Jim was trying to protect some woman."
"Well?" Bert questioned. "Suppose he

is, that's his affair isn't it?"

"It may be his affair," Hollis said, "but forget I'm his lawyer, and it is don't my affair to clear him of any connection with this murder! Jim Brent has always been too devoted to the ladies. Do you suppose, if I could save him, I would let Do you the feelings of a woman stand in my way?"

Just then the telephone in the hall rang.

Both Sallie and I jumped to answer it. "It's for Bert." Sallie announced, Sallie announced, and then added to me, in a whisper, "I want to see you tonight, Nancy, before you go to Come up to my room, will you?

We went back to the sun room, and Bert answered the call, then returned to us.

"There was a call from Jim's studio," he said, "at eleven o'clock that night. The man who made it asked the White Taxicab Company to send a cab. He gave no name, only the address. The taxicab company telephoned their stand at the Colonial Hotel and they sent a car over in a few minutes. Foster has seen the driver, a man named Carmody, who remembers perfectly making the trip. A man and a woman got in his cab. He scarcely noticed the woman but thought she wore a dark dress. them both out at the corner of Church and Thompson Streets. That's where he was instructed to drive. He looked at the man. That's where he was of course, when he paid his fare, and felt pretty sure he could identify him.'

Hollis glanced at his watch and yawned. I could see he was looking for an excuse to go to bed. He liked to turn in early.

Sallie told him to go on up. She said she had some letters to write, and anyway she thought Bert and I might like to have a few moments together. Since Bert's return from abroad I had not spent a moment with him, except when others were present, and then we had done nothing but talk about the murder. I was sick of it. I didn't want to talk about it. I hoped Bert would have the sense to change the subject. But he didn't, and what he said almost took my breath away.
"Nancy," he said, "do you happen to

know where your sister Sallie was, the night Jim Brent's brother was murdered?"

BERT'S question terrified me! Could it have been Sallie in that taxi? She said she had gone to a concert—but had she? Was she the mysterious woman in black who had been seen outside the Brent's apartment on that dreadful night when Austin Brent was murdered? Oh! It was too awful, but worseiwas in store as I'll tell you in August SMART SET

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[Continued from page 35]

I journeyed to Devon that week, conscious that miracles do sometimes happen, only one had the patience to wait for their coming.

October came in a trail of bronze and silver. Crimson and yellow were blown from the trees, jolly-looking berries on the hedges, hazy golden mornings, and at last, a taxi with luggage outside your flat.

With my face pressed to the window-pane, my heart singing joyous welcome, I caught a glimpse of you as you emerged, and for one brief second your eyes swept sharply up to where I stood waiting. Good to see your tall dark form, good to hear your voice directing the driver, good to see all that luggage being taken down. Each trunk that toppled off the taxi seemed to bring you nearer.

POR two days I sat with my ears glued to the phone and my eyes to the letter-box. On the third day I flew out to do box. some shopping; on returning I learned from Ellen that the phone had rung three or four times for me, but that "Madam had taken the receiver from her." I flung into my aunt's room in no mood for diplomacy.

"Who rang up for me this morning?" "Don't bang into my room like a hooligan, please."

"I'm sorry, Aunt, but I do want to know. Who rang up for me? Oh, please, it's terribly important!"

"Oh, dear me." she mimicked, "it must be. How do I know all your stupid friends' voices? Tell them to wire in the future if it's so terribly important."

"I mean it's important to me, not to them. Oh, can't you understand? Was there no name left, no message?"

Hatred shot through me like a flame. I wanted to cry. Quietly I said, "How I loathe you."

Later, sitting by your fire, the memory of this ugly scene was washed out. You were telling me of your fishing, shooting. I saw green banks where a stream gurgled and splashed over clear cold stones, heather, miles of it, all brown and purply.

The post brought a batch of letters for ou. You fingered a thick bulky gray envelope; it looked Olive-ish, somehow

"Shall I depart while you read your Huntress's letter?" I asked.

"Lord, no! I've already had a lengthy epistle this morning."

"She treats you too well," I smiled.
"Most of it is to tell me I don't treat her well enough."

I maintained a discreet silence.

"Just look at this," you groaned:

"'Rodnim! I've asked her a dozen times not to call me by that confounded nick-name. She knows I hate it. 'Why haven't I written? Why haven't I written?' I only left her a week ago. Hang it all, I ought to carry a trained shorthand typist round with me. I never knew anything like women, always pulling at a man.'

"It is customary to write sometimes, when you're engaged," I suggested. "How else does she know you still love her?"

You ran your fingers through your hair and frowned. "Sometimes I wonder if I

Then I looked up and saw real trouble your eyes.

"Richard, what is it? You're not

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wanted me to ride. Well, I've been riding all the summer till I'm sick of the sight of a horse. I've got to sacrifice everything I love most: music, games, everything. She doesn't let me breathe. I've been dragged round to see all sorts of people: relatives, grandmothers, uncles, and heaven knows what, till I feel like some infernal exhibit." "But Richard," I pleaded, "that's only

usual. "Well. I can't live up to it," you flung out, "and what's more. I'm not going to. Then there's this infernal talk of borses."
"Horses?" I repeated.

"Yes, calls them all by Christian names and writes me reams about 'Ruby's winning 'Bessie's black eyes' ways' and till I feel

ways' and 'Besse's black eyes' till I feel I'm going to marry a horse."

"Oh, my dear," I laughed, "you can't possibly mean that!"

"I do mean it," you cried. "Sometimes I feel we ought not to go on with it. We don't see alike in anything. She clamors at the clamors and the clamors and the clamors are sell the time. me all the time. You see, she doesn't understand."

I saw and understood.

Something in my eyes must have told you of this, for you drew me to you, and put your head on my breast like a lonely tired child.

"It's you, you I want. You understand.

Oh. I've been a fool."

Your words caught at me with a throatclutching dizziness. I bit back the tears that stung my eyes. To have waited so that stung my eyes. long and to have heard at last those won-derful overwhelming words, "It's you I derful overwhelming words, want." Yet, I put a matter want." Yet, I put a matter-of-fact tone in my voice and said. "Yes, I understand, enough to know that you ought not to marry anyone, ever." I laughed, "You haven't the flair for it."

"I know:

"I know; you're wise, you little thing,

but it's too late now."
"No. Not if it's going to mean unhappiness for you both."

There was a kind of sob in your voice

as you drew me closer.

"Make me forget, my Sweet, all the blackness, all the unhappiness, for a few hours. You alone know how."

A sudden hush fell upon my whole being Wave after expectant, quivering it waited. wave of deepening gladness beat upon me. Then, with all the force I could muster, I pushed you from me. "No, I haven't the pushed you from me. right now. Oh, please."

Your nearness was creeping into my blood, lighting me up as it always did, deep,

deep things stirring

Roughly you caught me to you, pressed

your lips to mine.

"I love you; isn't that enough?"

ALL that winter and spring we met just as we used to before you became engaged. Of what use to fight, for the sake of conscience, against what I wanted most in life. In moments of despair I told myself, 'I am a cur, this is a degrading, thieflike thing to do; what respect can he have for me or I for him, knowing that he belongs by right to his Huntress?" And yet it was easy to shut my eyes to the right.

Over and over again I found myself repeating, "Whatever comes I shall have had today," till it became a kind of prayer to a challenge to fate's future holdings. Iill asked me one day, "When are you

going to buy your Hero's silver fish-knife?" don't think it will be necessary.' "Oh. is he starting to slither? I wonder if the Horsey Lady will make it easy.'

"I imagine he intends her to."

"He seems to be a thoroughly bad hat, this Richard of yours. I'm thankful I'm not one of his unlucky victims." Then Jill looked at me for a long time. She opened a packet of cigarettes and finally announced, "I'm not sure whether I ought to speak to you.

"Why? I tried to make it easy for you." "Well, to the pure all things are disgusting.

"But you're not pure."
"Pure-ish."

"Hardly that."

"Not really bad?" Jill flashed. "Anyhow, I wouldn't bag one of the Already Greatly Affianced."

"Oh, Jill, is it very horrid of me? D'you know I must be made all wrong, void of morals somehow, because I can't even hate myself for it."

'You're just gibbering, 'All's fair, etc.'?" "No, not that moth-eaten old lie. ing's fair in love or war if it comes to that, but I do think things are made all right if you love a great deal."

"A very slipshod point of view, woman."
"The Huntress would never have kept him
if there'd been no me at all."
"You haven't helped to make it easy for

"Why should I? Our lives are our own to hack about as we please; people can't crawl round like slugs in case they tread on other people's toes," I said.

"Is he going to break it off?"

"He's going to make her break it off." Jill put her head on one side and looked

"I'd give anything to be in love as you are," she said.

NE afternoon in late spring, we were sitting together, talking. You had been in a mood of despondency, and for some reason I had failed to rouse you out of it.

We were discussing the future, your career as a singer and chance of success. It was remote, you declared; there were too many men in the world who could sing.

"It's no good, my dear; I'm a failure."
"Richard," I said, "you are the last person in the world who should feel like that. Why, things are made so easy for you; you

will go through life getting everything."
"Everything but happiness," you finished. By an effort of self-control I refrained

from putting my arms round you.
"Happiness is a big word," I said.

For some time we sat there without talking, the twilight closing in upon us.

Once, a hard dry sob came from your hidden face.

"I--" you began, "I'm just rotten. I can't bear it." And you sat there with your head in my lap, so still, so motionless, that I hoped your misery had merged into sleep.

Out of the black chaos of your mind I heard your broken murmur, "I can't go on;

it's overwhelming."
"Tell me," I pleaded. "I might be able

to help."
"No." Something swept away the words. caught only, "You're sweet-good-you wouldn't understand."

I didn't know what to do. I could only stand by and love you. Long we sat together and somehow in that dark hour I felt closer to you than ever before. With all the force of mind and body, with all the clearness of vision I possessed, I reached out to your soul, touching, healing, striving to give you peace, to wash away all hurts and sadness. Not understanding, but lovloving you into the knowledge that you did not stand solitary, that I was there with you, close, unfailing, and that no darkness should find you alone. Perhaps something of this reached you. For later you got up, switched on the lamps, took my face in your hands and kissed me. "Thank "Thank you," you said.

Things went on much as usual all that immer. Then came the fatal August 1914. summer. War declared. Bom! Bom! Bom! Everybody and everything in a state of tumult and upheaval. Raucous shoutings of "Tipperary," flaming posters, "Why aren't you in Khaki?" and all the trappings of blood, for you." are dis-

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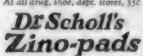
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lust and murder. I found you already packing up.

"I'm off on Monday. Got a commission in the Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry. Thank God for the jolly old warl

You were like a two-year-old, boister-ously gay, feverish to be amongst it all. I said good-by to you as thousands of

other stricken women said good-by to their My agony was probably no greater than theirs, yet it seemed as though I bore the agony of the whole world.

For months my fear was dumb and ceret. I lived every moment in terror. secret. One day I would surely take up the paper and my sick gaze would meet the words that would drive the light out of my life. Then suddenly in February, a letter arrived from you. Oh, the joy of seeing that

bit of square white paper on the hall table.
"I've got lots of news for you," you wrote. "First, my engagement, thank God, is definitely off, and I am really free from Huntresses and such for good and all. My dear, I'm perfectly delighted about it and am a happy man once more. Also I may be getting leave for a day or so either this week-end or later. If so, I'll come along and see you. Write to me soon and tell me what you're doing. I've got a foul cold and it's pouring rain here and altogether pretty beastly. Have just heard that I can get leave, so look out for me on Friday evening sometime. I'll call for you and we'll do a show and supper after, and perhaps, too, we can have some time to-gether. Oh, my dear, I'm so excited."

OR the next few days I hugged every-For the next few days I nugged every-body who tame near me, whirled round to the shops buying apricot georgette, and

was so sweet-tempered to Aunt that she suggested taking my temperature.

You looked fit and well in khaki, and had already got your second star. I tried to smother the pride that glowed through me as I glanced at you across the table. You were very gay, and although the backwater of thought whispered to me, "such a little time, then you will lose him again." I smothered it down and laughed with you as light-heartedly as any other woman dining in that oak-panelled room with her lover, not knowing if she would ever see him again.

We went to a show, as planned. It is not surprising that I hold no memory of it. All that I knew was that you were there beside me, that my shoulder was tucked warmly against yours, that you slipped your hand over both mine now and again, and that the night was not yet ended.

You returned after a few days. I heard no word of you. I wrote two letters and watched the post as a hungry waif watches for stray pennies, but nothing happened. Thoughts of your death haunted me. You had been shot, mortally wounded. Blinded, perhaps; pain was jerked to a standstill.

I oozed wretchedly about the flat, leaving my half-rolled bandages for Aunt Harriet to trip on, always in search of the morning edition or the evening edition, never quite settling to anything, never wholly conscious of any great pain or joy, living only in my city of nightmare.

Food was scarce and dear; rents were going up; dividends failed to arrive as they should. Aunt battled competently with the tradesmen, and emerged victorious though short-tempered.

Jill, in a frenzy of war-time virtue, devoted her mornings to packing parcels at Grosvenor House and would carry me along Please send me Free Test of KOREIN. to help her entertain half the British Army at the Waldorf or Piccadilly during our afternoons.

Two months crawled by and still no word of you. I found myself battling once again



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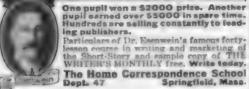
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against ghostly ifs. The waiting was awful.

In the middle of April, a friend on leave. phoned me that he yearned beyond all else to try and hit a ball over the net. Would I go down to his club and have a few sets on the hard courts? He'd try and other pair and we'd have a mixed. He'd try and get With half-hearted enthusiasm. I agreed. And it was there that Robin Anderson stepped into my life.

How shall I describe this man who became my husband? How shall I tell of the tenderness, of the loving-kindness, the care he wrapt round me, of the tranquillity he brought to my tattered senses?

At last I understood there was more peace in being loved than loving. More sanctuary in a steady burning flame than in a molten volcano. I had never realized before the difference between being wanted and being loved until I became engaged to

NO ONE could be with him for a mo-ment without feeling his goodness, his nobility of character, his humanity, his fund of kindness and all his lovely qualities, for they shone from out of him, warming all those who passed his way.

Invalided out of the air force during the first few weeks of war, where he had no business at all at the age of thirty-three, he had narrowly escaped a fatal crash on a machine which was afterwards discovered to be faulty. He was found among the debris at Hendon, smiling tolerantly with pain-darkened eyes and whitening lips, declaring that falling from great heights entirely altered one's political opinions and the shape of one's uniform. Divorced from the gaudy brilliance of spreading wings and nattier blue tunic. he found himself doomed to the less exhilarating but equally exciting pastime of conducting chemical research experiments in Whitehall.

I wrote you a few lines telling of my engagement. You replied some weeks later with a censored letter from France.

"My Dear old Funny,

Fancy getting a letter from you again! I congratulate you most heartily on your engagement. As a matter of fact my news is going to rather eclipse yours. I was married, by special li-cence. on March 19, to a Miss Edith yours. Howard, who is now Mrs. Richard Brading. We're both frightfully happy, so that's all right, isn't it? I am writing this from the trenches, only forty yards from our old pals, the Huns. We've had about twenty casualties on the whole, one or two officers and the rest men. It's by no means great fun being here, but there it is, and I fully intend to come home again. You'd laugh if you were to see me now. I live in my shirt-sleeves and a pair of gum boots, with a revolver strapped across my tummy, though goodness knows one has very little chance of using such a weapon. Well, my dear, I'm so glad you're so happy; he's a lucky man, you can tell him from me. If you feel like answering this my address is Lieut. R. B.,

1/4 Oxford & Bucks Lt. Infantry, B. E. F."

So you also had ventured out into one of the many mad war marriages. atter the Olive affair, too. It didn't seem decent, somehow. Years later, I realized that you were like some rudderless ship then, drifting, floating, being blown about weakly, by the winds of chance

Anybody could have married you, at that

When I first brought Robin home and

introduced him, at his request, to my aunt, she nearly caused me to fall on my back

with surprise, by announcing, "Now that's what I call a gentleman." Later, when she heard he wished to marry

me, but that the necessary thousand a year was not forthcoming, she found him much less gentlemanly, turned purple with wrath, screamed, "What are you going to live on?" and shut the door in his face.

I always maintain to this day, that it was thanks to my aunt that Robin and I ever got married at all. We were engaged for a solid year, during which time she made life awful for both of us. Driven out of the flat, we used to have to meet round street corners and in restaurants.

And so we wandered about homeless like two lost souls. My aunt, finding nothing she could do or say altered Robin's determination to marry me, positively oozed venom. Out of the goodness of his heart he made allowances for this livid lunatic, and said to me:

"Don't worry, little one, she's just ambitious for you and doesn't understand that I can make you happy. It'll all come right,

you'll see.'

As I said before, we were still wandering about, walking out, in the true sense of the word! We were so badly off ourselves at that time, that my aunt had let the flat and whisked me off to some dreadful boarding-house, where all through that freezing winter I was made to sleep in a top attic, without either carpet or gas fire. No present-day servant would have tolersuch a bedroom. She trained the ated boarders to detective work, so that every time Robin called for me he was met with a storm of abuse, and heads were surreptitiously thrust from behind doors, while the news went round like lightning that the tall good-looking man had called for the Westby girl, and Aunt Westby was hitting him on the head with the umbrella-stand.

Robin would say, "I've called for Nona." Aunt Harriet, striving to close the hall door, would declare, "My niece, sir, is not at home now, or at any time, to you."

With the utmost patience Robin would suggest that as I was soon to be married to him this opposition was futile.

"Married to you, indeed! Starving with you, you mean."

don't think so."

"Anyhow, I've forbidden her to leave the house tonight. So you'd better go."

Robin, still having one boot wedged firmly in, would attempt persuasion, arguments. By now the entire household had collected. and I would leap down the stairs two at a time, to find servants and boarders all standing in open-mouthed curiosity enjoying the row. It was simple to fly down to the kitchen quarters, through the back entrance and up the area steps, join Robin on the outside of the front door, and wave good-by to Aunt Harriet, who was having hysterics in the arms of the nearest boarder.

HE climax came when Aunt, finding she Was unable to break our engagement, suddenly announced we were going to live at Brighton. That really frightened me. In a panic I telephoned for Robin.

"There's only one thing to do," he re-

plied, "we'll get married straight away."

I pleaded that things were so hopelessly uncertain; Whitehall was only temporary, and, anyway, it wasn't a real job of work; we had so little to live on; we really might starve, as my aunt had assured us we should.

"Nonsense!" asserted Robin. "Things always will be uncertain while we go on hanging about like this. We've got the two houses at Hindhead."

'And we couldn't afford to furnish the bathroom."

'We've got the two houses at Hindhead,"

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Free Advice for he repeated, "and a lot of shares in salt or tin or something; we're very rich and careless people.

"We'll be married Thursday fortnight," he declared, "by a nice registry man who won't take five minutes over the whole business. Now come on, take a chance." I hesitated. "Will it be out before I know, and can I have gas?" I asked.

"You can have anything you like up to three and six, and when you're my wife-' Robin took me in his arms and told me the rest.

BEFORE I became definitely engaged to Robin, I had told him about you, everything from beginning to end. Not from

thing from beginning to end. Not from any honorable scruples, but because I wanted to. Robin was the sort of person you could tell things to. All he said was:

"You've had a bad time. We're going to alter all that. We're going to be splendidly happy together, you and I."

"Yes. but Robin I haven't forgotten; it's still there and always will be. I can't give you the same thing. I love you, because you've been so wonderful to me, so good, so gentle. No one could be so greatly loved so gentle. No one could be so greatly loved and not return something of it but it's a different kind of love; it's a peaceful love. The other is a consuming, jagged thing which gets you and you can't escape."
"But, silly one, that's all over. You haven't seen him for months."

"Not all over, Robin, just sleeping." "Nonsense; it's been an infatuation You're going to forget it."

"An infatuation which I've never been able to dispel."

Robin laughed and said, "I'll risk it." And so we were married in 1916. I slipped out of that sordid boarding-house one fine February morning to Robin who was waiting to make me his wife. that funny little cold ceremony, conducted by a small man with a sandy mustache and spectacles, who cleared his throat every few minutes, in a place which looked a cross between a station waiting-room and a den-tist's apartment, we emerged married Ander-

In the taxi I said between the tears. "It's a great responsibility, this marriage business."

Robin was whispering, "Little one," rather breathlessly, just as I used to feel breathless, when-

"Please make me good to Robin," I prayed in my heart.

LOOK back upon those first few years with Robin as being the happiest of my life. The blessed freedom, the knowledge that all one did and said was looked upon as right instead of criminal, the wondrous delight of living with some one whose greatest wish was to see me happy, whose own happiness was built up from tending and caring for me, whose only aim was to give with unselfish generosity everything for which I expressed a request, were joys I had only dreamed of.

Without being aware of it very keenly then I realize now that we must have

then. I realize now that we must have been frightfully poor, but it didn't seem to matter much. Robin had his war job and made a fair income from drawing and writing up fashion articles. Our amusement, of course, cost us nothing, as my work gave me the entry to every theater in the West End. Our rooms were bright and clean and luckily very simply furnished, and we were fortunate enough to find a landlady who cooked and served our food reasonably well.

I am not going to pretend that even during those first peaceful, happy years thoughts of you never entered my head. They did. But I was always able to push them back, crying, "That's all over, done with. I'll never be such a darn' fool

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After the first shock my aunt took the news of my marriage fairly calmly. asked, of course, "What are you going to live on?

I told her we'd both got work and we only wanted four meals a day at present.
"But the future, the future," she wailed. "Your poor little starving children.

we didn't intend I asserted firmly that

have any starving children.
"Ah, that's what you say," she murmured. "So many others have said that, too. I can't provide for them. It's no use coming to me. I couldn't give you a penny

Don't worry: we shan't."

She rocked herself to and fro and murmured. "You could have married anyone. Done well, had a position in the world."
I smiled. "But dear, I've never wanted

to marry anybody except Robin and the Prince of Wales never really asked me." But she wouldn't laugh. So I kissed her But she wouldn't laugh. So I kissed her again and left her, still muttering, "Could have married anyone, anyone."

FOR six years Robin and I were the two happiest people in existence. Our monetary position improved each year. on the staff of a well-known daily and also wrote up "puffy ads" for the evening press and Robin had secured a permanent position in the research laboratories of Damon & Friswell, the big British Aniline Company. We were enormously keen tennis players, and since Robin was very good and I moderately so, we used to receive numerous jolly invitations for week-ends.

My aunt, under the softening influence of age, had developed into a sane, balanced and infinitely more lovable individual. When she found that Robin and I had now the means to keep up a place of our own, she volunteered to give us the flat complete with furniture, so we lost no time in moving back again to the old haunt.

One night in early spring, coming home from the theater. I found the usual evening's post on the tray in the hall. I took it up carelessly and wandered off to the bedroom where Robin was already lighting the gas fire and making hot chocolate.

Suddenly, I stopped breathing. A letter I turned the gray envelope from you. round and round in my hand and sat down on the edge of the bed; the room seemed to be slipping sideways; the floor and ceiling rushed up and hit each other. years! How silly for a letter to make one feel like that after six years. How silly, I said to myself, as I slowly opened it.

"My Dear.

It seems at least a century ago since you and I lived next door to each other in the good old mad days, and expect by now you have forgotten my existence. Anyhow, in case you have got a small remembrance somewhere tucked away in the bottom of your mind. I write this on chance of perhaps getting a reply. to be in London last week visiting the Grants, John's father and mother, do vou remember, and was looking at random through the telephone book and saw your married name under the

same old number and that you were living at the same address, which, of course, caused a flood of memories to rush back upon me: a jumbled dream of sunny days, raspberry teas, nis and jolly times, and I made up my mind to launch a letter at you on the chance of something happening. We are both staid, married people now, you and I, and I am the father of a darling little girl just a year old, although I have been married seven years. We live in a quaint old cottage built in 1450 with walls a yard thick and stone mullioned windows. My life consists of looking after a farm here and giving singing lessons to the young and guile-Apart from having a considerable less. number of years added to my life since I saw you, I believe I am exactly the same and could start again at ninetynine and take up the threads just where they were cut off. Anyhow, inside I am just the same as when you knew me. I very nearly rang you up but it was Easter time and I thought you were sure to be away.

THE war very nearly did me in. I got typhoid and did my best to go ander. However, here I am as fit as under. a flea, playing a bit of tennis and bockey and living a thoroughly respectable and well-ordered village life. I see your husband's name occasionally doing startling deeds in the tennis world, and once I saw yours figuring largely in some mixed doubles, but for the rest, a blank! My tennis is rather of the same order as that which used to take place at the flat, rather worse if possible. How all those days come back to me! I rather wish them back.

The old stag's head has followed me here and hangs in my hall as it used to at ninety-nine, but my color scheme is no longer gray and old rose, but dark oak and color-washed walls which are in keeping with this funny old place. If you can spare a moment to write, and if you can wade through this, I'd like to hear from you. I may be in London one of these days in which a meeting might be arranged. Street and my friend, Pierre, still exist, I believe.

> Yours Richard."

Eight closely packed pages. Clever, clever letter, not too much, not too little, a hint here, a sigh there, a memory cherished, tender thoughts, to be read between the lines. So absolutely Richard-I closed my eyes. I saw it all again.

Robin came in from the kitchen with the "Here you are, kidlet, nice and hot, just as you like it, with whipped cream." I took the cup from him in a dream and

heard my voice saying, thinly:
"I've had a letter from Richard. Isn't

it funny, after all this time?"
Robin grunted. "Oh, what's he got to say for himself?"
"Oh. nothing much. He had typhoid during the war."

"Going to answer it?"

I brushed my hair slowly. "Good lord. I said and yawned.

That night was the first troubled one of my married life.

HAVE you ever stood breathlessly gazing at some beautiful thing that you wanted for your own but dared not touch? Richard's letter placed before me the vision of a day of exquisite happiness, but if I reached out for it, would I ever be content to come back to Robin? Could I bear to let Richard go again? Must I suffer all over again the pain of having only a silver echo for the golden music of his voice? There is much more to be told of our story, "You, My Beloved," in August SMART SET

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Will Lend This Girl a Hand?



By MARTHA **MADISON**

HE very wisest of us are puzzled sometimes. And when we are, isn't it good to be able to go to someone who

will listen and try to help?

Haven't you found that you get so close to things sometimes that you just can't see them in their right proportions?

That's how I feel about Kitty, whose letter I have chosen to share with you this month.

If you have ever had an experience like Kitty's and you think you could help won't you write to her in care of this column.

Kitty writes: Dear Mrs. Madison:

I'm an only child of foreign born parents. We are not even well to do, but we have a nice pleasant home in the city and I love to bring my friends there. I have nice clothes, enough education to have secured a position as stenographer, and should be happy. But I'm not, Mrs. Madison.

I have never had many dates although I am allowed to have boy friends.

Surely, Mrs. Madison, you have seen these "Get-Acquainted Clubs" in the different magazines. Well, because I was lonely and wanted some boy friends I answered a number of those letters.

THREE answers found their way back to my mailbox. One answer from W—, a second from B--- and a third from La second from B—and a third from L—I corresponded with all three and for a while was happy. Finally B—and W—asked for snapshots of me. I knew it was my doomsday, but I sent the photos. I try to make myself believe their answers were lost in the mail, but I know better.

Around Christmas L-- asked for a picture of me. He had already sent a snapshot of himself and he is so good looking! Now I really liked L—and we were great buddies, told each other all our joys and troubles and already then I think I loved him because he was so kind even in his letters. I sent him the cutest snapshot I had and imagine my surprise when he wrote that the picture sent him into a daze and some other nice things and how I could ever deny I was pretty. He sent me a

beautiful gift, and every week I get a letter.
Oh, Mrs. Madison, in his letter last week
he told me I would see him in June or

July.

I've told mother he is coming and she is so sweet and kind about it. She has planned lots of pretty things for my wardrobe, and odds and ends, to make our home more pleasant. During the winter I have learnt to dance well, to talk lively and I naturally have some pep. But I'm terribly afraid he

might be disappointed Mrs. Madison so please help me all you can. Shall I meet I—at the station and offer him our home during his stay or wait until he calls. How shall I entertain him?

We have a machine, so would you offer that to him while I am working during the Please don't forget me and a nice

answer soon too.

Yours ever Kitty.

That may sound inhospitable but you see it would make him feel that he couldn't move without consulting his host and hostess and since he's on his vacation and you will have to be at work all day it might seem kinder to leave him free.

Since you've learned to dance can't you ask a couple of girls to bring their boy friends to the house for an evening? I'm hoping of course that you have a radio or a victrola or a piano. If you haven't perhaps there is a nice dance hall not too far haps there is a nice dance hall not too far away where you can ask another couple to join you. If he plays cards you might spend an evening that way.

Since you live in the city he'll probably suggest a movie or a theater. If he does let him buy the tickets of course.

And that machine! If your parents are willing, by all means offer it to him for the time he is there. Plan an outdoor picnic.

the time he is there. Plan an outdoor picnic for as many as the car will hold for the Sundays and holidays while L—'s visit lasts. Perhaps you can include swimming or fishing. Most boys like to do both.

I'd ask him to the house for dinner as often as he cares to accept and I hope it

will be often.

Now for some short answers to folks who sent no address.

ADELINE, Indianapolis, Ind.—I'd go to my brother if I were you. If you and Billy really love each other that separation will prove it. You can't marry without your parents' consent for years yet anyway.

Leah, Raymond, Washington—Nationality

doesn't make that much difference since you really seem to care for the boy. If you are both of age marry him.

Alberta—You aren't playing a fair game under the circumstances. If you know he is married you'd better stop seeing him.

Anxious Wife, Detroit, Mich.—Your bank balance is rather slim in case of emergencies

but the rest of the budget sounds workable. The chances are that you will be happier by



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"And to think, Mary, I owe it all to you! I might still be drudging along in the same old job at the same old salary if you hadn't urged me to send in that I. C. S. coupon!"

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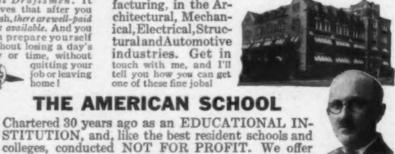
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122

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP. MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of SMART SET published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1928, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. E. Berlin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the SMART SET and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Magus Magazine Corporation, 119 West 40th Street, New York City; Editor, W. C. Lengel, 119 West 40th Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Grove Wilson, 119 West 40th Street, New York City; Business Manager, R. E. Berlin, 119 West 40th Street, New York City. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Magus Magazine Corporation, 119 West 40th Street, New York City; Sole Stock-holder, George D'Utassey, 119 West 40th Street, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.) R. E. Berlin, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1928. William J. Sperl, Notary Public, Queens County No. 1715, Reg. No. 3354. Certificate filed in New York County, No. 911, Reg. No. 9693. (My Commission expires March 30, 1929.) [Seal.]

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